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Kansas Magazine

volume

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September-October

1911

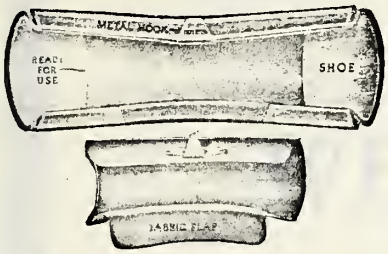
KANSAS MAGAZINE



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SEPTEMBER 1911
FIFTEEN CENTS

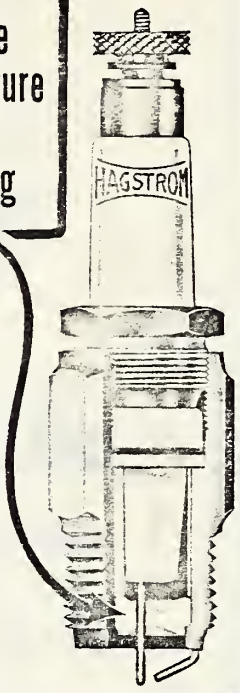
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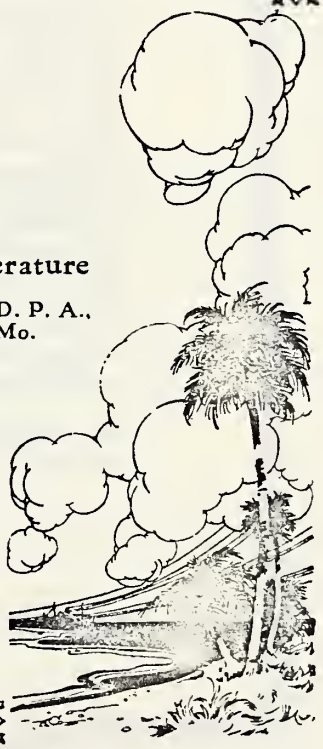
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The story will begin with the right-of-way, railroad building, the old and new ideas. Other articles will deal with the life of the engineer, the conductor, the switchman, the train dispatcher, the agent, the traffic man, There will be no "brass collars" in the stories. It will be the daily life of the men who run the railroad, their hardships, perils, duties, and responsibilities.

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It is the first time that a comprehensive picture of railroad life in all its phases has ever been attempted and we feel sure you will find it interesting. Of all industrial employments, none are as full of excitement and danger, none entail such responsibilities, none are so closely connected with the needs of modern society.

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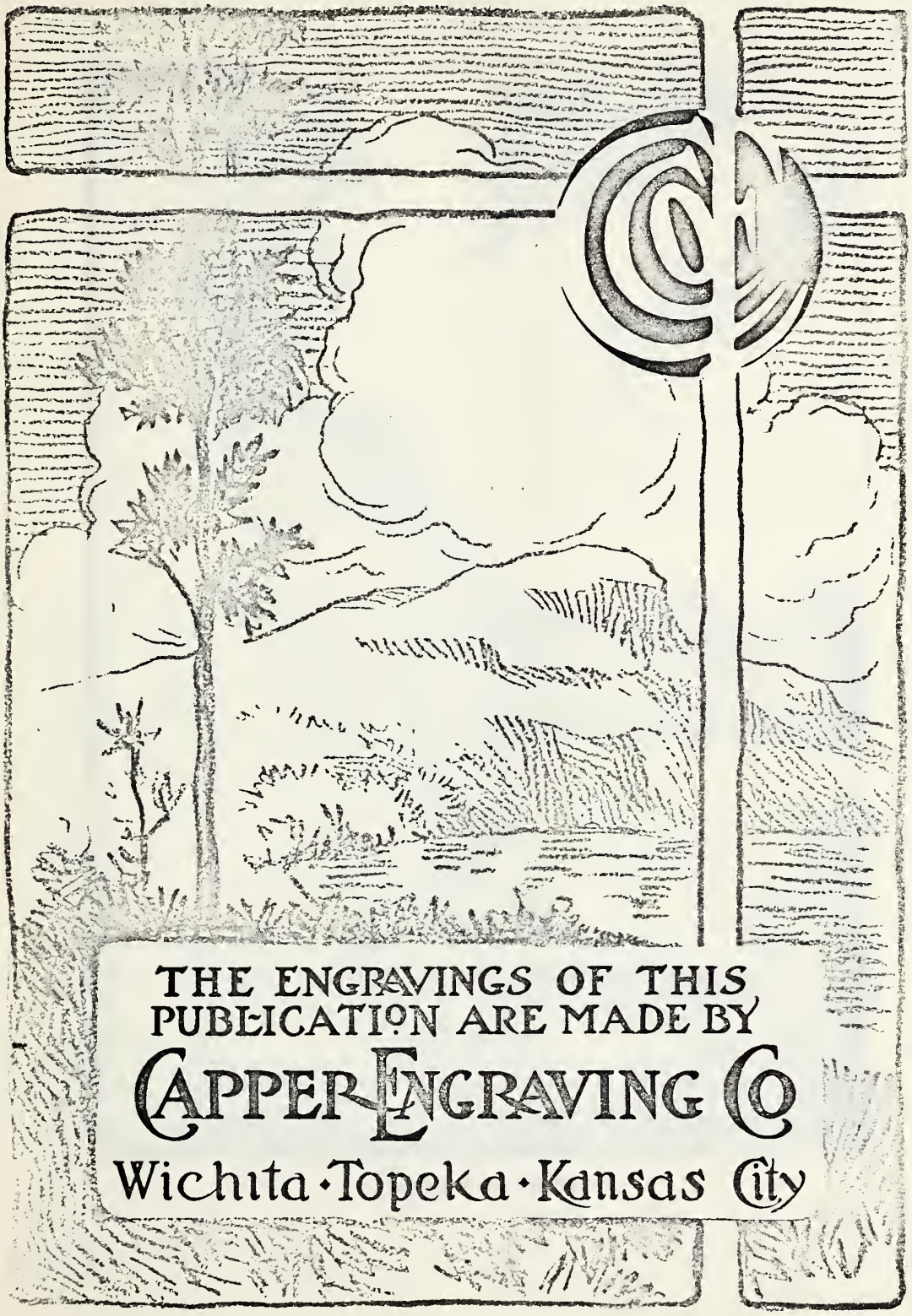
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A KANSAS BOAT LANDING

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VOLUME VI SEPTEMBER, 1911 NUMBER 1

Kansas Magazine

THE SOUTH OF IRELAND

F. DUMONT SMITH

LAST ARTICLE

THERE is a magic in the name of Killarney. The liquid music of those three syllables have a spell of themselves, and after all the years it remains to-day perhaps the most famous beauty spot in the world, though Ireland holds many more even fairer. In fact I have heard old globe-trotters dispute whether the most beautiful place in the world were Honolulu or Simla India, or Glengariff, on the south coast of Ireland where we shall presently go. I have never seen Simla, but my vote is still for Honolulu, the Blessed Isles, though I admit Glengariff is a close second.

The lakes of Killarney are three, two small and one large, Lough Leane, surrounded by low hills covered with heather, which more than any other wild thing lends itself to the decoration of scenery. It is not only its shifting color at different seasons, but it somehow holds the sunshine with a fairer sheen and softens with the mist and rain clouds, and glows again with the dawn, and purples with the twilight as no other mountain plant.

Killarney's lakes have every color that water shows. Sometimes a deep ocean blue, then emerald and cobalt, then a sullen gray, wind-tossed, and when the clouds gather on the hills and the mists brush the heather, the waters take their tints from the clouds. Never two hours alike, smiling, sulking, dancing, but always different.

If I were asked to name the most beautiful single spot I have ever seen I would unhesitatingly choose Innisfallen. And for a day I had some wild notion of forsaking Kansas, and buying that island to loaf away the years that remain to me.

Once it had a monastery. Believe me, those old monks knew the best and got it. Ruined by the Cromwellians, only a trace of it remains. But the whole island is a mass of trees and wild flowers. One holly tree said to be the largest in the world, fifteen feet in circumference, crowns the highest knoll. And where can there be such views of lake and hill, of woods and glens. Such soft lapping of waters on the sandy shore, such green carpets of grass broidered with such wild flowers. Such utter peace and stillness, such an old world brooding melancholy that, always fresh with Nature's renewal, still holds the solemn memories of the Past.

In a way it is too beautiful. It op-



presses the spirit with something more than earthly. It is a place to see visions and dream dreams. No wonder those old Celtic bards were seers and poets. Even a plain, blunt man falls to raphsodizing.

Just before our hotel is a little peninsula, once an island, they say, whereon the Macarty More had his castle, of which a pretty fair ruin remains. It was the last stronghold reduced and ruined by Cromwell. Impregnable from the land side, he built a fleet of boats and stormed it from the water side and left his signature on its battered walls and ruined keep.

You are not confined to mere sightseeing. You may go fishing if you pay for the privilege—pay Lord Ardilaun who owns the lake and the shores of the lake, and the hotel and most of the town. It is believed that sometime—probably about the time of Macarty More—some one caught a salmon in the lake. And people have been paying good money ever since to fish in that lake and it is not recorded that any one has ever caught anything. My boatman assured me it was a great place to fish. I don't doubt it. I asked him what kind of fish they had in the lake. "Sure, all kinds, yer honor."

"Any bass?"

"Sure, yer honor, lashins of thim."

"Any croppies?"

"Manny and manny a wan."

"Any thermometers?"

"Well, now yer honor, this be not the saison for thim kind. If yer honor wor here in March ye'd see thim lapin' all over the lake." I didn't stay to see them.

To get the best view of the lakes, one takes a car to the Queen's Cottage at the head of the upper lake, or Long Reach. There, after lunch, a boat met us and we descended the ten miles of water in a rowboat. Hardly anywhere is there a more beautiful trip. It was a typical Irish day—sunshine and storm. The heather-clad hills now bathed in mist, now softened by sheltering clouds, now glowing in the brilliant sunlight. Our steersman was a leather-faced old Irishman, about sixty, with mutton-chop whiskers, and a look of persistent gloom. In our party were four young Catholic priests making their first trip from America to the Old Sod. They tried to take a fall out of the boatman, but got the worst of it every time. Finally a lady in the party asked him about the meeting of the waters.

About half way down, the Long Reach enters the second lake and there



is a pretty commingling of the two, that thay have christened "The Meeting." Of course every one has read Tom Moore's Meeting of the Waters, in the Vale of Ovoca, County Wicklow, just south of Dublin, which, by the way, Moore misspells and calls it the Vale of Avoca. And the lady asked the old guide why they called this particular spot at Killarney by the same as the one at Ovoca. She rather cast a doubt on the right of the Killarney boosters to use the name.

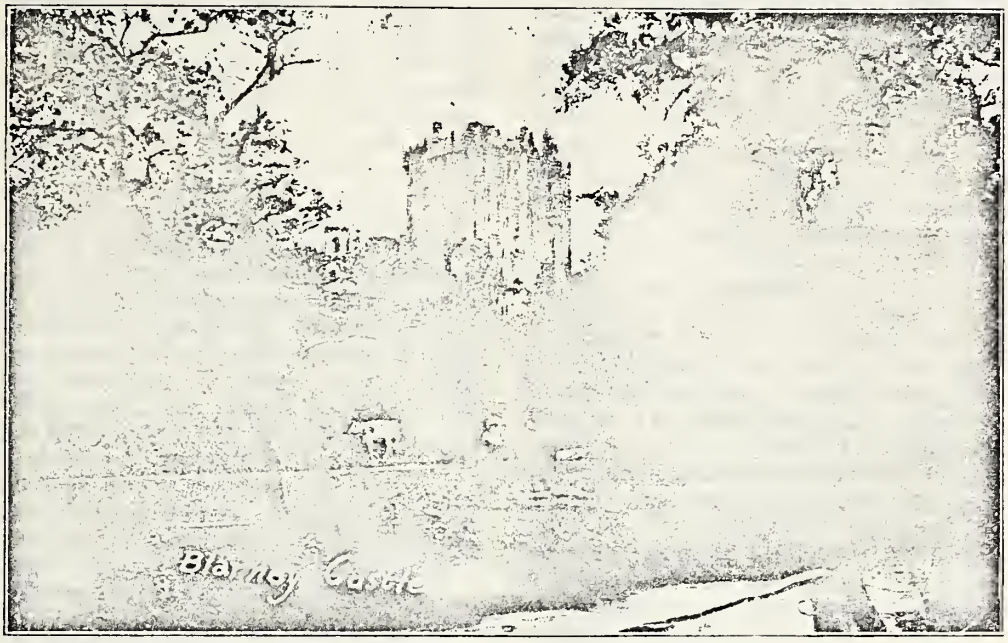
"I'll tell you, me lady, how that wor. Ye see we had two o' thim matin's here and we lint the wan of thim to county Wicklow, thim nadin' wan, but we kept the besht wan!" That settled it.

Half way down the Long Reach is a very wonderful echo, inhabited by a wild Irishman who answers to the name of Paddy, if you call him, and he and the the guide quarrelled lustily back and forth, the echo never failing to reply with startling clearness.

The trip takes about a day, the water part of it being perhaps ten miles in length. In places a rowboat can barely scrape through. One of the curiosities of climate is on this trip. At Ross's Cottage half way down are palms growing in the open air, in the latitude of Quebec. I believe they are slightly protected in winter,but they are evidently old—at least ten feet high. Three or four miles from the hotel is the famous Abbey of Muckross, now in ruins, but containing still some of the finest stone work in the way of windows and lintels in all Europe.

From Killarney we drove over the Kerry Hills, by Kenmare, and descended to Bantry Bay.

We went by the regular stages, and because the corporation that owns them is out for the price, the supply of horses was short. To our coach intended for four horses was allowed two. At every hill the driver gruffly ordered us to get out and walk. Every one meekly obeyed, but the driver rode. At the second hill I suggested that he also relieve the load by doing a little foot work up the hill. He refused. I countermanded his order and told the passengers to stay in till the driver got out. It was a deadlock, but the driver, after sundry threats, finally yielded and walked with us. The stage company was abundantly cursed that day. I



presume they use rubberneck autos now. The road was good, well kept, and in places were tunnels of some length to save grades, for the Kerry Hills are high and steep. At noon we stopped for lunch at Kenmare. From there to Bantry Bay is a three-hour ride, and leaving behind us the bare hills, the wretched little buildings and miserable cabins, we entered a richer country.

This part of Ireland receives to an extraordinary degree the modifying influence of the Gulf stream and nowhere in the Temperate zone is there such richness of flora. There are over thirty varities of ferns alone. We drove for miles between hedges of fuchsia twenty feet high. There are innumerable streams and many waterfalls. Our hotel has a cascade all its own in the hotel grounds. Every variety of tree flourishes with a fresher beauty than elsewhere. The frequent rains, the temperate and even warmth of the climate make everything flourish.

Withal, there is a wildness in the scene, an unstudied artless beauty, far superior to the studied effect the ordered dignity of English woods. Through these enchanting scenes we drove for two hours till rounding a hill we saw below us Bantry Bay and at its head the tiny village of Glengariff.

For there is, too, a glen, rocky, wild and picturesque. Our Hotel Roche's Royal is one of the best in Europe. I think we spent two days there. I know the time was all too short. One excursion was by boat to the fort on a big island. Commanding the mouth of the Bay is a fortress built to repel the threatened landing of Hoche and the French fleet in 1796. It was a very real danger to England that expedition.

Ireland was full of rebellion, fairly well organized. If Hoche with his veteran army, of twenty thousand men. himself next to Napoleon, the ablest soldier in Europe, had landed on Irish ground, the Island would have fallen, England could not have held it. The face of Europe would have been changed, with Ireland independent, and an ally of France. No one can tell what the result would have been. But as I have said, "Ireland the Unlucky." A violent storm dispersed the fleet. It never reconcentrated. An abortive uprising, unsupported, was quenched in blood and Ireland's last hope of Freedom perished. And this little fortress on a rock facing the Altantic remains aban-

doned, a curious reminder of how entirely war has changed. To-day one of our gun boats would knock this fort to ruins in thirty minutes. But the old bomb proofs and emplacements were then right up to the minute. That afternoon it rained three times, but no one minds the rain here. The sky will be blue and clear. In ten minutes it is raining, and in ten more the sun is shining, and it is those showers that give the wonderful green freshness to the Irish landscape. When we returned to the shore the tide was out and the shore strewed with mussels. I asked the boatmen if they were edible. "Shure not, for thim's pizen." I did not believe him and had him gather up a peck of them for supper. The cook at the hotel prepared them and they were delicious. There was a vast quantity of food going to waste under their noses, and these fishermen were ignorant of its value. Another day we drove to Bantry Lodge, a hunting seat of the Earl of Bantry, another absentee who owns the land all about here and passed on the way the celebrated Cromwell Bridge, now in ruins. When Cromwell made his little pleasure excursion down here, he needed the bridge and ordered the people to build it within two days, under peril of extermination. They did it so that he could haul his cannon across and batter down the few remaining castles and churches.

From Glengariff one drives a few miles to the town of Bantry, from whence it is three hours ride by rail to Cork. I suppose one associates Cork mostly with Blarney Castle, and it was the first thing we visited. Kissing the Blarney Stone is no joke. It is set in the battlement eighty feet from the ground, you lie on your back and grasp two iron supports while some kind friend holds your legs and you lower yourself a couple of feet to reach the famous stone. Awhile before we were there an Irishman assayed it and fell the eighty feet. Being drunk, he fell into a holly tree at the foot and escaped with a few scratches. Being dead sober I did not try. It remains unkissed so far as I am concerned.

Cork is a fine city, pretty well modernized as it is the great port of call for all liners that land at Liverpool. From Cork has gone most of that great army of the Irish who have come to America. Its low green hills and the noble harbor of Queenstown is the last glimpse the expatriate sees through tears of that fair land so dear, so beautiful, and so unhappy. It is the metropolis of the South and from here to Waterford is the best farming country I saw in Ireland.

From Waterford we were to sail for Milford Haven in Wales, "the long crossing." At the bar that night in the little inn at Waterford I was taking a drop of Irish whiskey. An old Irishman who was doing the same inquired, "Are ye crossin' to-night?" I told him I was. "Well," he said very dogmatically, "ye're drinkin' the wrong t'ing." "Why?" I asked. "Cocktails is the only drink when ye're takin' that trip." "Again why?" "Because," he said quite seriously, "I know. I've been crossin' this channel, man and boy for thirty years; I've tried them all, all the drink there is, and cocktails is the only thing that tastes the same comin' that it does going."

But mine stayed down.

AGAINST THE FIELD

MR. M.

BUT Sprouty Collins is a brother of my dearest friend, Mr. Armitage, and if Hampton doesn't win the relay, he won't get his letter, and so I don't want Barclay to win it, so there." That the girl was very serious in her desire was evident from the pursed lips and the frown that furrowed her forehead.

"Well, Miss Carlysle," responded Armitage, good naturedly, "I don't know how Jack Hastings and Fletcher feel about it, but I think that *Mister* Collins will have to sprint some for that purple H. However, I'll promise you one thing I'll not stand in his way."

"You promise?" asked the girl quickly.

"Why yes—why, of course," replied Armitage a little uneasily. "You know I don't run in the relay."

"But if you did, Mr. Armitage," insisted the girl, "would you still promise—me?"

There was a perceptible pause between the last two words. It was spring. This was the girl that had filled his thoughts so continuously since he had met her a year ago. Armitage was loyal to his alma mater, but the coach had said that he was to run the half and the quarter. Surely no harm could come from such a promise. He scarcely reasoned this, he felt secure without reasoning, and the prospect of her displeasure was not alluring, so he answered lightly; "Why, yes I think I'd promise *you* anything."

He accented the "you" shamelessly, and he noted with a thrill that the color in her cheeks was heightened at his answer.

"I'm quite sure he'd win anyway," she teased, to get away from a dangerous subject, "but a promise is a promise."

Armitage opened his mouth, but closed it suddenly and in a sort of strained silence finished the walk to the Gamma house, where she was staying.

* * * * * *

The members of the Barclay University track team had been lying about on the grass beside the cinder track, taking their last light work-out before the Basin Conference meet. Clad in their abbreviated running togs, the muscles of their brown legs and arms playing under the skin as they rolled about, they had, until a moment before, made a picture that the ancient Greeks might have envied. Now, as they bunched disconsolately around Hastings and the coach, all the playfulness was gone. Holliday, the weight man, was pounding his big sixteen-pound shot into the ground, Carter, the miler, was viciously digging the turf with his spikes, and even Armitage, the calm immovable Armitage, had picked up Wharton's vaulting pole and was punching the take-off beam in sullen dismay.

The cause of the change was stretched before the coach. Hastings who was counted on for second place in the quarter and the final lap of the relay, had leaped over a hurdle playfully imitating Lapham, the hurdler's "form." He had hooked his foot in some way, and a sprained ankle was the result. To the coach's experienced eye the case needed no examination. No man could suffer such a sprain and run on the following day. He was not a man who wasted time or words, so, after a glance at the swollen ankle which Hastings was nursing between groaning and swearing he turned to Armitage grimly, and said: "Armitage, you've got to do it."

"All right," responded Armitage with equal grimness. Armitage was slated for the quarter and the half as a repeater. To add the relay to this list meant a

strain which is ordinarily considered too great for one man. So the coach had given Hastings the quarter and the relay, Armitage the quarter and the half, and Fletcher the half and the relay. Taney and Kearney, two promising quarter-milers, were entered in the relay.

The men got up and soberly filed into the gym. Armitage and Wharton supporting Hastings, and a half hour later the coach was locked in his tiny office feverishly figuring the "dope." Four teams were entered in the Basin Conference meet: Parnell, Hampton, Vaille, and Barclay. With evenly matched teams, forty points should win the meet easily, but would the teams be evenly matched? The "dope" that had been published in the various papers indicated that Barclay and Parnell were the stronger teams, Barclay being strong in the running events and Parnell in the field. Hampton had a great relay team and it was thought that if Barclay won the relay it would nose out the Parnell crowd. Records of all the men entered had been carefully compared, and still nothing could determine what would happen in the all-deciding relay.

It was late when the coach finally turned from his desk in disgust and gave up the problem which only the events of the next day could solve.

Meanwhile Armitage had forgotten his promise in his anxiety for Hastings and the outcome of the meet. He was about to follow the coach's order to "turn in early" when the thought of it returned.

He hastened to the phone, and soon had the Gamma house on the wire. It was not until he heard the girl's even tones that he felt how hard it was going to be to beg off.

"You see," he found himself saying, "Hastings was to run, and now he can't, and coach says I must, and, of course, I wanted to tell you,—that is, I wanted to ask you—or rather I wanted to know if it would be all right—You see I didn't think at the time—"

"Oh, I think I see," he heard her say coldly, "you thought you were safe in promising or you wouldn't have promised, and now you want to run anyway"

"Why, yes, I didn't think you would hold me to that sort of a promise anyway, you know and—"

"Well, I will, Mr. Harry Armitage," came the answer, "and if you run and win to-morrow, I'll never speak to you again." And the receiver clicked viciously.

"Hey, there Armi, go to bed," came Baby Burton's voice from the chapter room, "Whart turned in a quarter of an hour ago. How do you expect to repeat twice to-morrow—"

"Shut up, Baby," growled Harry as he went up the stairs. And when the coach quit trying to figure the dope late that night, Harry Armitage was still tossing in his bed, fighting a fight harder than any he had ever fought on track or field.

* * * * * *

The big stadium was slowly filling. The Vaille and Hampton teams were already in the enclousure. High on the stands two girls sat watching the changing scene.

"There is Sprouty," exclaimed one of them, pointing to a slender, light-haired youth who was dancing back and forth before the Hampton camp. "He can do the quarter in fifty flat, and they are saving him for the relay in order to beat Barclay. Barclay won twice, you know, and if she wins again, she'll get the cup."

"So it's Barclay against the field," breathed the other, "I hope they'll win out,—all except the relay," she added.

"Say, Baby," said a voice behind them, "did you notice how nervous Armi was this morning?"

"Yes," was the reply, "and he was cross as a bear last night, Deacon. He telephoned to some one last night about bedtime, and when he got through he swore at me something fierce, when I just spoke to him."

"And Rutledge says he didn't sleep last night at all," said the first speaker. "Said that he never acted that way before the hardest football game."

"It can't be that he's—well just a little—"

"Yellow?" snapped the other, "if I thought you meant that, Baby, I'd punch you. Armi isn't yellow, and he'll run his legs off and his heart out in order

to win all those three races. Armi is loyal to Barclay. He's no quitter."

The Deacon's words brought a thrill to the girl in front of him, and she flushed a little guiltily as she wondered if he was right.

Down in the oval, where the teams were gathering, the Barclay team stalked into view amid the blare of their band, and the yells of their supporters. Holliday and Armitage, the giants of the team walked silently in the rear. Holliday was praying that he might place in the weight events, for the weights were Parnell's strength. Armitage was fighting for a strength of a vastly different kind. It was a question of duty to his team, or faith to the promise he had foolishly made. It would be so easy for him to run a poor race in the relay. It came last, after he would have run two other hard races. Everyone would think that his burden had been too great. No one would know—no one but the girl in the stand, and she would know that it was for her that he had sacrificed. He bowed as he passed the Barclay stands, and he heard someone say: "He's beat before he starts." He smiled grimly at the unsuspected application of the statement and flung himself on the ground with his team, covering his face with his bath robe.

"Last call for the hundred dash," he heard the caller bawl through his megaphone; beside him, he heard Austin and Shelton nervously lacing their shoes, and he heard the coach's low spoken words of advice and encouragement. He heard the pistol crack, and not till then did he sit upright. He saw the eight runners leaping down the cinder path. There was Austin out in front, and Shelton was pushing him in second. Armitage's blood leaped at the spectacle, but his quick eye caught another feature of the race which brought him to his feet. Adams of Vaille, was closing on the leaders and running like the wind. The three runners shot past and broke the tape, and he could hear the watches click. Adams had won. Four points that Barclay had counted on were lost. Armitage sprang out on the track to warm up for his 880 yard run with every nerve tingling. He had seen the Parnell and the Hampton men dance in glee at Barclay's setback, even tho' they had failed to score, and it had aroused the latent fighting man in him.

"So it's Barclay against the field is it?" he muttered, "all right, you muckers, come on, we'll beat you at your own game." His glance swept the stands for the first time, and he saw Lois Carlysle's eyes upon him. Her look was hard, and she turned away as he caught her eye. Another time this might have rattled him, now it merely added to his spirit. "That's right," he gritted, "pile up the odds" and he lengthened his stride until the coach called to him to slow down on his warming up exercises.

A moment later the runners in the 880 faced the starter. Armitage and Fletcher had drawn the outside of the track, Hotchkiss and Evards, of Hampton, had the pole and the Vaille and Parnell entries were in the middle. It had been the coach's plan to have Armitage force his way to the front and hold down the pace while Fletcher hung back and sprinted in on the finish. The pistol cracked and the eight were off. Evards and Hotchkiss leaped away in front. Armi started to the front at once, passing the Parnell men before the runners had reached the turn of the track. As soon as he tried to pass the Vaille entries, however, he saw what it meant to be "against the field" for the Vaille men quietly but effectively pocketed him. "You crooks," he grunted as he ran, and then slowed down so suddenly that the man who was running at his side ran ahead before he realized it. Then Armitage darted out behind him and took the outside track at a good pace. "Poor Fletch," he thought, "he'll never get by those fellows." So he sped ahead regardless of the pace. Hotchkiss, who was leading, quickened his gait, Evards followed, and the three started a sprint that looked more like a quarter-mile dash than an 880. Running thus, with Armitage on the outside, fearing a pocket if he dropped back, they circled the track. It was not until they struck the straightaway and had spread out to their paths on the stretch, that

Hotchkiss faltered. Armitage was running powerfully, his stride regular, even and firm, when Hotchkiss' spikes kicked up gravel, and Armitage knew that he was failing. The tape was only a few yards away, but the strain had been too great, Hotchkiss' stride shortened, he leaned forward as he ran, and the striken look that comes to track men when they have reached their limit stamped his face. They broke the tape, Armitage heard the Barclay stands yelling, and as he hurried to the Barclay camp, he heard the announcer's voice calling; "time 1:58-4." Then while the rubbers worked over him he saw Lapham come in after taking first in the hurdles, and he heard that Wharton had surprised everyone including himself, by taking a second in the pole vault.

After his rest, he went back to the track for the 440 feeling strong and fresh. Hampton was the strong entry again, and again the race was neck and neck from pistol crack to tape. When he broke the white barrier for the second time, he was conscious only of a feeling of triumph, of exultation over his victory. He glanced up into the stands and saw Lois Carlysle animately watching Sprouty Collins as he fidgeted in the center of the Hampton camp. He stalked to his resting place with a scowl that was not removed when the announcers call of: "49-4,—Basin Conference Record," reached his ear.

The meet went on with Parnell and Barclay fighting it out for first. Austin beat Adams in the two hundred and twenty, but Carter failed to take his expected first in the mile. Holliday took two seconds in the weights, but Lapham got only a second in the high hurdles. When the last call for the relay was sounded Parnell had scored 44, to Barclay 40. Barclay had to win the relay to win the meet and the cup. Fletcher, Taney, Kearney, and Armitage were to run in the order named for Barclay while Hotchkiss, Evards, Thorpe and Collins were running for Hampton. The Parnell and Vaille entries were not considered dangerous. Armitage was not yet entirely over the strain of his recent quarter-mile dash, and he sat wearily at the side of the track.

Up in the stands four people watched the preparations for the race with more than usual interest. Miss Collins' eyes were intent upon her brother's lithe form, as he trotted slowly back and forth before the starting point. The other three were watching, with varying emotions, the bowed figure at the head of the track.

"Armi's all in, Deacon," whispered Burton, "look at him. I never saw him look like that in the hardest game. Remember the Parnell game when he hurt his knee, and still stayed and carried the ball every other time? He looked better then, than he does right now."

"He looks like the time when he was hurt inside, Baby," moaned the Deacon, "maybe he's that way now."

Lois Carlysle started at these words. "Hurt inside," she thought, "yes maybe he *is* that way now, maybe I am responsible for hurting him."

The pistol barked and Fletcher and Hotchkiss leaped away in the lead. Fletcher fought his way to the pole, and stayed there as they flew around the oval. Equal of stride, both runners in perfect form, and with the confidence of their strength visible in their movement, they brought the crowd to its feet as they made the circuit. Up the stretch they came, Fletcher leading by the narrow margin of a yard, but plainly the stronger. The yard had lengthened into two when Taney, the youngest runner on the Barclay team, leaped away on the second lap of the race. Evards was after him like a flash and the crowd roared. Taney was overanxious, and as he sped along he tried too hard to increase his lead, with the result that when he turned into the straightaway, he discovered that his strength was failing. Evards was five yards behind, but he came up like the wind, and passed poor Taney just before they crossed the line. Thorpe had five feet start of Kearney at the start and he lengthened it to ten before they reached the turn. Panic-stricken, Kearney did what many a runner has done in an overzealous effort to increase his speed—he chopped his stride. Taking quicker but shorter steps, he not only slowed down, but he exhausted himself,

and when Thorpe touched Collins at the beginning of the last lap, he was laboring a full twenty feet to the rear.

Armitage was set at the mark when Collins started, and he strained forward like a blooded dog in leash, waiting for the touch that would permit his start.

Lois Carlysle looked at the tense figure with her hands clenched. "You can still beat him, Harry, you can, you can," she whispered, "and if you do, I'll never, never speak to you again! Oh, run, Harry, run!" Her voice rose to a shriek as Armitage's form shot from the mark in pursuit of the speeding figure in Hampton purple.

"You can let him win, Harry, and no one will ever know, and if you do I'll despise you'" and unconscious of her hysterical inconsistency, she jumped up and down as the big Barclay runner closed on the fleet Collins.

"I've got to do it," was the thought that filled Harry's mind as he ran, his eyes fixed on the runner ahead, "it's Barclay against the field, and I've got to do it. They'll think I'm a quitter if I don't." His eyes blurred until he could scarcely see the fleeting Collins, his legs felt weak beneath him, and the track seemed to undulate first high and then low. He was running by instinct, his nerves driving his tired muscles mercilessly.

The stands seemed to rock and sway as the two athletes neared the stretch. Armitage's face was drawn but determined, Collins' was desperate. Neck and neck they fought it out, but the long striding machine-like Armitage was too powerful, and in the last few yards he hurled himself forward and won by a scant two feet. As Holliday and Carter sprang to catch the victor, his big form wilted and he sank into the cinders of the track.

The meet was over, and the teams and the crowd filed out of the enclosure. Outside of the gym, the two girls, in company with several Hampton and Barclay supporters, were waiting for young Collins, when Harry came out. The reaction was upon him and none of the exultation of the victory remained. All that he could think of was his broken faith with the girl whose favor meant everything to him. His head was bowed, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his cap pulled down over his eyes, and he would have passed them without seeing them if Lois had not called him back, and come toward him. He stopped and stood twisting his cap in his hands, seeking for words. Finally he cleared his throat a little nervously, and said in a low voice: "I don't know what to say to you, Miss Carlysle, I broke my promise to you. I had to choose between two disloyalties. It was Barclay against —against—"

"Against the field," she finished, interrupting a statement that might have been dangerous. "But a promise—"

"Won't you forgive me?" he asked. "I know I could have failed to catch him, but it would have been a sneaking thing to do."

"I would have hated you for that," she broke in, "but I'll never be able to trust you again when you promise."

"There's one promise that I'd like to make and always keep," said Harry earnestly.

"No, I would never trust you again. she parried quickly. Collins and several of the the Hampton team had come out of the gym by this time, and were approaching. As Harry was turning reluctantly away, he was caught by a roughish look that had crept into her eyes, and leaning toward her, he could just hear her say: "One thing I have noticed: you never give up, and usually win, when you're—" her voice was very low, and her glance swept the crowd that was coming up—" against the field."

THE CROP EXPERT
FIELD MARSHAL OF AGRICULTURAL PESTS

C. W. WRIGHT

FOR many centuries an annual contest has been carried on between man, on the side, and several hundred varieties of weeds, weather and insects on the other, with the earth as an arena. This is termed agriculture, the crops being the prize striven for.

In the beginning, man too often suffered defeat, but he did not despair. Intelligent methods of cultivation with improved farming implements and machinery, are at last eliminating the weed as a vital factor, and by husbanding the excess moisture in times of generous rainfall, against future needs, rendering hit-or-miss weather conditions more uniformly beneficial, entomologists from the agricultural colleges are becoming skilled in encouraging harmless insects to attack and destroy the varieties that are obnoxious; in spreading disease among them and in other ways lessening their capacity for doing injury to the growing grain.

"Good work," someone says, "Hurrah for the Order of Independent Owners of Half Sections!" But wait! There remains one agricultural pest for which no successful antidote has been discovered, except as the individual members of this variety pit themselves, one against the other, thus neutralizing the effects of their visitations among the crops.

Translated into English, as it is spoken in the West, the name of this formidable species is the Crop Expert; pronounced with a decided accent on the first syllable of the last word. The crop expert, as may have been surmised, is a man, but as he never swore allegiance to the mighty clan engaged in warfare against the pests of the agricultural world, it can scarcely be charged that he is a traitor when he joins the enemy.

Of course there have been crop "observers" for centuries and centuries back. We have it on the very best of authority that, the first crop observer was a woman. Her name was Eve; her specialty, the apple; her incentive, curiousity.

The first crop "expert" was a man, an American. His specialty, wheat: his incentive, curiousity commercialized, and only during the declining years of the nineteenth century has his vocation taken on the necessary dignity to be termed a science, or an art, if you will.

For thousands of years the crop observer's interest in his investigations was actuated by a sordid fear that a harvest failure would spell starvation. Then, too, he was the man with the hoe. His energy was divided between the physical and the mental, to the detriment of the latter. But the crop expert approaches his chosen task with a mind delightfully untroubled. Floods may devastate, or drouth or grasshoppers destroy the growing grain, and no fear of starvation strikes terror to his soul. On the contrary, it makes business good. If no crop damage existed, or the gullible public could not be induced to believe that there was damage, there would be no crop experts. It is not his own field the crop expert examines. It belongs to Farmer Smith or Ranchman Jones. They are the ones who find difficulty in acquiring a fondness for crop damage.

The crop expert is the outgrowth of modern methods of merchandising agricultural products. In the old days it was crudely simple. Mr. Indian merely handed over his basket of maize and received its equivalent in skins, wampum, powder or whatever the measure of values happened to be at the

time. But the white man came and agriculture increased in leaps and bounds. The clearing, the cradle and the grist mill were succeeded by the prairie farm of many broad acres, the self-binding harvester and the roller mill. The freight car and the whaleback steamer took the place of the Indian basket and the canoe as a means of transporting grain. Cities followed trading posts, and boards of trade were organized to better handle the increasing volume of farm products. Out of Fort Dearborn grew Chicago, the world's greatest grain market.

To-day trading in grain is even more simple than in the old days; not crude in its simplicity, but wonderfully complex—and yet absurdly simple. One has merely to send his broker in distant Chicago, Minneapolis or Kansas City, a draft for $500 and he can sell ten thousand bushels of corn that he never raised, owned or even saw. He is not put to the annoyance of producing the goods at the moment, for his broker has sold it for delivery several months hence. At any time he can have his broker buy ten thousand bushels of corn from somebody who doesn't care to retain something that he doesn't really possess and who is willing to sell it at the market price.

Time was when it would have had all the farmers in a good Illinois corn county bending their backs over scoop shovels for an entire week, in negotiating that ten-thousand-bushel corn deal. Now, the deal can be completed through the medium of a grain exchange without appreciable fatigue to anyone's muscular system, and what is yet more wonderful, in thirty seconds by your watch, that ten thousand bushels of corn can be changed to wheat, or maybe oats. Merely an incident in a broker's morning routine. Doing a mile in half a minute in a racing car is slow work compared with the speed with which grain is merchandized on the trading floor of a board of trade. In either case the mechanic works with the same unfailing smoothness, yet both are equally noisy.

But many millions of bushels of the real grain, the kind for which the farmer battles with the weeds, weather and insects, find their way to the boards of trade, where there is always a ready market for it, with ample storage and handling facilities provided. The large grain houses found it profitable to send men out for the purpose of ascertaining as nearly as possible, the yield of grain to be expected at harvest time, which might be months distant. The trade came to consider the opinions of these men of such importance that the speculative houses borrowed the idea and sent their own men out as experts, to secure crop information; for even in these days of cliques and groups of traders having tremenduous resources at their command, the meek and lowly law of Supply and Demand cannot be entirely ignored. As aid in stimulating trade, or influencing prices to move in a desired direction, these crop experts were found quite effective.

The leading institution where the science of crop "experting" is acquired is the Chicago Board of Trade. By close observation the student is able to judge, with a fair degree of accuracy, the effect of various sorts of news on the composite mind encompassing the wheat pit. He has an opportunity to develop unusual discriminating powers that will enable him to see only that which he should see, when out among the grain fields, and to waste no time or effort in reporting crop conditions that are out of harmony with the pre-arranged opinions decided upon between himself and the firm he represents.

Just as the charming old Southern gentleman was not a "Colonel" until someone commenced addressing him as such, so it is with the person who would be called a crop expert. No diplomas are issued conferring the title. He must be featured, so to speak, and the large grain houses of Chicago have admirable facilities for accomplishing this. Their private wires, which form a network throughout the country, will stand the strain of the strongest endorsement concerning their expert that they may see fit to disseminate among an eager throng of "bulls" and "bears." There is a certain dignity about their announcements, too. When the operator places a message on the file for public information, which

reads: "Our Mr. Bingles wires from Salina, Kansas, as follows: 'Wheat from Grainfield to Gypsum City looks bad; personal examination indicates fully forty-five per cent damage by winter-killing, farmers discouraged.'" Every trader who is long on wheat looks upon Bingles as a man of sound judgment, while the man who has placed his money in a manner that makes a break in prices desirable, entertains a secret fear that the news is true, although he says aloud that the said Bingles is a pathetic example of sodden imbecility—or perhaps he uses the short and ugly word.

The next message may be from the press agents of Crop Expert Crow, who wires from Minot, North Dakota, that "The frost on Thursday night resulted in no damage whatever to the wheat." The bear on the market reads in Mr. Crow's message a complete vindication of his own judgment. Therefore Mr. Crow is a crop expert of consummate ability.

Twenty years ago the crop expert usually gave his reports an optimistic coloring. The average farmer was poor and as he could ill afford to hold his grain or to stand a possible shrinkage in values already low, he was easily stampeded into selling it as soon as it was available for market, thus adding to the depressing influences already existing.

As an additional incentive to install fervor into the cheerful crop news given to the public, the expert often possessed himself of a line of "short" wheat before sending in his report, thereby profiting by reason of any resulting decline in the market.

But for a number of years it has been popular for the more powerful of the operators in grain to quietly accumulate a line of wheat, corn or oats, and then put their entire manipulating machinery of which the expert is an important part, at work boosting the market. It was discovered that the farmer had become able and more inclined to hold his grain until the price suited him. Then, too, it was apparent that the consumption of grain was increasing faster than its production. In several noteworthy "bull" campaigns carried on by large Chicago interests, crop experts contributed largely to their success. On occasion the weakening influence of official crop reports, issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, has been mimimized by the efforts of two or three "star" crop experts. To-day owing to this inclination to send in crop news calculated to advance prices, the more common name given to the crop expert is the "crop killer."

Crop experts differ in their methods of obtaining evidence. Some desire first hand information, which can be secured only by driving or walking over a number of fields in each locality visited and making a close examination of the growing plants. Others who have made the same territory for a number of years, are less strenuous, preferring to view the rural scenery, upon which to base their reports, from the windows of the observation car of a limited train. Local trains, with their incessant stops in small towns are an abomination to the crop expert. Besides, any essential points that the seasoned expert may overlook can always be obtained from the girl at the cigar stand in the leading hotels of the two or three largest cities of any of the States in the grain belt. For the cigar girl hears the commercial travelers continually greeting each other, first with an inquiry about business, and, out in the grain belt, invariably followed by an exchange of news about the crops.

Prohibition Kansas, leading all other States in the production of wheat, is largely frequented by crop experts. Lying well in the southern portion of the wheat belt, this State is usually the objective point in their first trip of the season. The itenerary of stops was seemingly arranged to include all cities where the private locker system prevailed at the Elk's club rooms. Doubtless this was merely a coincidence. However, owing to a recent ruling of the attorney general, which puts a ban on the life-saving locker system at the clubs, it is claimed that the schedule was less closely adherred to the past season.

Somehow things did not break right

for the crop expert last season. It was all because of the farmer down in Kansas. Not having any mortgages or other unpleasant things to worry him any more, the farmer as a type has discarded every evidence of mental simplicity, along with the much cartooned "Reuben" whiskers. He is becoming adept at borrowing other people's ideas if they please him; if they do not he creates new ones to suit his needs. After he had sold most of his 1908 wheat crop, prices advanced thirty or forty cents per bushel. So he held a goodly portion of the crop of 1909 in readiness to unload at fancy prices in case the conditions of the previous year were repeated.

But the advance was slow in appearing and the farmer became impatient. So one day early in February a report that the growing wheat had all been destroyed by adverse winter weather, came floating in from Kansas. It was really six weeks too early to accurately determine the extent of any possible injury to the growing wheat crop, but when buying orders were accompanying the reports, such news could not well be ignored. Prices advanced several cents and the professional crop experts came shivering out of comfortable quarters and braved the chilling blasts of late winter, only to discover that a "scoop" had been made and that it was the farmer—rank amateur at crop experting–who had made the "beat." The professionals could only sympathize with our "Uncle Joe" and wonder how it happened that they were caught napping. Some entered strenuous denials of crop injury, while others agreed with the farmers. The wiser ones left the question open, claiming it was too early to determine conditions.

Subsequently it was found that the farmers were more nearly correct in their opinions, as full conditions indicating a far larger yield of wheat than had ever been harvested in the State, were reduced to a point where only an average crop was finally produced. While prices did not advance to the unusual height reached in the early months of 1909, owing to a larger visible supply of wheat in the country, the vigilance of the Kansas farmers in discovering and reporting injury to the growing crops before the crops of professionals had invaded the State, undoubtedly prevented a severe decline in the value of the remaining old crop wheat. It was a severe setback to the crop expert, this further evidence of the farmer's independent attitude. He might raise his own wheat, and even dictate the price at which he sells it, but this thing of thrusting aside the services of the professional crop destroyer and killing his own wheat fields first happened in the Spring of 1910.

Efforts to stem the tide of crop-killing sentiment have engaged the attention of the most eminent writers of Kansas. Secretary F. D. Coburn, of the Kansas State Agricultural Department, a man who never discounts the future by making estimates of ultimate yields of grain, based on conditions previous to harvest, intensely dislikes the methods of the hired crop expert; if you asked him the question direct, he would doubtless tell you that it was the hired crop expert himself that he disliked, because of his methods. Mr. Coburn has what is probably the most complete organization for the purpose of reporting the actual conditions of the growing crops of Kansas that exists for any similar area, anywhere in the world. Its greatest value lies in the fact that he has a resident of each township in the State report the result of his own personal observation in that township—not in a territory covering half a State. Many of these men have reported conditions to Secretary Coburn for a quarter of a century, which makes their comparison of conditions with those existing in previous seasons a valuable part of their reports. When these reports on crop conditions are checked against the country or township assessor's report on the acreage sown to the various crops, their accuracy becomes apparent.

Yet, with this wonderful crop-reporting organization behind him Mr. Coburn never attempts to tell you, in April, how much wheat Kansas is going to harvest the following July. His report is a compilation of the thousands of other reports, each covering a lot of ground perhaps six miles square

somewhere out in the State. In the fall, after the crops are secured, Mr. Coburn will issue a report telling you how many bushels of each kind of grain was really raised in Kansas during the season just completed, but his reports made public preceding harvest time tell you what the crop conditions were at the time his army of crop observers throughout the State examined their own particular territory. When someone tells you that Secretary Coburn says that Kansas *will* raise eighty million bushels of wheat this year, he is probably giving you the figures that have been compiled, using Mr. Coburn's report as a basis—or else your informer has his tenses mixed. When a report emanates from the office of the Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture giving figures on actual production of grain, in bushels, for that State, you may know that it reads in the *past* tense, as; "Kansas raised eighty million bushels of wheat," and not that the State *will* raise eighty million bushels of wheat.

So it is plain to be seen why Mr. Coburn has little use for the information made public by hired crop experts. One day last summer, after they had been perniciously active in mis-reporting Kansas crop conditions, he built a "back-fire" to check the inroads of the crop-killer, couched in the following scorching language:

"Killing the Kansas wheat crop by gentlemen with whom killing is a business, or who obtain sustenance, notice or noteriety only through proclaiming the discovery, invention or presence of some new destroyer, is now being carried on by telegraph. As a season progresses and the crop-killers discover themselves lacking other resource they proceed to find some alleged insect, such as the green bug or the malodorous chinch bug, ready mount upon which to ruthlessly charge across and lay waste a five- or six-million-acre wheat field, leaving behind (in the newspapers) little but desolation and distress. These gentry have now sounded 'boots and saddles' for the chinch bug brigade in Kansas, and what they will intend as terrifying yells are likely to be heard around the world. The public will do well to remember that while the yells of these night riders may be disturbing they never affect actual yield."

And in his inimitable style of verse, "Uncle Walt" Mason, the famous poet-philosopher of "Empory," Kansas, likewise endeavored to penetrate the gloom that followed in the wake of the crop-killer, and to instil hope and faith in the hearts of those to whom everything looked drab. An example of his worthy effort in this direction is the following, entitled:

Prophets of Evil

"The prophet comes to my humble door, and his eyes are sad and his head is sore. He says, 'Gee Whiz!' and he says, 'By Hek! The world's a-going straight down to wreck! The wheat is dead and the corn won't grow, and the rain won't fall and hot winds will blow! The worst old drouth that ever was known, will hit this country and make it groan! Then the mills will close and the banks will fail, and we'll all rear up in the air and wail!' Then the prophet goes and I am depressed, with a sinking feeling inside my vest, 'til the plain horse sense that I near forgot, resumes its sway in my dome of thought. These jaundiced seers with their gloomy views, and their awful dreams and their bugaboos, can know no more of the future's plans than a mermaid knows of the Highland clans. The sun will shine and the rain will fall, and the vine will grow on the garden wall; the trees will bend 'neath their load of fruit; all things will come to the wise galoot who puts his faith where his faith belongs, and fills the air with his cheery songs."

The crop expert may well be termed the field marshal of the various agents that make or destroy the growing crops. It takes real generalship to control his forces in the manner best calculated to increase the profits of his employer. Among these forces may be mentioned the chinch bug, green bug, hessian fly, plant louse, cutworm, "foggy" dew, rain and hail; extreme heat and zero weather; alternating freezing and thawing weather; red rust, black rust and "the mysteries."

Of course it would not do for even

the newest recruit, the fourth assistant crop expert sent out by a speculative house, to accuse a field of grain of being attacked by all of the above mentioned maladies, at one and the same time. To mention the existence of black rust damage in a wheat field in February or injury by freezing in July would be as lacking in probability as was the story the old Missouri farmer told the boys, who, leaving their work in the harvest field, rushed to a nearby lake and pursued a deer out on the ice, where they dispatched the animal with their pitchforks. The selection of a crop annihilator must be seasonable, else it loses much of its effectiveness.

Occasions arise, too, where none of the ordinary causes for crop damage seem exactly fitting. Such cases call for a diagnosis and report, however, as an expert who is tongue-tied or has writer's cramp bears about the same degree of usefulness to the home office that a safety razor does at a picnic attended by members of the Darktown Four Hundred. But trust the expert to rise to the occasion. He graciously admits the limitations of his knowledge by sending out a wire reading about as follows: "Wheat don't look right; sickly and heads shriveling up. Appears to be work of mysterious insect that eats holes in the stalk; farmers talk of plowing up fields."

That word "mysterious" still remains quite effective in "bringing in the shorts" on the market. It nearly always creates an uneasy feeling among the "bears," with a corresponding confidence on the part of the "bulls." Then too, when farmers talk of plowing up fields of real wheat plants it sounds calamitous, threatening as it does, the very bread supply of the world. In speaking of this last summer, a prominent crop expert, man of genuine ability, remarked that when he had retired from his profession he intended to write a book on the subject. Such a book, he declared, would read much like a treatise on the exposition of parlor magic.

It must not be understood that all the crops experts who travel about the country reporting crop conditions are influenced by the market in making their reports; nor that all the grain firms employing them, arrange the information received, to suit their own selfish interests. Some of the largest Chicago houses do a straight commission business and employ crop examiners who have made a study of grain, its raising and its insect enemies. Not only do these men carefully report conditions as they find them in the United States, but they are sent to Canada, to Argentina, to Australia, and to other wheat growing countries, and send accurate information regarding crop conditions in those countries. Their reports are given to the public in an unexpurgated condition and are of real value to people in all lines of trade; particularly to those whose business is chiefly confined to agricultural communities. In fact the manufacturers of farm machinery maintian a very comprehensive crop reporting organization of their own, the information being secured through branch houses and traveling salesmen. However, this information rarely becomes public property.

It might be added that the real crop examiner does not receive his training in close proximity to the grain pit of a Board of Trade. Generally he was a farmer boy and raised wheat in Kansas or the Dakotas. There is record of one or two of these honest, conscientious sort, who, after years of service in reporting crop conditions, are still unable to read the heiroglyphics on the blackboard of a brokerage office and have never taken a speculative trade in grain.

It is not natural, however, that the professional crop expert, while working in the interests of his employer, should keep his ear properly attuned that he may not fail to hear the knock of Opportunity, whether it comes his way once or many times. More than one expert, glad of a chance to reform, has retired from his position to lead a more comgenial existence, made possible by reason of the profits quietly accumulated on the market during his "experting days." Others have grown gray-haired in the service, and have been a potent factor in the prosperity attained by their employers, with much the same indifference that causes a bank

clerk, who handles thousands of bills belonging to other people each day, to think only of the grems or microbes they may contain. But the "visible supply" of "Experters" never shows evidence of a shortage, and until a parasite is discovered that will attack and destroy the grain speculative germ, the lesser pests of agriculture will continue to perform as marionettes, obedient to the will of the Crop Expert—Field Marshal of them all.

FORSAKEN YOU?

Forsaken you? Does the sea forsake
The shore that he kissed in youth,
Though the siren song of a lunar lure
Conceal for a time, Love's truth?
Does he not return each night and morn
His dear one to embrace,
As he laughs Ambition's charm to scorn
And sneers at her pallid face!

Forsaken you? Does the lark forsake
The field and the pleasant heath,
When the north wind drives him from the nest
With the threat of an icy death?
Does he not return at the birth of spring
With a song in his joyous heart,
And hold with a fonder love each thing
For mourning the while apart?

Forsaken you? Does the sun forsake
The earth when he sinks from sight,
And leaves her sad and sorrowing
In the arms of the dreaded night?
Is it not herself that has turned her face
And the sun that was constant still
Till he wrapped her again in his warm embrace
Dispelling with love the chill?

And so my love for you will run
Whatever my life may be,
As gay as the lark, as warm as the sun
And broad and deep as the sea.

THE ABIDING CHARM

FOSTER KING

WE were sitting in the smoker, waiting for the L. & N. to pull out; half a dozen of us, all business men, when Mattox looked out the window. "Jove, what a stunner!"

We followed his glance. On the platform, the center of a group of more or less dejected looking men, stood a girl evidently about to leave. Mattox's words scarcely expressed it. She was one of the women such as novels are written of, of beauty such as is rarely seen in everyday life. Her hair was black and curled around her face, breaking away also from its clasps in tiny curls around her neck. Her eyes were deep, rich brown, under even, delicately arched brows. Her mouth was red, as nearly perfect in shape as mouths are made, and when she laughed her low, rippling laugh, she showed even, white teeth and most wonderful dimples. Against the black of her hair and brows her skin was surprisingly white, with clear, delicate coloring. Tall and graceful, with self-confidence and strength in every movement, she might have ornamented the proudest throne in Christendom. She was nodding a light and laughing good-by to the men as we watched.

"That's the sort of woman who drives men crazy," Westoff said, watching her with a glitter in his eye. Women admired Westoff, but many feared him.

"She is the kind they live and die for," Ratcliff corrected. Many of us knew the saintly, silver-haired mother who had implanted in Ratcliff the reverence toward all women that now showed in his voice.

"At least that is the kind that rules with undisputed sway," Smith spoke. "Not always," Stanley muttered, but the words were an undertone and passed without remark.

The woman in question was nearing the car and for a second stopped just opposite our window. Stanley watched her with a queer expression.

"She reminds me," he began, then stopped. One or two of us who knew the timid, clinging wife he had married to take from an unhappy home, had heard of the one romance of his life,—had heard that there was one, at least. No one knew any more. Smith had not heard of it. "Of whom, Stan?" he asked.

"Someone I knew once."

The vision flashed past the smoker door, the bell sounded, and the train began to move.

"Tell us the story, Stan," Westoff said easily. Westoff had never heard of the romance either.

Stanley looked unseeingly out of the window. Evidently memories were crowding upon him. Perhaps it was a relief to speak them. At any rate he did speak, half involuntarily, it seemed, with some effort at first, then more easily, he told us the story.

"I was not quite thirty when my uncle offered me an inferior position in the bank I am now president of, and I gave up a position that paid better at the time to come to the city and accept it, on account of the chances of promotion. I had always been a steady chap, and the crowd of young men I got in with were rather eye-openers to me at first; good fellows, most of them, but I didn't just understand their ways. I soon got on to them though, and before long was in for more fun than was just good for me, I guess; harmless enough of its kind, but a drain on the time and resources of a fellow who was trying to climb the ladder. There were half a dozen or so of fellows, all in about the same fix, boarding with Mrs. Carson, a motherly old soul, interested in all of us. Two squares

away was a girl's boarding house, patronized by fifteen or twenty girls, kept by widow Anderson. We fellows used to troup around there two or three nights of the week, and always found plenty to amuse us. New girls came every month or so, but there were six or eight who stayed. We fellows always began by being very impartial in our attentions, but mighty few kept it up. The Roost,—it was Reddy who first called the place the Hen-roost,—married off a number of its room-mates. I kept it up for three months, then I began to specialize. It was a month after I began to visit there that I met Gertrude. I didn't like her the first night at all. I thought she was conceited, and talked too much; she insisted on talking to me when I wanted to talk to Maizie, the pretty blue-eyed one. Gertrude wasn't what you would call pretty, I suppose. She had a queer shade of reddish gold hair, and gray eyes. Her face was too thin, and her features a bit too large. She was always well dressed, though, if not remarkably stylish; and some way she was the first person in an ordinary crowd you noticed. Perhaps it was her bright hair, though it was her eyes you remembered. They had a clear, direct way of looking at you, and you felt that they saw everything.

"Well, as I said, I was disgusted that first night, though some of the things she said stayed with me. Then in spite of myself I got interested. Maizie told me she had more friends and more enemies than any other girl in the house. I knew two men who hated her. I discovered they had tried to go too far with her. For all her trick of using her eyes and her smiles, you didn't even dare to shake hands a second too long. We began it by doing a show together one night, then a week later we went driving. I discovered she was a bookkeeper in one of the big department stores there, and made big money for a girl; had been with them some years.

"For one Sunday some of we boys were planning an excursion. I had intended asking the latest acquisition, Miss Hadley of the dreamy smile, but before the evening was over I found myself asking Gertrude. She looked straight at me and answered in a tone I had never heard her use before: 'Thank you, but I always attend church on Sunday.'

"One or two of the new people gave incredulous laughs, but they stopped in a hurry, I'd never admired her so much before. The tone wasn't defiant, and she didn't raise her voice, but I think everyone in the room heard it. " 'You'll have to try again, Jim,' one of the fellows said, but instead I returned, 'I will try again. If Miss Morton will allow me I will alter my arrangements and ask to take her to church instead.'

"She consented without a waver or a flush and Sunday night I presented myself. From the way I was received that first night I judged I was not the first one who had come that way.

"She led me an anxious life for many months;" a strange reminiscent smile touched the grim lips of the financier. "I was never sure of my ground. One day I was exultingly hopeful, the next in despair. It was not uncommon when I asked her to go somewhere with me for her to say 'she would see.' Sometimes it would be 'yes, she guessed so,' sometimes 'No, she was going to do something else that night,' She would put me off till the last minute and again. Often I would rise in righteous wrath and declare that I would stand it no longer, and as often I would come down again. Other girls wondered how she held us, with no beauty, no apparent attempt to do so. She did not need beauty. Sometimes I have thought that would have weakened her charm even, by concealing the real attraction, her dominant personality. Without being brilliant or particularly intellectual, she was one of the most interesting and absorbing talkers I have ever known.

"It was something over a year later, one August night," his voice lowered, "that I told her I loved her. She surprised me again,—she was full of surprises. She had been unusually gay all evening, fairly bubbling over with fun; but from the minute I began to speak she gave me her serious attention. There was none of the coquettishness, none of the hesitancy I had expected, nor was she effusive. She

took it as though it were a very serious and beautiful thing, but the most natural thing in the world. 'Yes, I love you,' she said simply, 'and I will be proud to be your wife.' I had fancied her coming to my arms, or my taking her in spite of herself, but when the time came I found myself asking, 'May I kiss you?' She let me, but there was very little of that in all the gloriously happy weeks that followed. A month later, when I took her the ring, was only the second time. There were changes, though, in my favor; privileges I had not dreamed of. There was no more uncertainty; I alone had the right to take her wherever I asked. I might call any night when she was not too tired or busy, then I was always given the reason for a refusal. If my attentions were taken as a matter of course, so was her acceptance of them.

"Perhaps four months had passed when Ottalie appeared on the scene. It was Ottalie of whom that girl reminded me. She was the most gloriously beautiful girl I have ever known. All sorts of rumors were afloat about her. Some said she was of Spanish decent; some that she had gypsy blood in her. Her eyes and her curly hair were intensely black, but her white skin was at variance with the rumors. Some said she had been an actress. I do not know. She was rich and lived with an aunt. She had a wonderful speaking voice, low and musical, and both played and sang exquisitely. Over all she was charming. Her manner was perfect; friendly without being familiar; cordial without being effusive, or expectant. She soon had men at her feet, several of them, but I knew two or three who could laugh at it a year later. Gertrude was away on a delayed vacation when she came, and meanwhile we became good friends. Invariably in the course of an evening I would spend some minutes with her. Whether or not she knew of my engagement I do not know, though we made no secret of it, and it was generally known; but I was greeted rather more cordially than most of the men. Perhaps there was more comment on our friendship than reached me, for Ottalie was the kind of a girl a man is expected to lose his head over. Gertrude never seemed to notice. If she was a trifle quieter than usual those days, I did not see or dream of the possible cause. Once or twice it occurred to me that she was not so well as she had been, but when I mentioned it she laughed at me and became her usual merry self, for a time.

"It was one evening at a lawn-party that there came the strangest hour of our engagement. I had just come from a longer time than usual spent with Ottalie, and looked for Gertrude. There was to be a moonlight picnic given a day or two later and I wanted to see if she would go. A girl was with her at the time, but she left almost immediately and I proffered my request. We were walking slowly up the long, dark arbor, no one else near; in fact nearly all had gone.

" 'No, Jimmy, I've been going out too much lately. I must rest. Get some one else. Ask Ottalie.'

"She said it naturally enough, just as she had once or twice suggested my taking Maizie or one of the others.

" 'No,' I said, 'if you don't care to go I won't either. Perhaps I can stop in a few minutes that evening.'

" 'No, there is no use in your giving it up. Ask Ottalie. I know she would be glad to go.'

" 'Bother Ottalie. I don't give a hang what she would be glad to do. I'd be bored to death spending a whole evening with her.'

" 'W—why, I thought you liked her! I thought she was fascinating.'

" 'Fascinating nothing! I do like her very well for an hour at a time. But she always lifts her eyebrows in just the same way.'

" 'You always seemed—' then she stopped, her voice breaking. Like a flash the truth dawned upon me, and I turned to her.

" 'Gertrude?' I exclaimed, and of her own accord she came to my arms and I held her there, half sobbing, half laughing.

" 'Truly, truly, Jimmy, don't you like her? Oh how I have hated her!'

" 'Sweetheart, you weren't jealous of her?' I asked, and her only answer was to shrink closer to me and raise her face

to mine for a kiss. She had been miserable for weeks, she whispered to me a few minutes later. She had fancied I was getting cool toward her; that my eyes followed Ottalie; all sorts of wild impossibilities.

" 'She is nothing to compare to you, Gertrude,' I told her.

" 'But, Jimmy, I couldn't expect to rival a girl like her. She is beautiful and brilliant and accomplished, and I, —I have nothing to fight with.'

"I could not explain to her that her personality was a hundred times stronger than Ottalie's beauty; that Ottalie would hold sway for a year where she would reign for a lifetime, but I pacified her. We slipped away without a word to our hostess; I hope she didn't miss it, and at the door she raised her lips to me again, voluntarily.

He started, gazing dreamily off over the meadows. It was Westoff who roused him.

"Well, Stan., how did the story end? Usual way?"

He started and a drawn expression of pain crossed his face. He looked gray and old. Slowly, seemingly unconscious of his audience, as if involuntarily giving expression to some painful train of thought, he spoke.

"I had started to leave the night before, Sunday, then at some strange impulse I turned back again and asked her to kiss me good-night. I took her in my arms, for the second time only, and kissed her, three times. Possibly some of you remember the rest, the papers were full of it; the fire in the great department store, and how a hundred lives were saved by the presence of mind and strength of Gertrude Morton, —yes, you remember the name now. The streets rang with it, the heroine who saved others but could not save herself. She broke open the door of an elevator that had been pronounced unsafe,—the other shaft was filled with smoke,—took load after load down to the third floor, where they escaped to the roof of the building adjoining, and was going back for two more, little errand girls who had not been able to crowd in the last load, when the long expected accident occurred,—the ropes broke and the elevator dropped. Whether or not she ever left the car is not known. The two girls. afterward barely rescued, saw it drop. They said she made no sound. The whole lower floor burned to ashes; parts of the second floor fell. No trace could be found of—

"That was all."

We were silent, looking away from him and from each other.

"That was thirty years ago?" Ratcliff murmured sympathetically.

"Thirty years? Was it? Yes, the fire was thirty years ago."

Then the drawn lines of pain relaxed, and we knew that while thirty years had softened the horror of that tragedy, they had been as so many days to the heart of the lover who had three times kissed the one girl in the world goodnight on that last night; as thirty days in their power to make him forget, as thirty centuries in their loneliness.

That was the romance of his life. We who knew James Stanley knew that he had visited the proudest courts of Europe; that his millions had carried him over half the nations of the globe; that he had known or met the reigning beauties and belles of a dozen principalities; and had forgotten them all. The one he did remember, the one whose influence followed and moulded his life to its close, was a girl without beauty or accomplishments, wealth or position; a girl who kept books in a department store in New York.

THE POTTAWATOMIE *and the* PUBLIC SCHOOL

EFFIE S. GRAHAM

"THEY will have to get along together when they grow up, so why not start them on a footing of mutual good feeling," said Francis E. Leupp, Ex-Commissioner of Indian Affairs in discussing the relation of the white man and the Indian.

It was the working out of this theory of "starting them out together" that caused the abandonment of the $60,000 boarding house plant on the Pottawatomie reservation in Northeastern Kansas and the establishment of three day, or district schools, located near the Indian homes and open alike to Indian and white children living near.

Many educational experts believe cordially that the boarding school, either on or off the reservation, where young Indians are associated exclusively with young people of their own or other Indian tribes, is the solution of this educational problem, one of the most puzzling, evasive and in a manner disappointing problem of our American civilization.

The day school, affording the Indian children the opportunity of attending school and at the same time boarding at home, has been in operation on other reservations for years with success, varying as the environment or view point of the observer.

The Kansas schools are located less than twenty miles from the State's capitol; they are surrounded by fine farming land selling at rapidly advancing prices; in a community of working Indians and hustling white folks; they are attended by white and Indian children in approximately equal numbers. These conditions make, not a new problem, but a different problem of the day school question to be worked out here in these three new schools; the Blandin school, the Witch-e-wa and the Ke-wan-ka in this State of Kansas, U. S. A.

The two last named were ready for occupancy in September 1909. The Blandin school, which the writer was privileged to visit in June last, began its work a year earlier.

When the teacher graciously ushered me into the presence of his little group of thirty-five white and Indian boys and girls, about equally divided as to race and sex, all busy and happy at a common task, it appeared that the Indian question was to be settled in about five minutes and right here too; that this was Bureau of Indian Affairs in open session and in full action.

A little fair haired Saxon girl returned a pencil borrowed from the little "lady of the dusky eyes" and bead-encircled neck. The handsome full-blood, in line by adoption for head-man of his tribe, playfully poked his pencil into the provokingly convenient ribs of his blond neighbor. The little lad with unmistakable physiognomy of "Killarney's Isle" led the chieftains of the first reader class to where they toed the firing line in happy recitation. The two Indian sisters and their white girl classmate at the black-board showed much skill in letter-writing. Still your tenderfoot correspondent tried not to show surprise. Were not all these things but the natural processes of the Indian Bureau aforesaid?

But when the third reader class of three little aborigines with pardonable pride, read, in low Indian voice, "Where is Polly?" and then at the blackboard wrote a composition lesson from Grecian mythology, "Mercury has wings on his feet," my o'er-wrought reason tottered.

I said "Where is Polly, anyhow?"



Peter Wablum and his Friend

Is she out here visiting the Blandin Day school, or is she witnessing the marvelous panoramic achievement of four hundred years of American history?

The teacher, however, more accustomed to such sights, not only knew their significance but was able to talk of them understandingly.

Here are some of the things he said. That his school now numbering only thirty-five, had been much larger in the winter time; that some of the Indian children came six or seven miles to school, riding on horseback; that the white children paid one dollar a month tuition; that the course of study did not at present extend past the fourth grade. That text books were furnished by the Government and were especially prepared for this work. That no manual training, domestic art or science was offered. That the Indian children excelled in writing, and the whites excelled in oral reading.

But some things were observed that could not be classified nor catalogued, and were not on that account less vital and indicative.

The white and Indian children played and worked happily and harmoniously together. Why not? Have they not played together all their lives over these prairies? Should a school or a spelling book separate where neighboring line fence, wild strawberry patch or fishing-line have so naturally united?

Theft and profanity, two terrors of our average public schools, are practically unknown here. One of the hardest to overcome was a disposition among the little red man to "talk Indian." Some times in the midst of a highly exciting game of ball the ire of the white boys would be roused by a sudden breaking out among the Indian doys of tribal language, more difficult of interpretation than that of a paid umpire.

Indian children yield more readily to school discipline than do the white children. The teacher's authority is looked upon by them as a sort of delegated power of "Uncle Sam" to whose guiding hand they have long been accustomed. Little talking back is indulged in. Tally one for the first American! May he have many paleface imitators!

"Speaking days," those times when the flapping-armed, rattling-tongued Goddess of Oratory alights on the day school, are most unpopular with the little Indians. To these self-contained, few-worded, low-voiced children of a people numbering among them some of the real orators of the land, all of this memorized second hand speaking is objectionable. On such days these children take to the woods or nearby streams to spend the time more profitably, wisely waiting until they possess two things; a speech that they wish to make and an audience that wishes to hear. Tally two for the red man!

There was a total lack of that insolent "making-a-face-at-the-lady" brand of manners too frequently tendered visitors in many an American school. Although marred somewhat by apparent indifference, there was evident a refreshing quiet, unostentatious courtesy, creditable indeed to those of prairie born.

This much for the Indian. It is but just however to say that even in their play it was the white children who took the initiative or leadership. However



considerate, thoughtful and happy in the following of it, the Indians never "started the game."

Perhaps this is the place to say that all recognize this lack of initiative as the fatal lack in Indian conduct—I will not say in his character. The whole drift of modern Indian affairs, allotting land, public schools and all, is to train the Indian in thinking for himself, acting for himself, "starting the game."

No experiment is a total failure until it has failed everywhere. No theory can be counted wholly wrong until it has been tried in Kansas. No matter with what indifferent result this mixed school question has been tried on other reservations, no final word must be said of it for the fifty years or so, until these schools soon to be made into regular country district schools, have been heard from. Then with partial county support, white and Indian children admitted free, this little school house at the cross roads, with its rural delivery box at the door, with the beautiful convenient homes of both races clustering around, may be the storm center of power in the right, just and amicable settlement of Indian affairs. For here is a mighty power; and although not yet called to sit in council with the Great Father in Washington, it is well worth such honor for 'tis stronger with most boys than influence of teacher or parent or state. It is the power of the Playmate. The power of the Playmate in the public school where all are equal



"Donkey Eyes" and Saxon Friend

and where honors go not as favors. Let this great force once established between white and Indian boy, of tender years, pull hard and strong on questions of Indian rights or wrongs and who shall measure the result?

Other great questions of international differences have been settled for all time on the playground and in the class rooms of the American public school, where German, Italian, Jap and African have been made into good American citizens.

Give the handsome little prospective Pottawatomie head-man of the picture and his hustling little Jayhawker friend, ten years of arm encircled companionship in the inspiring atmosphere of the Kansas public day school; and the Indian question, so long a large sized interrogation point on our national page, may become a full stop.

COMRADERIE

The fairest day o' fairest month,
All filled with fragrance rare,
Does pass me by as a thief may glide,
When none, it's fairness share.
The sweetest song, o' the sweetest bird,
That flings it's lovely trills,
Falls meaningless, on a heart apart—
When none reflect its thrills.

Madge Roberts.

THE REBELLION OF DOREY

CLAUD ALFRED CLAY

"I jest cain't stand it no longer. I jest cain't, an' I ain't goin' to try!" As she mumbled the words to herself in a feeble attempt at fierceness, the girl stopped for a moment in the walk across the rough hillside and looked intently towards the north. The steep bluff on which she had halted backed sharply away from a muddy ravine which oozed its course through a broken canyon below and lost itself in the distant hills that cut the regular contour of the prairie land. The wind that was blowing a medley of tumble-weeds to the south caught her untidy hair and whipped it rudely about her face. The clouds of rapidly shifting sand caught in the hurricane of the storm cut cruelly into her face like sharpened points of steel and played a tattoo on the battered tin pail that she held listlessly in her hands. She paid no heed to the sting of the sand and scarcely noticed the storm that was raging around her. The winds had been a part of her life for many years and she had learned to accept them as simply one chapter in the monotonous book of her life that Fate had decreed her to read. With her hand to her eyes she looked silently across the blank, desolate hills worn and furrowed by years of resistance against the tempestuous weather of the region.

Far across the canyon the sun was sinking out of sight. The sun was the only beautiful object in all this weary land of sand storms and buffalo grass. Through the curtain of the storm a mass of fleecy clouds producing the effect of a huge pile of soap bubbles some giant child had blown, softened the rays of the vivid ball of fire as it sank to give light to other nations. Piercing a ragged hole through the cloud mass, such as the dainty equestrienne leaves in the paper hoop as she dashes gaily around the circus ring, the light shone gorgeously, prodigally scattering a profusion of brilliant beams. The sight was weird and fascinating. But the girl noticed not the beauty of the scene.

Closer to view was a field of half-grown, stunted wheat that straggled unevenly from the very edge of the gorge back into the distance for a half a mile or more. The crop, a failure, was left standing as a foraging place for three disreputable looking cows and a herd of yearling colts, shaggy and unkempt in their unshorn youthfulness. The hungry, skeleton-like creatures spurned the dry stalks and nibbled at the few wild pea vines that were hardy enough to venture from the unpromising soil. A lone calf, that wobbled ludicrously on its clumsy legs, bawled plaintively at its mother's side as if perplexed at the barrenness of its existence. A rusty, broken header, which had not seen a shed since the day it was taken from the shop in town, stood in the corner of the field. Three posts that had once held the barbed wires of a fence braced the wreck and prevented the wind gusts from hurling it into the ravine.

The winds that blew hot, moisture-sapping destruction to the crops in the summer and death-dealing blizzards in the winter, had filled the bottom of the canyon with endless rubbish. Bits of harness that had once been useful, pieces of iron and junk, broken implements and boards lay half buried in the sand. Great piles of tumble weeds caught on the wreckage added a finishing touch to the desolate scene. From the top of the "draw", a distance of perhaps two hundred feet, down to the bottom, a narrow path wriggled its way through withered tufts of buffalo grass to a spring that gurgled up a stream of slimy water which sank hur-

riedly into the sand as if ashamed of the surroundings. A few steps to the right lay a heap of broken scaffolding over a dark hole that had once been a well. A stone or two marked the trap that might prove fatal to an unwary traveller on a dark night. The scene is a common one in the barren lands between Oklahoma and Kansas. The sticky, alkali soil, which the farmers till in a vain attempt to get a living, can make only a feeble effort toward production and end in a dismal failure.

Some distance back on the crest of the hill was a little two-roomed sod house surrounded by chicken coop, dog kennels and countless bits of rubbish. A flower bed with its half-dead petunias struggled for existence at the side of the house. Off a hundred yards or so stood a barn made of straw at which two hungry horses chewed wearily trying to satisfy their voracious appetites on the meager fare. The fence around the barnyard was broken and in disorder permitting the bony stock to roam in and out at will. Two old sets of harness badly in need of repair lay on the ground near the barn door where they had been thrown by their slothful owners at the end of the day's toil. A huge dog snarled savagely at a pompous rooster that had attempted to interfere with his meal of a much-gnawed bone. These pitiful objects were the only evidences of life for miles around the dismal location. From this point as a center, one could sweep the entire country with a look, till the vision was lost in the distance where the skyline meets the earth, and see nothing—nothing but jagged canyons, brown prairies and short, stubby buffalo grass. This was the home of Dorey.

In the days long ago in the East, when life had been brighter, her name was Dorothea Martin. As animals change their color to suit their environment, so Dorey's name had changed. Dorey was the drudge for her father and three unloving brothers. She was the lone solace for a broken-hearted woman —her mother. No work was too mean or too heavy for Dorey. If the lazy, insolent boys or the snarling, cynical father felt indisposed to do a task, Dorey was called on to carry the burden. As a result her nineteen years rested heavily on her shoulders giving her face the look of thirty. Many days of hard and thankless toil had left her stooped and slow. She never had been pretty and was now simply a pitiful example of what brutality can do for a person. Her spirit was broken and the timid pleadings of ther mother in her behalf were of no avail. Dorey was the convenient slave of the Martin family.

Awakening from her absent-mindedness with a start she realized that she had been wasting time, and walked hurriedly on her way to the spring. So subdued was she by the harshness of the father, she could call no moment her own without a sense of guilt. Reaching the spring she looked furtively around her as one fearing detection.

"I ain't a goin' to stand it any longer, I tell you," she told herself. "Paw is jest an ole brute an' I don't have to. If Alec'll keep his promise, why I'm goin' to do it."

Assured that no one was watching, she dropped to her knees by the side of the spring and eagerly lifted a stone in the pile around it. A toad, frightened from its hiding place, hopped away in haste leaving a little pool of muddy water where he had burrowed. Nothing else was to be seen. Dorey's eagerness changed quickly to dismay and in a sort of frenzy she lifted another stone and then another until the entire pile around the spring had been moved.

"Oh!" she gasped, "it ain't here. But maybe—". And as the idea suggested itself to her she searched frantically under boards and rubbish and in dozens of unlikely places, but the object of her search was not found for all her trouble. Confused and bewildered by her disappointment she sat down by the spring and began to cry.

"Alec, Alec!" she sobbed, "to think you'd go back on me after you told me me all you did. I knew they wusn't no God fer this here place, but Alec!" The girl wept uncontrollably.

Unlovely though she was, Dorey had a lover. Since that wonderful Fourth of July a year ago when she met Alec Smart at a picnic, the narrow life she

lived had taken on a new meaning. Had not Alec called her "Miss Dorey" and in his awkward attempts at chivalry did he not buy her lemonade at the refreshment stand at Bronson's Grove that glorious day? Never before had the celebration of the nation's natal day meant more to Dorey than a long ride over dusty roads. She had in other days of this kind stayed with the "wimmen folks," had helped serve the bounteous lunch that the housewives, with that witchery known only to farmers' wives, had prepared for the men and boys hungry after the long speech by Sheriff Cal Jones, the "hoss races" and the exciting sport of firing giant crackers that they had managed to buy even though the crops were a failure.

Life was different that day when Alec, with the smile of a conquerer on his face, had returned from the racing grounds, and in an agony of embarrassment had asked her "ef she didn't wanter git a leetle lemmenade jest to to kinder wash the dust outen yer throat?" In a delirium of confusion she accepted and had managed with the assistance of her bold cavalier to walk without falling to the stand where the delectable fluid was being served by Ike Johnson and Mollie Williams, who made no bones about the fact that they had "taken a shine to each other." What mattered it if the small boys, at a safe distance from Alec's powerful hand, had "haw-hawed" at the sight and announced in a voice that carried over the picnic ground the fact of Dorey's conquest over a "feller." Was not Alec, resplendent in his blue shirt sombrero, red silk handkerchief, jingling spurs and "chaps," the most powerful man in the country? Alec, her hero, was the champion of all the country side. He could throw a rope at a fleeting steer with aim deadly sure. His exploits with the wild denizens of the range; his victories over "bad men" who chanced to cross his path; his taming of outlaw horses on the plains; his general prowess over rough, unruly creatures that he came in contact with were chronicled far and near by those of lesser fame in his little kingdom on the prairies. This was the type of man that had deigned to notice Dorey on that memorable occasion. Little did she care for the terrible scolding her father gave her that evening after they had reached the dreary ranch again and the day of days was at an end. True it was that "ole man Martin" secretly rejoiced at the distinction his daughter had received, but kept his satisfaction to himself and severely upbraided the girl for "galavantin' 'round with Alec Smart who was jest doin' it to make a fool outen her."

Shy and timid as some wild creature she had at first looked upon his advances with fear and suspicion. The bitter sarcasm of her father had caused her to doubt. What could Alec see in her to like—she who had been the task bearer for her family through her lonesome girlhood. But as his rough evidences of devotion increased she yielded to the yearning that lies in the heart of every woman and permitted herself to love and be loved. From that time on she trusted implicitly in the rough cow-boy who, in his brusk way, declared her to be his only thought as he roamed the range after his bunch of stock. Her love for Alec was the one bright spot in a lonely life. She had never been taught to hide her feelings; she knew nothing of the conventions of the world, and therefore saw no harm in the clandestine meetings that she and her lover held many times during the happy year of their acquaintance. It was Alec whom she met and was he not the personification of all that was good and bright to her? She had never been allowed to "keep company" with anyone. In fact the idea would have seemed ludicrous to the Martin family. The furious objections that she was certain her father would make prevented any thought of bringing Alec to the house. Thus the spring with its rude surroundings became the trysting place. With only the feminine instinct of modesty checking her, she had told him of her many sorrows and exulted in his fierce assurances of protection if she would only come away with him. The idea of an elopement had never occurred to her. Unused to love she was content that the meetings at the spring should go on

indefinitely. The thought of an actual desertion of her family frightened her. As her father's brutality increased she gradually yielded to her lover's insistence and one night with a fluttering heart she had promised him that sometime she would go. When the time came they were to ride to the little mission several miles "up country." After the wedding they would begin their life on the little ranch that Alec had bought in the grass belt where stock could thrive and white man earn an honest, comfortable living.

A little rock at the spring had been agreed upon as a hiding place for notes and presents when Dorey might be unable to leave the house without exciting her father's suspicion. At times when the work at the ranch prevented Alec from making his trips down the canyon he hired a boy to carry the note that would be found by the girl as she came for water. Two weeks had passed since she had heard his signal, the howl of a coyote, and had been unable to get away from her duties in the house. The note she found next morning told her that a meeting must be held on this, the very evening she had looked in vain for her lover. Alec was nowhere to be seen and the expected note was not to be found in the hiding place. Was it possible that Alec had tired of her and would come no more? The thought of such a calamity filled her with terror. Her only joy in life seemed rudely snatched away. In the bitterness of this new sorrow she sobbed out her grief alone at the spring.

"Dooooo—r-r-r-r-a-a-a-a!" called the harsh voice of her father from the house above. "Ain't you ever comin' with that water. Hurry up thar, slow poke."

Starting guiltily at the sound the girl jumped up quickly and filled the buckets with water. Wiping the tears from her eyes on the hem of her ragged skirt she began the steep ascent. Trembling in fear of the anger of the father she stopped once more as she gained the top and looked anxiously to the north where the billows of weeds and dust were being madly tossed by the wind. That was all she saw. Disappointed and scarcely able to restrain her tears she walked slowly into the house.

The worn, little face seemed more tired and the stooped shoulders more narrow as she lifted the heavy burden to the table that stood in the cell that served as a kitchen, dining-room, store room and sleeping room as the occasion demanded. The incidents of the dwelling was no less gloomy than the outside surroundings. A few gaudy posters and cheap pictures, the pitiful efforts of the mother to make the rude hovel seem a home, fell sadly short of a cheerful effect. Love, the essential element of happiness, was lacking in the Martin family. The half-hearted attempts of the wife to break the dreariness of the abode met with no sympathetic response from the husband and sons. Off from the kitchen was a room, bare and plain, that was used by Mrs. Martin and Dorey as a bed room. The men slept in rude quarters in the basement of the dug-out.

The family was seated around a rough, hand-made table eating the evening meal as Dorey entered with the water. Her task finished, she turned meekly towards the group waiting for the inevitable scolding with a slight quiver noticable on her face.

"I wus hurryin' Paw, hones', " she said pleadingly as she saw the dark frown on her father's face. "Please don't. Hones' I wus. Oh! Oh!" The frail shoulders trembled as the man seized her roughly and threw her into a chair.

"Don't make no excuses, missy," he ordered angrily. "You're gettin' slower ever' day, an' you know it. Soon won't be able to do nothin'. Hustle 'round now and get ready fer supper."

Dorey tremblingly obeyed.

"Dorey, 'fore you come to supper, go give ole Shep somethin' to eat. Bet he ain't had nothin' to-day," commanded her oldest brother. The boy laughed brutally as he watched the girl huddled in her chair before the untasted food on the table.

"No, now Harry, she's got to eat her supper first," timidly interposed the mother.

"Aw, what's difference," objected the youngest of the trio of boys. "She ain't been doin' much as I can see. Ef you wanter see real hard work come outen the fields with us."

"Dorey make this here cake?" asked the other brother grabbing up a huge chunk and eating it greedily as a hungry animal tears flesh. "Poorest cake I ever et. Kind Dorey allus makes though. Cain't expect nothin' else of her." Exasperated by the taunts of her unthinking brothers, hurt by the cruel treatment of her father, with her feelings more deeply wounded by the silence of Alec, the girl could restrain her emotions no longer. Rising quickly from the table she rushed to the bed-room and threw herself on the cot, weeping bitterly. Mrs. Martin rose to follow her.

"Let 'er alone!" thundered Martin glaring savagely at his wife, "You pet the consarned gal so much they ain't no livin' around here. She can bawl it out alone, I reckon. Now you jest stay here." The woman paid no heed to the preemptory tone of her husband and went quietly into the room and closed the door.

"Cool, cool!" he snarled as he watched the movement. "A man cain't live in his own house! Come in," he growled to the boys, "we've gotta hitch out that there team and do some chorin'. I'll settle this wimmen business when I get back." The boys followed the father silently as he stalked angrily from the house.

"Oh, Maw, I cain't stand it—I cain't What makes Paw act that away?" sobbed the girl as her mother stroked the daughter's dishevelled hair attempting to quiet her. "Tell me you love me, Maw," she pleaded. "Sometimes it seems they ain't no love, nothin' nice on earth, nothin' but—but—hell! I wisht I could die."

Mrs. Martin listened with a shock of pained surprise as Dorey sobbed out her sorrows long pent up. Never before had Dorey realized just what it meant to have her mother care for her in a really loving way, for never before, since Dorey could remember, had her mother tried to smooth out the rough places that were heaped in her way. Years of hardship and life with a brutal husband will make even the most loveable of women at last unresponsive to the tender emotions; and so it was with Dorey's mother. It had been a long time, almost an eternity it seemed to the tired woman, since she had left school full of hope, and optimistic as only a college girl can be, and had married Frank Martin, the promising young civil engineer. Life was ahead and apparently full of happiness for both. But misfortune came and with its approach happiness fled from the Martin family. A move to the West was made against the wishes of friends and relatives. The glorious West that held so many opportunities for those that cared to seek them would surely make a change in the first trouble of the married life. Poor judgment in the selection of a home, sickness and an increasing family had done their part to make the life of the woman a miserable one. Martin soon lost his hopeful views of life and gradually developed into a snarling misanthrope. As man and wife the two had lived together for many years quietly enduring one another and planning together only when actual preservation of life made the communion necessary. The women had lived starved pinched lives, each yearning for the smypathy and help the other might have given. Now, as the mother realized the wasted years, she was overcome with anguish and remorse.

"Oh, Dorey! Dorey! My little girl!" she sobbed, clasping the girl convulsively in her arms. "I haven't treated you right. I know I havn't. You're all I've got and I've tried to be good to you even if I havn't acted like it all this time. Dorey, your pa ain't good to me neither. That is, since we came West. Long time ago when you was just a little thing he used to be so proud of us and worked at a good job and seemed to do everything to make me happy. But now it's all changed. It can never be as bright and happy with us again, whatever comes up. I've tried and tried, God knows I have. but it ain't no use. You have never known why we came out here. Your Pa lost his job on account of a strike and after awhile made up his mind to come West, thinking we could do better out here. Our folks in the East are well educated and have some money. They would help us but Frank would never let them. They sent us a box of clothes and pres-

ents Christmas. It was cold and we needed them but he wouldn't have it. When he sent the box back and told the folks that we weren't paupers, that hurt their feelings and they haven't written since. Except sometimes Mother used to write before she died. She's been dead ten years.

"I guess we picked the worst place on earth to try to make a livin' on. It seems that something had been wrong all the time. Your pa says it ain't no use to try when everything is against him. He did use to try, but lately he doesn't seem to care for anything. He says some men are just naturally born unlucky and that he is one of them and that no matter how hard they work nothing comes out right. Dorey, I don't mind the hard work and all that, and maybe things won't come out right, but I don't think we help ourselves any by being snarly all the time. If your pa was only good to us things would be lots easier to stand. I didn't think he would be this way when we married. He was always so kind and cheerful. But Dorey, you can't tell what will happen in a life time. You've just got to trust for the best and hope. I try to be patient but it's awful hard sometimes. You must try not to blame your pa. He has a lot of things to bother him and besides men are mighty queer. We women have to take a lot off of them. If we didn't I guess there would be more trouble on earth than there is now. You'll try, won't you Dorey?"

"Yes, Maw," whispered Dorey awed by the advice the mother had given her. "Only—only I'm afraid it won't do no good now. Maw, they is one thing I come pert near tellin' you, an' I've been thinkin' about it all the time. Alec an' me is goin' to run off, or rather he is comin' after me. I wus goin' off without sayin' goodbye to youall, but now I cain't, seein' you love me. I jest had to tell you about it. Alec is a good boy an' he likes me an' I like him, so I'm goin'. You don't care, do you, Maw? Tell me quick that you don't. Say you don't blame me an' I'll tell you how it is." The girl trembled as she waited for her mother's answer. Her secret was known. Would her mother try to discourage her in the resolve to start another life and make the leaving all the harder for her?

Mrs. Martin looked at her daughter for a moment in astonishment. "My poor little girl," she said finally. "I didn't know you—I didn't dream of such a thing. You in love and I have never known it. Are you sure, dear girl, that you know what love means? I can't blame you for being in love, if you really are. But go ahead and tell me all about it."

"Well Maw, you see me an' Alec has been seein' each other off an' on ever sence we got acquainted last Fourth o' July at Bronson's Grove. Ever' time he can get off he comes down the canyon to see me. We meet down by the spring. He likes me an' is a good boy as I said. I cain't stand ever'thing without sayin' something. Once Paw wus meaner'n sin to me, I wus down by the spring cryin'. Alec come down the canyon 'fore I saw him and when he saw me cryin' fit to kill, he jumped off his horse mighty sudden and wanted to know what wus the matter. He jest made me tell. I didn't want to, but he jest made me. Alec is awful headstrong when he gets set on a thing. When I told him he tore around an' said he'd kill Paw ef he ever touched me again. Shall I go on Maw?" Dorey stopped in the narration of her love story and looked anxiously at the pale face of the weary mother.

"Yes, Dorey, go on. Let's hear it all."

"Well, when Alec found out that Paw wus mean to me, he jest up an' told me that he liked me, an' if I'd go away with him we'd get married and live up north. I didn't want to promise 'cause I knew it wusn't exactly right, but I couldn't help it. He likes me so. Besides he couldn't treat me no worse than Paw and the boys has done. I like him an' so I promised. He brings me something most ever' time he comes to see me." Dorey went over to the rough stand that served as a dressing table and took from a box a red hair ribbon, a cheap cotton handkerchief and other evidences of Alec's regard. "You kin have the handkerchief when I'm gone. Alec won't care," she said as she laid the treasure lovingly in her mother's lap.

"I hate to go an' leave you," she con-

fided, "but my mind's made up. Alec wus comin' to see me to-night, or send word why he couldn't. He ain't done either yet. I thought maybe he'd gone back on me, but now I know he ain't since I come to think it over. He's too hones'. Ef he comes to-night I'm goin' to git him to take me right away. I jest cain't stand Paw's treatment no longer an' I ain't a goin' to try. When Alec comes he lets me know by howlin' like a coyote."

Mrs. Martin gasped as she recalled the many evenings in the past when the girl was compelled to go down the dark gorge for water. She remembered the many times she had shuddered as she heard the dismal cry of the coyote and the secret meetings of her only girl with a man she scarcely knew filled her with dismay. The strict training of her college days caused this condition to life to seem repugnant and horrible.

"But Dorey!" she cried realizing that she must act at once to prevent the girl's strange determination. "don't go to-night! Oh, my little Dorey you don't know what you're doing. Think of what it means. Wait till I can help you. I will. I promise you I will, no matter what your father says. Won't you promise, Dorey?"

The kitchen door opened with a bang and the old man with the boys trailed into the house before the girl could reply to the pleadings of her mother. Martin slowly drew off his coat and threw it in the corner. He was angry. The unusual outburst of weeping on the part of Dorey, the interference of his wife had made him more than ordinarrily irritable. He felt that he must end this very evening all questions as to whether or not his authority in the household was to remain supreme. With this purpose in mind he strode across the room to the door where Dorey stood, frightened by the look on his face.

"Now then, you come our here!" he ordered, roughly seizing her by the shoulder and pushing her violently across the floor. The girl gasped in fright. Many times had her father struck her and abused her in countless ways but he had never seemed as heartless and cruel as now. She stood cringing in the corner where the force of her father's arm had thrown her.

"Go to work!" he yelled. "I ain't goin' to stand 'round here all night waitin' neither. Them dishes ain't washed. I've had enough of this here blubberin' like a little kid. You're might' nigh growed up an' act like a two-year-old. I ain't goin' to stand fer it. A man is come to a purty pass when he can't live in his own home for the wimmen folks. Now then, young lady git at them dishes an' be durned quick about it. Quit that snifflin' too!"

Dorey was terrified at his unusual outbreak of temper. Mrs. Martin looked on the scene in silent anguish. Almost paralyzed with fright the girl took a dishpan from a nail on the the kitchen wall and hurriedly filled it with steaming water from the kettle on the stove. Looking furtively at her angry father she tried to hurry, but every move she made seemed pitifully slow. A nervous fear possessed her and she made a dozen unnecessary motions with each dish she handled. In her excitement she unfortunately knocked a pitcher off the table as she reached behind the dishpan for a bar of soap that lay close by. The vessel fell with a crash and broke into a hundred pieces. Terrified at this new crime of hers, Dorey stood gazing as if fascinated by the broken wreck on the floor.

"My Goda'mighty!" yelled the infuriated father, glad of a new excuse to continue the tirade. "What's comin' next! That's what comes of your bawlin' 'round here all evenin'. That's how it is. Git away from that pan! Ain't it enough to be poor as hell without you addin' to expenses? Ain't it! Ain't it, I say! Answer me you dummy!" he yelled in an ecstacy of rage.

"I—Paw—I—didn't go—Oh, don't! Please don't. You're killin' me!" She sank on her khees before the raging father pleading for mercy. Martin seized her by the shoulder sinking his hard fingers cruelly deep into the girl's tender flesh. As he felt the quivering muscles he laughed like a fiend and struck the child with his open hand. A stream of blood trickled from her mouth.

"You will break dishes," he growled, exulting in her weakness.

"Get up, I tell you," he ordered as he looked down at the miserable little heap at his feet. The girl did not stir and Martin kicked her roughly and lifted her bodily from the floor.

"Frank," said the wife white with fear, "you don't know what you're doing. Let the child go. She's mine. Let her go, I say!"

The beast in the man was uppermost. Infuriated at what he deemed his wife's interference in the management of his family, he whirled and struck her a cruel blow. The astonished woman reeled and sank into a chair. The boys shifted uneasily but did not offer to aid the injured woman.

As Dorey saw her mother fall she sprang to her feet a different girl. It was bad enough for her father to strike her, but when it came to mother, the only one in the family that cared for her, it was unendurable. To think that he would hit her mother!

"Oh, you beast, you!" she cried shaking her small fist at her father. "Don't you ever touch me again. Don't you ever touch mother again. Ef you do I'll kill you sure's I'm standin' here. Ain't I stood enough? Ain't I worked like a dog fer youalls? Ain't I done ever'thing? Say, ain't I?"

"Dorey," commanded the old man checked for the moment in his astonishment at the outbreak, "shet up. Don't you speak that away to me. Ain't I your Paw?"

"Shet up yerself!" she raged. "No you ain't my Paw. I wouldn't own you as a triflin' dog. Strikin' Maw. You're a doggoned old coward, that's what you are. Don't you ever speak to me again. Oh-h-h-h-h! But I hate you!"

"Stop that!" shouted her father. "Shet your mouth or—or by God! I'll kill *you*! You—you—don't try to talk to me. Don't you—Git out of my house! Git out, I say! I don't want you foolin' 'round here. You ain't no daughter of mine. Git, you hell-cat!" Martin choked and gasped as he sought for suitable words to express his rage.

The deciding moment had come. As the little family, awed for the instant by the fierceness of the quarrel, hesitated in tense attitudes of silence, the cry of a coyote came clear and true from the canyon. Dorey gave one glance full of loving meaning at her mother, then grabbed a shawl from its hook and rushed from the house.

"Stop her, father!" pleaded the woman man feebly from the chair in the corner where she was recovering from the effects of the blow she had received.

"Let her alone. She'll be back in a minute with some sense," was the response from the man.

Out into the darkness Dorey fled falling over boxes and junk that impeded her flight. The darkness and the wind cooled her anger and she became the frightened girl once more. Stumbling and reeling like a drunken person she ran, desperately frightened, across the hard ground that lay between the house and the edge of the gorge. At the beginning of the slope she stopped for a second looking down into the darkness.

"Alec!" she called, and then plunged madly down the steep incline to the spring. Alec was there and at the sound of her voice came rushing up to help her. She fell weeping in his arms

"Oh, quick! Hurry! Let's get away," she pleaded.

"He's been mean again, ain't he!" demanded the cow-boy. Without waiting for an answer he took his revolver from the holster at his side and started up the hill. "You wait here," he said grimly.

"No! No! Alec, you mustn't go. Don't go back. Ef you love me take me now. I'm scrait."

Yielding to her pleading, Alec returned and gently lifted the girl into the saddle and vaulted quickly into the position behind. He started the pony swiftly up the canyon and in his joy let out an exultant and defiant howl ending the cry with a jubilant yell.

"That ain't no coyote. It's a man," gasped Martin as he sat in the house waiting for the return of his daughter. He seized his rifle and rushed from the house. Running to the edge of the canyon, he too, looked down into the darkness.

"Dorey!"

No answer. Looking up the ravine the old man saw the dark forms of the fleeing man and girl. In the dim light

that struggled through the clouds he recognized the rider. "It's him—Alec Smart a carryin' off my gal," he told himself as he watched them fascinated for the instant. "I guess I'll jest take a try at you—you goldern sneak."

He raised his rifle slowly to his shoulder, took a hurried aim—and then let the gun fall to the ground with a curse. The two had disappeared around a turn in the canyon.

"A purty son-in-law you'll make. A durned purty one!" snarled the old man as he walked back to the house.

KANSAS IN SUMMER

A living picture! One that bursts with bloom,
Ripples with music, breathes a sweet perfume,
Only a land that yesterday was drear
With naked orchards, grasses brown and sere,
Dumb streams and silent woods. No echoing notes
Thrilled in wild esctacy from feathered throats.

To-day a living picture! Over yester's gloom
Is stretched a canvas of exquisite bloom,
An azure sky bends down, cloud flecked with gray,
A low green hill to dusty violet slopes away
To the horizon. Where bare orchards stood
A blur of white and carmine. From the leafy wood
The wild bird's call is borne upon the breeze
Like some mysterious spirit of the trees.
There is a flush of violet in the velvet sod,
Along the road the golden sunflowers nod.
The briared bank lies gorgeous in the sun's warm light
Where carmine rose buds bloom shell pink and fade to white.
The star-eyed primrose rises pale faced from the grass, and daisies grow
Down in the fragrant fields like drifts of summer snow.
The wild vines climb, flower-burdened, toward the sun,
Field, wood and roadside, bloom, drenched, mingle into one.
And through the bloom there comes the whispering music of the breeze
A whirr of insect wings, a lisp of leaves,
The echo of the quail's sad cry. From poplars tall
Beside the lonely road the mock birds call.

A living picture! Music and perfume
Floating across a world of iridescent bloom.
Exquisite in its glory for a season here
Then fading in the panorama of the year.

Gwendola Inch Aubuchon.

AN UNPUBLISHED IRONQUILL STORY

IN 1899 Miss Maggie Neff of Harper, Kansas, was selected to talk on Ironquill at the Winfield Chautauqua.

She could find little or nothing about him and especially concerning his family. She wrote him for some details and he wrote and sent her the following poem, which was first published in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*.

It was Ware's unique way of giving her the information she sought about his wife and children.

MY FIRST WIFE

O! the poise of her head—
  Down her queenly neck fell a brown cascade,
With a tinge of red;
When she lifted her finger at me and said
  "Young man," although I was not afraid,
Yet there came a sort of hypnotic thrill;
  And it made me reflect that soon or late
I would have some questions to ask of Fate
In regard to myself and a woman's will.

I had heard in my youth
  That, around the heart
  Of each wholesome man,
And I know it's the truth—
  From the very start—
  By some unknown plan,
There is knotted and tied
  A single lone hair, and the hair is red;
And when it unties
The person dies,
  Or is broken-hearted—the same as dead;
I know it's so for I've seen it tried.

And I hold it true that never a man
Fought life and fought death, and fought friend and foe,
For a woman's smile or a woman's fan,
  Whether to-day or long ago,
Unless the tresses upon her head
Showed red, or at least, a shade of red.

Now, what could I guess
When in every tress
  Of my first wife's hair was that shade of red?
And what could I know, or what express
When around my heart I could feel the twine
And the twist of a ligature firm and fine,
And what could I say, or what could be said,
  When as clear as a note,
  From her velvet throat,
Came the words, "Young man,"
With the toss of her head.

O! the follies of life!
  O! the fatal mistakes!
O! the strain and the strife
  And the sorrow that breaks
    And wrenches apart
    The trusting heart.
But yet—my first wife—
    She was ever serene.
She never would cry and never would grieve.
  No woman was ever like her, I ween;
And never was yet any daughter of Eve
As I used to repeat, and I now believe,
  More worthy than she to be christened a queen.

She never eloped—we did not part—
  There was nothing outward of grief or woe.
  No neighbors whispered, "I told you so."
And the tight red band that was 'round my heart—
  It never untied and let me go.

And then, of course,
  There was no divorce,

I gave her no cause, and she gave me none,
Unless I could say
That her haughty way
Of saying, "Young man!" though perhaps in fun,
Was a ground for divorce, though the only one.

O, the golden now, so mute and so dumb
As, with hopes aglow
And with hearts ablaze,
We wait for the futures yet to come,
O, the halcyon days
Of the happy past
That go so fast,
And yet so slow!
How little there is for us all to know!

And why must a man
Love once for all?
Once—only once—and tell, if you can,
Why a woman whose hair has a tinge of red,
Be she ever so small
Or ever so tall,
Will keep on a-loving until she's dead—
And a good deal longer I've heard it said.

So happiness seems
To hang on a hinge,
And to be the product of a tinge;
And that is the reason why, in my dreams
I see the floating, as of a fringe,
A brown with a delicate shade of red;
And I feel the ligature 'round my heart.
It hasn't untied or snapped apart,
And she's alive—not dead.

Of course she's alive,
And her children five
Are up at the house and so is she;
For she is my first and my only wife—
My only wife—upon my life—
For—no second wife for me.

A VACATION PICTURE

This picture that I hold here in my hand
Is fraught with mem'ry of a golden time;
Straightway my thoughts turn to a fairer land,
And summer haunts and days of youthful prime.

I see the laurel clad hills sloping down,
The little brook with such a wealth of song,
And shaded paths that lead where waters drown
With music all our woes and make us strong.

I see the great elm trees and shaded nooks,
And hear the songs of birds and bees of old;
I see her of the tender words and looks
And hair with tinge of sunset's burnished gold.

I hear the call of places in the hills
Where oft we lounged on those lost summer eves;
I see the silvery sparkle of the rills
That rustle down the glades o'er last year's leaves.

O treasured picture, relic of the past,
What sacred joys you tell of through the years!
Such lovely dreams of times that could not last—
Such tender thoughts bathed in a mist of tears!

George Lawrence Andrews.

THE RUSE OF "DETECTIVE SCOTT"

I. M. HUGHES

"DOCTOR, I need your assistance!" Thus a well-clad man of about thirty-five entered the office and addressed Dr. Abbott, the busiest man in the suburb, whose reputation as a specialist in surgery extended beyond the boundaries of the State.

The doctor, with a motion of the hand, invited the stranger to a seat nearby, and with a calm and jovial tone of voice, as was his custom when addressing patients, asked: "Well, let us see; where is the pain?"

The caller burst into laughter. "Excuse me—that's a mistake. I am quite well, thank you. But allow me to introduce myself."

Dr. Abbott took the calling card from the table, held it quite close to his eyes, as he was a trifle near-sighted, and read in a quasi soto voice: "Robert Scott, Pinkerton National Detective Agency, Chicago."

"Pleased, sir," he continued in his business-like way, with a bow, "pleased, sir. But as it is not you that is ill, I presume it is a relative that seeks my counsel."

"No, doctor, it isn't that, either. When I said I required your assistance, I did not mean your aid as a physician, but as a man, a law-abiding citizen of a civilized, well-regulated commonwealth. I am on the scent of a criminal and I want you to assist me to capture him."

Dr. Abbott smiled. "That is very interesting, indeed, and, of course, I should gladly lend you my aid, if I only knew how to contrive—"

"Oh, nothing more simple than that. I will briefly tell you the essential points. We are after a bad man, a notorious criminal, who, in private life, like many of his kind, appears to be a calm and decent, I might say, distinguished, looking person. Last night the chap committed a daring theft, and, unfortunately, it did not "pan out" as he wished. Although he was successful in breaking the vault and securing a considerable sum of money, the proprietor surprised him at his game, and fired at the fleeing burglar, the bullet taking effect, as we later discovered by the blood stains; but, nevertheless, the chap escaped."

Dr. Abbott interupted the speaker with an impatient gesture of his hand. "All very well, but still I do not understand how I—"

"Here's the point, now, doctor. Immediately I suspicioned a certain person, more so, when I learned that the chap had left the city that very night. I tracked him to this place. At the hotel I was informed he inquired about a physician, and was directed to you. I at once called for a taxi and with all speed hastened here. No doubt the other fellow will make his appearance before long."

Dr. Abbott nodded. "I begin to understand."

"To be sure, the matter is a simple one. I could arrest him immediately upon his arrival or entrance to the waiting room, but that would cause unnecessary attention, and, besides, the chap—really, quite an old chap—is a desperate character, and may get the best of me with his gun, if I should not beat him to it—for he knows me very well. Moreover, although I claim to have a well-founded suspicion, I should not be satisfied and entirely convinced until you assure me of the presence of that gun-shot wound. My plan, therefore, is this: You have a by-room here

no doubt, that you could place at my disposal for a short time."

"Certianly; here—this little salon." Dr. Abbott permitted the dectective to step into a small but very elegantly furnished room. "This is my private salon; I occasionly use it as a reception room.

"Very well, I will wait here. Of course, you will act as though unaware and unconcerned toward the chap, and dress his wound; but instead of permitting him to leave by way of the main door, have him pass through this room. The rest leave to me."

Dr. Abbott understood. "Good; and that you may know where you stand I will, should there actually be such a wound, make some remark in reference to it, as I pass the man to you."

Scott enthusiastically rubbed his hands. "Fine—fine! I see you make an ideal fellow-worker, doctor. But I will not detain you any longer—your patients are waiting."

Dr. Abbott's examinations somehow were not as thorough that evening as should be expected from a surgeon of his reputation. And as one of the patients—the fourth or fifth in line—desired to have a wound—a shot wound—dressed, the doctor became so nervous he could hardly control himself.

While the doctor was washing and binding the wound the patient related how it happened he injured himself. His pistol had become somewhat rusty, and while cleaning it, through awkward handling someway or other, it discharged. Dr. Abbott could not help laughing to himself and thought: "It will take a long time, my boy, ere I'll believe your story!"

As the stranger was leaving, he placed a ten dollar bill on the table.

"These crooks know how to act the 'noble one' all right with stolen money!" the doctor reflected, and bowed as he receipted same. Then he accompanied the stranger to the salon door, opened it wide, and, as though giving him a final instruction upon leaving, loudly said:

"Be very careful. Shot-wounds, be they ever so trivial, should have much care and attention."

In the same instant, as the patient stepped into the adjoining room, he was violently struck over the head, and he collapsed as though smitten by a bolt of lightning. Frightened, Dr. Abbott rushed to his side and caught him in his arms.

"For God's sake! What have you done?"

Scott laughed coarsely. "Bosh—a rap with a 'billy' of this size won't kill the chap. A quarter of an hour's unconsciousness, a slight headache—and it's all over. I'd rather do this than have him shoot me, or perhaps both of us. But, if you please, before he regains consciousness—some strong rope, so we can bind his hands and feet."

"One moment. I'll fetch a few straps from the operating room."

A few minutes later the criminal lay on the sofa like a bundle of wash, bound hand and foot.

"So, there! And now to call the police. You have a phone, haven't you? Then please call up the ———— Avenue Station."

"Why that station—why on the other end of town—I'll call for the policeman of this beat."

"No, no!" interrupted Scott. "Ring up the ———— Avenue Station. We need a patrol-wagon. Besides, don't let me disturb you any longer, and keep your patients waiting. I'll remain here meanwhile."

There were still several people in the waiting room and Dr. Abbott, who gradually regained his composure after this adventure, again became the conscious physician, and a half hour elapsed before he dismissed his last patient. Just at this moment two policemen entered the waiting room.

"What's the trouble, Dr. Abbott?"

"Your Chicago colleague can tell you more about that!" Dr. Abbott wanted to step into the salon, but the door resisted. It was locked from within. One could distinctly hear moans from the adjoining room. The doctor grew pale. "My God, is it possible that the criminal has freed himself and inflicted injury on the dectective?"

"We shall soon see!"

Together the three men succeeded in breaking the door lock and thus gained admittance.

"Thank heaven, the criminal is still here!" and Dr. Abbott pointed to the form on the sofa. "But where is Detective Scott? And what is all this—?"

Terrified the doctor looked about him. All the costly bronzes and bric-a-brac had disappeared; the glass case with the silverware had been opened and plundered of its contents.

About three months later the pretentious "Robert Scott" fell a victim of the police. He had stopped at the same hotel the stranger selected, heard the clerk give him Dr. Abbott's address, and thereupon planned to get in possession of the stranger's well-filled pocket-book. Dr. Abbott's bric-a-brac and silverware were a mere "trifle," but he was a man who appreciated trifles, too.

THE DREAMS OF DOROTHY MAY

Dorothy May lives in fairyland now—she's only four years old,
And things in that land are as we wish, and anything happens, I'm told.
One evening Dorothy May made a call, and wheeled in his cart baby brother,
She sallied down the lawn to the place where sat aunt Jennie and her mother.

She knocked at the door—it was only a tree, but they heard her and bade her come in,
"Good evenin'," she said, "I have brought my son, and he's sick as any sin'."
"And what is the matter, lady," we asked, "what hurts the baby Keith?"
"Why, he's got the measles and whooping cough, too, and I guess he's got stomach teeth.

"I've got anover—he's just a boy, and he ran right out in the road,
And a mobile came and cut off his head, and spoiled all his clothes I had sewed."
"Oh, dear me, what did you do?" we cried with horrified face,
"Why, I just spanked him hard and set him to work and he beat the mobile in a race."

"And how many children have you, my dear?" "Why they's two of 'em—one is three
And th' other is six, and I am four, and the mother of 'em is me.
Say, play you're the baby and I'm your mama, and play we eat c'eam and cake,
And play you wanted some more, and the dish I wouldn't let you take.

"Say, did you know my papa got hurt, and I got the doctor for him,
And the doctor said he was awful sick, and he gave him some medicine.
Say, mama, may I sit up in a tree, and play at I was a bird?
And at you come and fed me cake when my 'cheep cheep' you heard?"

So we hoisted Dorothy May up a tree, where the limbs branch safe and wide,
And she eats her cookie and plays she's a bird, and cares not what may betide.

Olive. E. Winship.

THE WAYS OF THE WOOD-NYMPH

J. L. SIMPSON

FOR two days I had wandered aimlessly in the woods. I was lost. Although the sun occasionally peeped forth from behind the rifts of swiftly-moving black clouds, it gave me no inkling of my whereabouts. I did not fear starvation, although the little supply of provisions with which I had left the mountain hotel was almost exhausted. The woods abounded in wild fruits and berries, and should my food give out before I discovered my way out of the forest, I might subsist on the fruit.

But it was not a question of life or death, necessarily. When one is lost, his chief desire is to find himself. Anyone who has ever straggled over an uninhabited country, especially through a dark and endless forest, knows the feeling of utter desolation and hopelessness which I experienced. Except for the crackling of twigs beneath my feet, an agonizing silence prevailed—that utter silence which develops into a roaring sound in the ears. As I stumbled along, it seemed that the moss-covered tree-trunks passed in an endless, unvariable panorama, and that I stood motionless, watching it.

When one's endurance had been tried to the utmost, merciful Nature comes to the rescue, and the individual partailly loses consciousness, or is converted to a condition resembling sleep, in that he is aware of his actions merely as one may be conscious of imaginary actions while dreaming, but is not affected to weariness by them. It was this condition, I suppose, which my mental faculties assumed, for I observed that the foremost panorama continued to move toward and past me, though I seemed not to be walking. This condition of semi-sensibility, it seems, did not assuage the pangs of hunger, for I found later that the meager supply of food which my haversack contained, had disappeared. At last I lost consciousness altogether, and slept the sound, dreamless sleep of the utterly exhausted.

When I awoke the sun was shining. I yawned and felt myself over carefully, in order to ascertain whether my muscles were sore or rested. I was refreshed and supple. I raised myself on one shoulder, and viewed my surroundings. I had slept close to the margin of a long, narrow lake. On the opposite side of it rose a sheer cliff, probably a thousand feet high. At the farther end of the lake, where the cliff was not so high, a series of broad steps had apparently been cut into the wall. This, at least, gave indication of human habitation.

The scene was pleasant indeed, to look upon, but other thoughts than those of natural scenery were upon my mind. I was hungry. Also I was bent on seeing what lay beyond that flight of cliff-stairs. I would pass around the rear end of the lake, ascend the steps, and see what chance there was of a square meal; also, I might locate my whereabouts with reference to the Pasig Mountain hotel.

I had almost reached the lake-end, when, happening to glance toward the top of the stairway, I beheld—descending—a figure that caused me to whistle in amazement.

Free-limbed, with the form of a marble Venus, she descended rapidly, with the ease and grace characteristic of those who live a free out-of-door life. Her hair, unfettered by comb or ribbon, streamed behind her, now silver, now golden, as the sun shone upon it through

the checkered tree-canopy. Patrician of feature, noble of poise, she leaped to the ground over the last half-dozen steps, seemingly indifferent to the possibility of landing in that green, placid lake. Clad in flimsy drapery reaching her knees, her shoulders and neck gleaming like ivory, she stood alert, one foot half-hidden in the lake-water, a veritable Statue of Liberty, apparently unconscious of her striking appearance. Then she inclined her head, stretched forth her arms, fingers leveled, bent her body, and sprang into the lake.

The loud splash brought me back to earth, and though fain I would have stayed to observe the graceful splashing of this wood-nympth, my better judgment prevailed, and I continued toward the base of the cliff-stairs, keeping behind the large tree-trunks, through an unaccountable fear of being discovered. I had succeeded admirably in nearing the coveted point without attracting this fair creatures attention, when a series of hasty and loudly-echoing splashes, and a spray-hidden figure, shore-ward inclined, informed me that I was discovered, and my retreat cut off. I took to my heels in the hope of evading her, but she bounced out of the lake like a rubber ball, and straightway ran to the cliff-foot, thus cutting off my hope of escape, unless I could pass around her, or gain the freedom of the stairway by physical violence. She folded her arms and faced me, a look of keen inquiry and curiousity stamped upon her dripping countenance. Here, indeed, was a fit subject for a great artist's brush. Superb as a living statue she stood, a regal Venus, the personification of life, of strength, of purity.

As a matter of fact, I was greatly inclined to flee, for I knew that I was regarded as a trespasser. It was no easy matter to face that stern-lipped guardian of the cliff, since I doubted her knowledge of my tongue, a condition which would make a clear explanation of my presence there doubtful, if not impossible. However, I must act, and that quickly, for the silence was becoming oppressive; my predicament, which seemed serious enough to me, would no doubt have appeared ludicrious to an observer.

Summing up all my courage, and arranging my cravat carefully, I walked boldly up to her, removed my hat and bowed low. "Would it please you to let me pass?" I asked.

She looked me over quizzically. The stern look on her face relaxed and she seated herself on the stone step, crossed one knee over the other, and laughed lightly. I was puzzled as to whether she had understood me or not. But one thing was certain; she had lost all fear of me. From her former demeanor I argued that she had looked for violence, for blustering, on my part. My cringing politeness, which had appeared to me as the proper thing, was a mistake. Had I appealed to her sense of fear, had I put on a bold front, probably I should have intimidated her. But it was too late now.

While trying to think of something decisive to do or say, the sound of a human voice struck my ears. It was the first I had heard in three days. This is what she said. "Why is it that the stranger wishes to harm an old man, helpless and inoffending?"

I was taken by surprise. "I wouldn't hurt a chicken," I stammered, "unless it was cooked," I added as as after thought.

"You couldn't then, you know," she said, smiling.

"Of course not," I said stupidly, "but I should like to have the chance."

"What chance?" she asked.

"Why," said I, "the chance to hurt the feelings of a roast chicken, or some veal, or bear's meat; and I could use some pie, some pudding, and almost anything, quick, too. If you will just let me run up those steps, I'm certain I can find something appetizing."

"A very temperate wish," she said, "which may be at least partly satisfied. Follow me, please."

She led me by the lakeside to a little cache in the side of the cliff. There I beheld a quantity and variety of victuals well calculated to please the senses of a half-famished man.

She watched me intently as I devoured the delicious viands. All rules of etiquette forgotten, I suppose I

appeared to her to satisfy my appetite after the manner of the swine of the forest. With full mouth and hands I looked up at her in time to observe a smile of merriment on her face.

"You of the world," she said, "are strange. Your manners, your dress—horrid!"

Inwardly wishing for a dress suit and a book on etiquette, I felt miserable, and scratched my head, vainly thinking of some excuses to make.

"With dress like mine," she said, "you would be cool, comfortable, free. What a nuisance such complicated clothing as yours must be!"

"Oh, not at all," I answered, "and as to going bare-footed, I could not think of it for a minute; and while journeying in the forest, one needs clothes which are heavy and durable."

She looked unconvinced. "I will race you through the lake to that barked oak," she said teasingly, "and we will decide whose clothes are the more durable."

Not being an expert swimmer, I desisted. "Is there a large settlement hereabout?" I asked.

"Settlement?" she questioned. "I know of no other human being in these woods than my father, who is a cripple."

"No other human being!" I exclaimed "Do you know what you are saying?"

"Truthfully," she said, "other than my father, you are the first human I have ever seen."

Possibly my amazement may be imagined. Heretofore, I had supposed her to be one of those eccentric, idle-minded girls who was performing a realistic, back-to-nature stunt; her dress then, her frank and curious speech, her lack of conventionality, were the faults of her training, or more possibly, her lack of training.

We engaged in a conversation which probably resulted in a revelation to each of us. At least it was that to me. She was deeply interested in the manners and customs of her sex, a subject on which I informed her as best I could. She did not seem much interested in the railroads, and wireless telegraphy, even though I explained their uses minutely. She had been taught to read by her father, though what she had read was confined principally to dry theological essays.

It was with feelings of deep regret that I made preparation to depart. The girl filled my haversack with dainties. A look of regret came into her blue eyes when I prepared to leave.

"Will you have to go?" she said, looking demurely into the lake.

"Yes," I said, bracing up, "I must go now. When I again reach civilization, I shall work with a purpose. When I have prepared a nest, will you come?"

She hung her head in unnympthlike shyness, and dipped one foot thoughfully into the lake. Then she looked up. "Well," she said, "I might, but I won't wear corsets, or run an automobile."

After a last look, I again entered the woods.

* * * * * *

A year from that time I was attending a play called "The Wood Nymph," at the ——— Theater in Chicago. A friend and myself had been talking stocks, and paying very little attention to the play. Suddenly he looked up and exclaimed: "Great heavens! Look at that, will you?"

Yes, I will admit the corn; it was my wood goddess, garbed as I had seen her in the mountains of Austro-Hungary. I didn't remain to see the play out; but she must have noticed me, for next morning I got the daintiest of dainty little notes. This was all she said: "Can I act?"

EXQUISITE VENGEANCE

WARREN NELSON THAYER

WHEN I alighted from the transcontinental train at Adrain, whither I had been sent to inspect the Indian school located there, the first sight which met my eyes was one I shall never forget and the memory of which still provokes a smile. There was a small crowd about the station, including the ever-conspicuous small town loafer; a couple of hotel runners, a number of Indians from the near-by reservation; and, standing directly in front of me, a figure that would command attention in the most motley crowd that might be gathered together in any corner of the world.

He was an Indian; tall,—I stand six-feet-one in my stockings—and I had to look up to see his face; straight as an arrow; decidedly intelligent of countenance; and possessing those idealistic American features one seldom sees save on a Farny canvas. On his head he wore a tall silk hat, about his broad shoulders was drawn a red and yellow blanket. His feet were encased in moccasins, embroidered with Indian art, and beaded; and his black trousers, neatly creased, were turned up into a cuff at the bottom. He carried a leather suit-case in his hand, and smoked a cigar as nonchalantly as any Knight of the Grip.

I looked; then I laughed; and, overcome by the oddity of his appearance, I exclaimed aloud "Well, I'll be ——." but the exclamation died in my throat as the big fellow slowly and haughtily turned his head and rivited upon me a gaze expressive of the utmost contempt. I reached for my baggage, which the porter was holding for me, and started down the platform, while the curiously dressed Indian mounted the car steps. I turned about long emough to notice that he entered a Pullman, then I made my way through the crowd to the stage that would take me out to the Agency. As I was the only passenger I threw my baggage inside and climbed on the seat with the driver, hoping to get some incidental information about the school as we drove along.

I found this driver rather loquacious, and it required but an occasional brief query to keep him talking. He kept up a rapid-fire delivery of information for about half the distance we had to go, and then suddenly he turned questioner. He wanted to know my name, where I was from, my business, and all about me. Being there on a semi-secret errand I did not care to divulge too much so I tried to keep him busy answering my questions. "Say," I queried, "who under the sun was that buck down at the station who wore the plug hat?"

"That was Redfeather."

"What is he,—a big chief, or a medicine man?"

"Neither. Big chief—I should say not. The old bucks don't like him. That's John Redfeather Dunn. He went off to one of them Indian schools in the East and brought back with him a whole lot of fool notions that the other Indians don't like."

The name struck me as being remarkably familiar. Where had I heard it before? At first I thought I must have it confused with a similar sounding name of some politician or actor or other prominent person. Then I began to have a faint recollection of meeting at one time a number of Indian students from the Carlisle school. "You don't mean that was John Dunn of Carlisle," I exclaimed.

"Yes, that's where he went to school. Was there six years. Played football on their team most of the time, and made a big name for himself."

I remembered once having paid five dollars for a grand-stand seat to see a

Thanksgiving-day game between Carlisle and one of the big Eastern colleges, and how one John Dunn had saved the Carlisle eleven from going down to defeat by his skillful tackling and a remarkable goal kick. "Well, I thought they civilized those fellows," I continued. "What on earth to you suppose he has gone back to blankets and moccasins for?"

"Oh, he's civilized all right. He dresses that way because he thinks it's more comfortable. Like most of the rest of the Indians up here, he's pretty rich. He's got more money than I ever expect to see at one time. But wait till I show you where he lives, then see what you think of him."

Presently we got on the reservation. As we appraoched the Agency we saw a number of small one-room houses scattered over the plain. They had been built by the Government for the Indians, and all were painted a light yellow. We drove quite close to one of them and the driver reined in his ponies to a walk. He then told me to take a good look at it as it was the home of Redfeather. My opinion of a college education for Indians had dropped considerably when I had learned that the outlandish figure on the station platform was a Carlisle man, but when I saw where he lived the mercury dropped out of sight and froze up.

In the first place, he didn't live in the house at all. Back of the house was a tent, probably ten by twelve, in which, I was informed, Redfeather lived with Rosalie, his white wife. As we passed the place, probably attracted by the noise of the team, a pony pushed its head out of the front window and neighed at us, and at the same time the flap of the tent was drawn back by a rather good-looking young woman dressed in Indian fashion. She looked at us and smiled as I continued to stare first at the house and then at her. Evidently she divined my thoughts for she drew back the front of the tent exposing to view the interior, which was very neatly arranged and apparently clean. An upright piano at the farther end of the tent gave the place an air of culture and only served to increase my wonderment.

Before I had recovered from this slight shock we arrived at the Agency. I spent a week there, attending to business and incidentally picking up considerable information concerning Redfeather, as I found he was called by every one. By gleaning here and there I gathered together a quite romantic tale which I am going to reproduce because I believe it will throw a little light on the life of the educated Indian who returns to live on the reservation.

For seven days Redfeather had been off the reservation, up in the foot-hills on a trapping and hunting trip. Now he was returning and the small pony which he rode had about all it could carry with this large Indian astride and the added weight of a score or more of pelts. It was bitter cold, and the light of the new December moon sinking beyond the mountains to the west was reflected back from a fresh snow-fall. The prairie was a desolate frozen waste, and the loneliness of the early night was augmented by the occasional howling of a hungry coyote. The trail seemed endlessly long, but Redfeather pulled his blanket more closely about him. and urging his pony to its best speed, found warmth and comfort in anticipating Rosalie's hot supper and warm moccasins, now only an hour distant.

He wouldn't call her Rosalie when he got home—that was her tribe name. He would open the door, throw down his pack of pelts, and sing out cheerily. "I'm back again, sweetheart," and she would throw herself into his arms and say, "Oh, John, how glad I am that you are back. It's been *so* lonesome without you." And Redfeather's heart warmed at the thought.

This white bride was the treasure of his heart, and pride had overflowed in him, when on his return from the East. he had introduced her through the tribe as his wife. Every young man in the tribe envied him, especially Madwater, son of a former chief, whose fate had kept him on the reservation and withheld knowledge, and culture, and civilization; and who because of his family connection felt that he was en-

titled to the best of everything, including wives.

Soul-warmed by these musings, Redfeather forgot the loneliness and coldness of the trail and soon the pony was picking its way over the slippery ice-clad road that led past the Agency up to his home. (At that time he still lived in the house.) It made his heart beat faster when he got close enough to distinguish a light burning in his window for that meant that Rosalie was waiting for him.

He rode into his door-yard and slipped stiffly from his pony. Then he stopped,—there was a horse tied to the post over which he had intended to throw his own bridle. What could it mean? Was Rosalie sick, and this the doctor's horse? He could think of no other person likely to be there. Could it be—and his heart gave a flutter—no, it was not that, it was not yet time. An heir would come some day, but not yet. His quick eyes saw that the animal had not been hitched there more than a moment or two, for it had not trod the snow beneath its hoofs, and its breath was coming from its nostrils in great puffs, indicating that it had been ridden hard not long before. He stepped close and saw that it was a pony like his own and that an Indian saddle was strapped to its back. Evidently it was not the doctor. No white man rode like that. He pulled off his gauntlet and passed his hand over the animal's sweating flank. Yes, there was the brand,—it was Madwater's pony.

With a curse he ran toward the house. What could that villainous Indian be doing there in his absence? The law of the most primitive people respects the sanctity of the home, and Redfeather's heart flamed with passion. He sprang to the window and looked in. There on the floor knelt Rosalie. Her hands were above her head and gripped at the wrist by the powerful savage towering over her. Her dress was torn and her hair disheveled; and the disorder of the room plainly indicated that a struggle had taken place.

Redfeather sized up the situation in an instant. He jumped to the door and flung it open. At the sight of him Rosalie fainted and fell in a heap on the floor. At the same time Madwater turned with a snarl like that of a carniverous beast frightened from its prey. Drawing his knife he made a vicious thrust at the angry husband confronting him, and the latter stepping aside to avoid the gleaming blade gave him a chance to dart out of the open door. Recognizing the urgency of haste he sprang to the sadlde of Redfeather's untethered pony, not knowing that the poor animal was almost too tired to move out of its tracks. But when the pony refused to move swiftly he proded it in the flank with his knife and soon disappeared.

Redfeather turned to Rosalie long enough to see that she was not seriously injured, then he went out and mounted the other pony. Madwater was already out of sight and hearing, but with an Indian's intuition he turned the pony's head toward town and guiding him to the side of the road where it was less slippery he covered the three miles almost as quickly as Madwater had done on the tired pony.

His hunting knife was still in his belt and when he jumped from his mount in front of the Powder Horn he drew it with an intention to end very shortly the career of the villianous Indian whom he expected to find within. Knife in hand, hatless and out of breath, he stepped into the bar-room. Madwater was drinking with a number of other Indians and whites. When he saw Redfeather he dropped his glass to the floor and drawing his own knife he stepped out to meet him. The place was in an uproar in an instant and the card tables were promptly deserted for the improvised arena that was drawn about the combatants.

After a few thrusts that brought no blood, Redfeather suddenly closed on his antagonist with a rush. Madwater's threatening knife hung for a moment in the air—then it dropped useless to the floor for Redfeather had gripped that arm at the wrist and broken it as he might a twig. Madwater stepping backward was borne to the floor by the momentum of the attack, and Redfeather's blade poised itself over his heart. In a moment the tragedy would

have been over and Rosalie avenged, but Redfeather stayed his hand.

For a moment he knelt, apparently debating with himself, then he arose deliberately and stood over the prostrate body of his enemy, who, too much surprised to move, lay as quietly as if the knife had done the work he had expected it to do. Slowly the conqueror spoke "You villain, Redfeather's knife might easily have drunk the last drop of your blood, but death is too good for you, moreover, John Redfeather Dunn does not fight with savage weapons. But," and he turned to the crowd about him as if asking them to bear witness to what he said, "mark this, when next we meet I'll take revenge and you'll wish I had killed you here." Without another word he left the place and mounting his own pony rode slowly home.

The winter passed and the incident was apparently forgotten, even by Redfeather. When Spring came Rosalie was crooning over a little basket in which lay a tiny bit of humanity. This was her chief care now, though she did not forget to wait on Redfeather with a patience and resignation that might have marked any of the women of the tribe into which she had been adopted. It was at this time that they moved into the tent at the back of the house, where as Redfeather said, the papoose might grow into a strong, hardy man, innured to the hardships of heat, and cold, and dampness.

Then came the summer, when the buffalo-grass grew green on the prairie and the snows melted and run off the mountains in crystal streams. It was one of these summer days that Redfeather told Rosalie that he was going away for a while.

"Where, John?" and her blue eyes filled with tears, for she had always feared that some day his love would grow cold and he would desert her for some woman of his own blood and color.

"Up to the mountains, sweetheart."

Her face brightened, for he had promised that when the hot days came they would go up to the mountains to camp.

"Am I,—are we, going too?" and she laid her hand fondly on the nursing child.

"Not this time. This will be no pleasure trip. I have a debt I must pay, I have owed it for six months and I must pay it soon."

"But John, why go to the mountains? There's no gold in these mountains that you can get; besides, you can surely pay any debt you may owe."

Redfeather shook his head. "I'm going to-morrow morning, and I'll be gone for a week, perhaps a month."

Rosalie had discovered shortly after marrying Redfeather that she must not push questioning too far, for with all his love for her, he felt that being a woman, she was not entitled to take counsel with him. So she bit her lip a little harder and smiled through the tears.

The next day Redfeather started and for three weeks Rosalie did not see him. Could she have seen the way he lived and toiled during that time her heart must have broken. Working hard all day long, climbing the mountains from base to summit, occasionally stooping to pluck a little green plant that grew among the rocks, breaking off the root and placing it carefully in his shirt bosom, eating a frugal meal of berries or jack-rabbit which he broiled over his fire, sleeping among the rocks in the canyon at night, up again with the sun the next morning to continue the laborious climbing and searching, this was his routine existence for many days. About the end of the third week he tied together in a bundle the roots he had gathered and started back.

Rosalie was not a little surprised at the queer treasure he brought back with which to pay his debt. When she questioned him he simply said, "I'm going to pay an Indian's debt in a white man's way. I'm going to use some of the knowledge they taught me in school." So she helped to cut the roots into small bits and put them in a great kettle of water to boil. For almost a week Redfeather or Rosalie, or both of them kept the pot boiling; as fast as the water boiled out it was replenished, and the fire was never allowed to burn low. At night they took turns watching it; Redfeather with stern determination to accomplish the task he had set himself, and Rosalie with patience and implicit confidence in the successful out-

come of anything her liege attempted.

Finally when the roots had been extracted to Redfeather's satisfaction, the liquid was decanted and boiled off down to a thick yellow gummy substance which he scraped from the bottom of the kettle. He needed some ether with which to extract a certain element in the gum so he journeyed to town and tried to purchase some of a druggist, but the clerk, not being able to differentiate between him and other members of his tribe, told him that he could not sell dangerous chemicals to Indians. Redfeather did not argue the matter. He went back home dressed in civilized attire, put a cigar in his mouth, and then returned to the store where he made his purchase without any trouble. When the clerk asked his name to make an entry of the sale in his register, he drew a card from his pocket engraved in old English, John R. Dunn, and dropped it on the counter.

In the operations that followed Redfeather worked alone. Carefully and with the skill of an experienced chemist he made an ether extraction of his precious gum. He succeeded in extracting possibly a tablespoonful of a lightly yellow oil, which he preserved in a small bottle. Because of the value he placed upon the contents of the bottle he carried it with him continuously. He held it up before Rosalie, pointing to it with pride and saying, "With this I'll pay my debt."

There was something else needed, and it was the most difficult thing of all to obtain—a hypodermic syringe. He tried to buy one from the doctor, but that gentleman had but one and could not part with that. Then he rode sixty miles to the next large town and tried to purchase one there, but without success. Nothing daunted however, he rode home, packed his suit-case, dressed himself in the clothes of civilization and bought a ticket for Cheyenne. At that place he had little trouble in securing what he wanted. Nothing he had ever held in his hand gave Redfeather one-half the pleasure he experienced in handling that hypodermic. On the return trip he drew the bottle of precious oil from his pocket and carefully filled the barrel of the syringe, securing the plunger so that it could not be pressed accidently. Then he put it away in his breast pocket.

It was dark that hot August night when his train pulled into Adrian. The boys' band from the Indian school was giving a concert in the public square and many of the town folks as well as many of the Indians who lived near the agency were out to hear the music. In front of the Powder Horn was the usual rough noisy crowd. Redfeather walked on the other side of the street and had almost passed the place when his attention was attracted by a chorus of loud shouts and a good deal of laughing from the crowd. Then he heard a woman's voice above the shouts and laughter. "Give me my baby, you horrid fellow. Give me that child, I say." And this was followed by the wail of an infant.

A leap, a bound, and a couple of giant strides, and Redfeather was mingling in that noisy crowd. There was Rosalie pleading for her baby which was being tossed about by a drunken Indian much to the delight of the other rowdies. Then a tall figure towered in the midst of the crowd. A long arm shot out and a bony hand lifted the crying infant from its tormentor and deposited it in its mother's arms. Simultaneously another bony hand gripped the Indian's throat and he was borne backward to the ground. There were a few quick movements, a cry of pain as the hypodermic needle sunk into the back of the unfortunate man's neck, a convulsive struggle or two, and then Redfeather rose triumphantly.

They carried Madwater to the Agency hospital, dumb and paralyzed in every muscle. When I visited Adrian on my inspection tour he had been in the hospital two years and was improved to the extent of being able to speak slowly and turn his head from side to side.

Redfeather had been arrested by the U. S. marshal but as the statutes did not cover the offense committed he was released. But the dislike of the rest of the Indians for him had increased —he knew too much. And when I saw

him standing on the station platform he was on his way to Cheyenne to argue before the U. S. commissioner why he he should not be expelled from the reservation for using a white man's knowledge to avenge a wrong.

JANETTE

Since first she smiled on us at birth
A bit of Heaven we seemed to see;
Love was her mission here on earth,
And closer bound dear wife and me.
O, treasure of our lives—her worth
Never by us could measured be.
And now how silent are the rooms;
How changed to us, when memories stir
And round us wreathe but joyless glooms!—
Life is so different without her.

She'd run up to my study door,
There gently rap with tiny fist;
I'd hear her eager voice implore,
"Papa, Janette wants to be kissed!"—
Petition I had heard before
And one I never could resist.
I'd let her in, give kiss on kiss,
And than put all my work away;—
And now, and now, oh, how I miss
The happy hour we'd spend in play!

No music to me had such charms
As when, at evening, I'd sit by,
And wife, with baby in her arms,
Would sing her good-night lullaby,
That Angels guard her from all harms—
And yet our darling had to die!
O, why did Heaven on us smile,
Then turn our heart-joy into pain,
By giving her a little while,
Only to call her back again?

And yet they told me: "Be resigned—
Put God between you and your grief!"
That I have wept, rebelled, repined,
Am I of sinners then the chief?
O, Father, in Thee let me find
The promised peace, that sure relief!
Forgive me, Lord, that in my woe,
I for a moment doubted Thee!
My burden I will bear—but, O,
Janette, Janette, come back to me!

George Birdseye.

THE GRAFTER

B. W. K.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles that will run through several numbers. The stories are absolutely true and are told by the Grafter himself in his own way. They illustrate the credulity of the average man, how easy it is to make money without working, how eager the public is to get something for nothing. As a chapter of modern life, true in every detail, they possess extraordinary interest. Read them and ask yourself if such schemes have ever tempted you.

CHAPTER I.

A SIDE LINE

I was graduated from the High School of S., Kansas, at the age of eighteen. From the time that I had any ambition I had intended to be a lawyer. The life of the farm did not appeal to me, and I managed to work my way through a law school in St. Louis, with much hardship and self denial. I passed well and returned to S. to put out my shingle, believing my future secure.

I thought that among my old friends clients would flock to me. I pictured myself leading the Bar of the District, going to the Legislature, perhaps to Congress. I think I was as honest as the average. I was not particularly greedy for money but I was greeedy for success. I was unwilling to wait. I wanted everything quick—right away. And when I found that the law business was a long, slow wait, it palled on me.

As the days passed the lack of seekers of legal advice made the future look less rosy and for a week not a client made an appearance; an occasional farmer, however, would tie his horses in front of my office, but only to raise and later shatter my hopes by passing my office unnoticed and entering some nearby store.

The lack of business was so different to what I had expected that my only hope of success seemed blighted; I was most discouraged and disheartened and occasionally asked myself if the assiduity and faithfulness I put forth in the acquirement of an honorable profession was not slowly proving to be of insignificant consequence.

One day as I was restlessly whiling away the time, a new thought came to me—I came to the conclusion that if I stayed in S. and business continued in the future as it had in the past, I would of necessity be compelled to close up for lack of business.

But one thing remained to be done and I at once began to devise ways and means by which I might conduct something on the side. What it would be I was not long in making up my mind; I had heard of men who, with no capital, had started real estate businesses and became prosperous and fairly well to do. Selling real estate was something that required but little knowledge and, with my legal and commercial education I felt as well qualified as any one else to sell real estate.

I had one competitor in the real estate business, but I completely ignored his presence, as far as competition was concerned, and began to advertise, in a small way, for either farm or city property for sale or rent.

Several farms were listed with me within a few days after the appearance of my first real estate ad; and one day a prospective buyer drifted in the office. He said he was in the market for, and would buy, if quoted a reasonable price, the first well improved quarter section of Rooks County land that was shown him.

I told him I had a few very choice quarters on my list, and he suggested that he would look them over at any time. He said he had "just blew in from Texas" on the previous day; that he was

a stock raiser and had just marketed a train load of cattle, and that he was going to invest in a farm.

It looked like a sure sale to me; I hired a livery rig and spent an entire afternoon in showing him the farms that were listed with me, but after I had enumerated the many reasons why each farm I was showing him was a bargain, he seemed to have a prepared and memorized line of excuses why that which he was shown was not what he wanted.

On our return to town, I took the horse to the livery stable and paid for its hire. I immediately went to the office and it was there that I, disappointed as I was at not having made a sale when the prospects were so bright, devised and formulated a theory by which I later *duped the dear American public for the appalling and stupenduous sum of four hundred thousand dollars.*

I was a lawyer and real estate agent, at considerable expense in advertising and keeping up an office and other incidentals; I was entirely upon my own resources and I alone was responsible for what I did; I had, since I first left home, pertinaciously striven to attain success by equitable and legitimate means, but finally came to the conclusion that the law business was a complete failure in so small a town, as was also the real estate business.

I had spent one-half day's time and two dollars in money for a livery rig, in the endeavor to sell to one who promised to buy that which he was shown, but only to come to the conclusion that all he wanted was an outing at my expense. I asked myself such questions as "How many prospective buyers bought?" "Was not the real estate business a farce, especially in so small a town?" And "Would it look just and feasible to property owners for a real estate agent to charge an advance fee, to cover (alleged) incidental expenses incurred in connection with showing their property to possible purchasers?"

My newly devised theory I thought was at least worthy of consideration and an effort to determine its practicability.

My next caller was a local man, who said he had a store building of which he would like to dispose. I told him that, unlike other real estate agents, I charged an advance fee of ten dollars in addition to a commission, and that I was confident I could dispose of his property in a reasonable length of time. He at first looked upon the advance fee with disfavor, but I was not long in convincing him that it was only fair to both that he should pay my required fee. He finally handed me a ten and left the office.

I was very much elated and enthused over the merit of my new plan, and, after he left the office, I went to the local editor, paid him five dollars and told him to run a large ad for me. Five dollars will buy considerable space in a small town paper; and, in the next issue my name appeared under a very attractive ad.

It was not very long until I was visited by numerous farmers who desired to dispose of their alleged valuable holdings, but the prospective buyers were few in comparison. The condition was partially attributable to a big boom which the town had underwent some two years prior thereto, which was followed by a complete crop failure, and as a result there was a general scarcity of money in that vicinity and the unfortunate farmers were eager to rid themselves of their holdings.

For a month business was good and in that time I had taken in considerable money, as about one out of every three property owners paid me a ten before they left the office, some without manifesting the slighest aversion.

I did not sell a single property, although each of my clients who listed were given a short space in the local paper, which I, of course, paid for.

But few purchasers called and none of them bought.

However, it was but a few weeks until my advertising had reached its limitation, especially through the local medium, and nearly all property owners in the county who had desired to sell had either listed with me, or refused to do so because of their disapproval of the ten-dollar advance fee.

However, I was not at all discouraged, because business had suddenly dropped off, as after considering the small

circulation of the local paper and the results even it had brought me, I immediately came to the conclusion that there was no limit to what might be done and that the fundamental requisite to wealth by my new method of listing (not selling) real estate was judicious and persistent advertising.

Although I looked upon my new method as perfectly legitimate, or was supposed to, it might be considered in a different light by some because of the incentive to list new properties being greater than that to dispose of property already listed. However, this may be, I decided to seek new quarters and that they would be St. Louis. In a city of such size I would be in touch with various publications through the columns of which I might reach thousands of people; and, too it would be far more desirable to do business mostly by mail with irate clients, whose property I might fail to sell, than to advertise mostly in local mediums that were not far-reaching and thus be compelled to deal with local clients personally, possibly resorting to fistic encounters to assuage their animosities.

Even supposing my new method be looked upon as illigitimate and fraudulent (which it later proved to be) it could hardly be said that such would prove financially distressing to any one individual, as every client was charged the same fee, and most any property owner can easily part with the small sum of ten dollars. So until, my business would be proven legally illicit, I had a large field in which to work and began to make arrangements to abandon my office and start up in St. Louis.

THE EXACT SCIENCE OF REAL ESTATE

The day following my arrival in St. Louis I rented, from a local real estate man, a second story office room and fitted it up as best I could with some office fixtures and was ready for business. And from the money I had gathered up in my home town, my future bore a propitious aspect.

I made my way to the publishing house of one of the leading dailies of St. Louis, at which place I left a small advertisement, with instructions that it be run every issue for one week.

In it I stated partially as follows:

"I can sell your real estate, property or business, no matter where located, quickly for cash in any part of the United States. I have formulated a new and systematic plan of selling real estate, which is wholly unlike that used by other so-called 'real estate men;' I can actually sell your property in thirty days from date of listing."

I returned to my office to await results and, in a few days after my inception, property owners were calling at my office in such numbers that I was unable to answer all written inquiries from possible clients. (I suppose the poor dupes thought it was in my power to compel the next Legislature to pass a law making it a crime for those who had capital not to buy real estate, thus promoting Socialism.)

The fact of so few insertions of so small an advertisement attracting so great a number of people would seem appalling to those familiar with the results obtained from advertising; but persons who find it necessary to rely on the columns of publications to place them in communication with prospective buyers, would answer my advertisement where they would pass up hundreds of others unnoticed. There was a reason for it: My advertising was the result of earnest and persistent brain work on my part and my knowledge of human nature, and I always promised the public something *definite* for their money; in fact I promised clients definitely such improbable things that it would have been utterly impossible to have lived up to my advertising.

My plan was to charge a commission of two and one-half per cent, payable when a client's property was sold by me direct (and I cannot call to mind of ever having made a sale). But before listing a property I charged an advance fee of ten dollars, which it was the understanding would be deducted from the two and one-half per cent. when a sale was made.

I agreed and guaranteed to sell any property listed with me within thirty days from date of listing: (If however, I failed to make a sale in thirty days, I

further guaranteed to charge no fee for my services thereafter.) For this ten dollars each client was given less than fifty cents worth of advertising, depending largely in which of the local papers I advertised his property.

That the reader may get an exact idea of the amount of advertising given a client in actual space, will say, for instance, if a local citizen listed a store building he would be given one, and sometimes two, insertions of an advertisement, such as the following, in some local paper with a small circulation and consequent cheap rates:

"For Sale—Store building, $5,000.00. Box 256, St. Louis."

or, if a quarter of land was listed, the ad would appear thus:

"160 A. Imp. Wash. Co., Kas., $20,000.00. J. Q. Brown, Lynn, Kans.

On the day following the insertion of an ad containing properties for sale, a copy of the paper containing a brief description of each property was sent to the owner; or if I felt in a liberal mood, a client was given two insertions, in which case he would receive copies of both papers.

In addition to the above, I frequently had lists printed containing a very brief description of the property listed, but no client's property appeared more than once on these lists. These lists were mailed out to persons who made inquiry as to any property I had for sale.

When I advertised property either in newspapers or on lists, I always inserted the owner's name and address, and devoted quite a little space in urging prospective purchasers to always take the matter of prospective purchasers up with the owner direct. My object in doing this was to avoid correspondence from which I would not be financially benefited, as the ten-dollar spots were what I was after.

After six weeks or a couple of months my business had grown to such an extent that I found it absolutely necessary to increase my office force and get up a series of circular letters, with which to reply to the many inquiries I was receiving. I soon had framed up a number of "Answer" and Follow-up" letters in which I covered my plan most thoroughly and which I used until I was later given my choice of discounting my then present methods of business or being indicted for fraudulent use of the mails. And that these letters proved to be "money-getters" from the start will be evidenced later in this story.

With them I could answer any question that ninety-nine out of a hundred property sellers would ask. And I had letters to apply to special occasions. For instance, if a property owner would write telling me that he had confidence in my ability to sell his property but that his neglect to list was because of lack of funds, or because his wages had just been garnished, or because "the family produce had not been marketed," I would acknowledge receipt of his letter and assure him that his faith in my plan was appreciated. I would further state that, inasmuch as I had received many inquiries for and wanted just such a property as his on my list immediately, I had decided to make an unusual proposition to him; that is, I enclosed him a note for ten dollars, filled out in my favor and due in thirty days, with eight per cent interest from date, and agreed to accept that in place of the ten-dollar cash retainer.

This generally met with the approval of, and was accepted by, the party to whom such letters were written; inasmuch as such notes were not made due until the expiration of the time in which I had promised to sell their property, such an offer could only be looked upon as being mutually fair.

Such notes were almost as good as cash to me and their disposition was both speedy and systematic. All were disposed of to a few advertising houses and publishers, with whom I had made a special and written agreement whereby they were to accept these notes for space in their publications at 90 per cent. face value; all notes so disposed of, however, were endorsed by me as payable "without recourse on me in any event," which endorsement always excepts the endorsee from payment.

On written request from a possible client for information as to my plan and terms for disposing of real estate, I acknowledged receipt the same day and

assured the owner that his letter had received my careful attention; that his property could certainly be sold for the price asked, provided it was properly advertised and aggressively pushed; that there was a man somewhere who would buy it, and I was in position to find him and do it quickly; that I had made a careful and systematic study of the problem of bringing the party who wants to sell into communication with the party who wants to buy, and experience had proven to me beyond all doubt that I had the only plan in use in the United States by which I could dispose of real estate or other properties in a specified length of time; that I did not confine my advertising to any one locality, as a buyer is often found where least expected; that my advertising reached millions of readers and almost invariably brought about the desired results; that as soon as a property was listed with me I made a complete and systematic search of my files, and no person who had made inquiry for a similar property was ever dropped from my list until he had bought or was out of the market.

After answering a prospective client's first letter, his name was indexed alphabetically in a book; and when a week's time had elapsed after my reply to his letter, if the prospective client had not listed, he was given follow up letter No. 2, impressing upon him the importance of listing early if he really wanted to make a speedy sale; and pointing out the fact that I wanted just such properties as his on my list; that I had greater facilities; a more complete organization and a more resourceful system than other brokers; that every transaction, large or small, would receive my careful attention; that my terms were just as low as they could be and bring about the desired results; that my methods for finding buyers were strictly up to date, and not one hundred years behind the times.

I further pointed out that my advertising done the work; that I knew what to advertise, when to advertise, and where to advertise; that a paper that is good to advertise a stock of groceries in, would probably never find a buyer for an undertaking business; that at that particular time I was short just two or three such properties, and that I was especially anxious to list either theirs, or a similar property in their neighborhood.

I daily received hundreds of letters from people who had previously made inquiry as to my plan, who would strongly urge that I list their property on different terms, and wait for the ten dollar fee until I had sold their property. To all such I would reply to the effect that I could not consistently and would not deviate from my terms under any circumstances; that I dealt with all clients fairly and impartially, and that a scavenger would be charged the same fee as would a banker or millionaire; that no successful business man would grant one client a favor he could not grant to all.

My daily receipts were greatly increasing, and, in addition to local dailies, I began to advertise quite extensively in farm journals and magazines, that are edited almost exclusively for the farmer. The farmers are easily duped, but my proposition on paper looked like such a straightforward and legitimate proposition and such a square deal to all, that I would gain the confidence of even the most incredulous.

I was not only claiming farmers as victims, but my dupes soon numbered among the best class of people throughout the United States. Prominent local men of all professions who had property for sale, would call at the office, and, after a short session I would, in three cases out of four, talk them out of a ten before they left. Some were lawyers, doctors and politicians of the highest social standing and were, themselves, busy figures in the commercial world.

My advertising finally created much comment, not only through the local press, but papers throughout the middle west often contained comment about my extensive advertising; and local real estate men were considerably agitated over the manner in which I advertised, and the amount of space taken in some of the leading papers.

Frequently I was visited by real estate men who called more through

curiousity than anything else and inquire as to my methods. It was an inexplicable mystery to some of them how I could afford to pay for such ads as I was running.

Some local real estate men branded me as a fraud of the worst water and would warn the public in their own limited advertising against "A certain local fraud who styled himself 'Real Estate Specialist,' and who promised to sell property in all parts of the United States quickly for cash in thirty days.

I soon notified the publishers, who accepted such advertising from my competitors, however, that if thay expected future business from me they would reject all advertisements from my competitors containing admonitions against my business and character. And they did this.

On the first day of January my daily receipts were approximately five hundred dollars in post office money orders, drafts, checks, notes and currency, and I thought this sufficient to warrant the installation of something more elaborate and decorative in the way of office fixtures and furniture. I purchased several new office desks, about seventy-five sections of Globe-Wernicke sectional book cases and filled the latter with law books, that the office might bear a prosperous appearance; I rented a room adjacent to the one then occupied and made arrangements with the landlord for a complete remodelling of the two rooms. And after this was done I had an office of which I was proud and I do not think it could have been perceptably surpassed in costly and luxurious furnishings by any office in the city conducting a business of a like nature.

I also increased my office force until I had eight young men from 18 to 25 years of age employed in clerical and stenographic capacities.

I attributed my rapid progress in the business partially to the treatment doled out to my employes, all of whom were good workers, after becoming accustomed to my methods and what was required of them. In hiring a clerk I always promised a perpetual position, providing I received satisfactory services in return for my money. I started all clerks and stenographers in at the same wage, regardless of their ability, efficiency, broad genera knowledge, or past records.

In hiring a new man I paid him a fair and reasonable salary to begin with and increased this weekly check as his services would warrant, until he received $15.00 per week. I would give most any applicant a trial, when in need of a clerk, but if he was incompetent, or afflicted with "indolencitis," he lasted about twenty minutes and was told to get his hat and go, or be kicked down stairs; if he was a whistler or a good vocalist, he would be accorded the same treatment, as I never would tolerate any such in my office. I was in business for myself, and was not running a kindergarten establishment at my expense for the purpose of making dependent children self-supporting.

One of the first clerks I hired, and who later proved to be my right hand man, was "Shorty McCann." I always called him Shorty because of his youth at the time of application. I gave him work only because of his persistency, and to do away with his frequent personal application.

Shortly after I started up in St. Louis I put an advertisement in a local paper for a stenographer. I was putting in long hours and always appeared on the scene of operation early in the morning, and at 7:30 a. m. on the day following the advertisement, a youngster appeared in the doorway and blurted out:

"Say, Mister, do you want a steno?"

"Yes," I replied, "but you are too young."

"Oh, I don't know. I know a few things," the kid said.

But I told him that his adolescence was against him and he slowly descended the stairs. In the next two days this youth made four personal applications for the job. The fourth time he called, he said: "If you need a good man, you'd better take me on," and further added that "youth was not necessarily incompatible to his chosen vocation."

That's how I hired Shorty and he was not long with me until he was drawing a check of twenty dollars per week and fifty cents per hour for overtime, and his services rendered were fully equiva-

lent thereto. In fact every hair in his head knew something and he could be trusted in any capacity.

From early in the morning until an hour before quitting time, every stenographer was at it hammer and tongs, either addressing envelopes or filling the address on form letters.

With eight typewriters on the hum by skilled and speedy operators, it can easily be imagined the business that was done. if the incessant hammering of typewriters counted for anything. Persons who called at the office personally must have thought I was conducting a land office business (whether I was selling any land or not). An hour was consumed each day in getting out the mail, which generally filled four waste baskets to their capacity.

In this each clerk cast all other duties aside and participated. A self-addressed envelope, a gummed label bearing my photo, and other literature were enclosed with each letter and it always took a full hour's hustling to make enclosures for, fold and seal and later stamp from fifteen hundred to two thousand letters a day. About forty dollars a day was what I paid out for postage stamps.

When my time was not taken during the day with advertising men or clients who had called in person, at all times it was consumed in opening up incoming mail. While I opened all mail, the only letters receiving personal attention were those pertaining to advertising—I merely picked out the tens and my clerks did the rest.

Another feature of material aid in bringing in the money and winning the confidence of the people was a little booklet I wrote up containing many spurious testimonials and letters of recommendation, all of which were alluring, by the pen of some well-satisfied client. Some of these letters credited me with making a sale "in just a few days;" some were acknowledgments of purported "drafts for large sums," which would lead prospective clients to believe were my "commission from some big deal;" others credited me with being the "Greatest Real Estate Specialist of the present day;" others would contain something like this: "Your new method of selling real estate is certainly wonderful and I never would have believed you could have made such a speedy sale."

To some of these supposedly genuine testimonials the name of some relative was appended and to them, of course, I frequently enclosed stamps with instructions to answer all possible letters of inquiry concerning my ability to sell property.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

Everything had thus far gone peacefully as far as any disastrous interference was concerned, until one day one of Uncle Sam's emissaries drifted in the office, with a large burdensome package under his arm. He was a tall, athletic man with clear blue eyes, of perhaps thirty-eight years, and, from the time he entered the office, I had been aware of the quest of his errand as well as if he had been clothed in an American flag as emblematic of his vocation.

"Are you the proprietor," he asked.

"I am no other," I replied.

"Well," he goes on, "I am here to talk with you personally."

"I know it," says I, as he followed me into my consultation room, which was replete with luxurious leather chairs and other like fixtures, and might have been taken for the private office of some steel magnate or James Patten. He drops leisurely in a leather chair and says:

"Please submit to me any literature you may have descriptive of your method of handling real estate, as well as any circulars or pamphlets pertaining to, or used in connection with, your alleged real estate business."

I rang the buzzer for Shorty and told him what was wanted.

"You seem to be conducting quite a business," says the Post Office Inspector.

"I am," says I, "in fact I believe I am conducting one of the largest and most successful real estate businesses in the country."

"Comprehensively interpreted," says he, "I would take that statement to mean that your income is greater than that of any other real estate agent or firm in the country."

"Exactly," says I.

Just then Shorty entered and handed me a judiciously chosen portion of my literature, circular letters, pamphlets, etc.

"I believe it is your custom," says the Post Office Inspector "to guarantee to sell a client's property in thirty days from the date of listing, in any part of the United States, for cash."

"That's putting it rather incomplete," says I, "as you will note by my literature. It is true I guarantee to sell a property or business, no matter where located, quickly for cash, but in addition to the thirty-day proposition, I make a sub-guarantee, without which my main guarantee would be only provisional, and which is as follows: "If I fail to sell your property in thirty days, I further guarantee that I will make no charge for my services other than the ten-dollar fee."

"That satisfactorily explains the guarantee clause," says the P. I., "but kindly inform me to what extent listed properties are advertised by you, or in other words, what a client receives in return for the ten-dollar fee you charge?"

"Every property listed with me," says I, "has been advertised in some paper, and in every case the paper containing the property offered for sale has been mailed to the owner. In addition to advertising property in papers and magazines, a description of the property of every client is printed on lists, which are later sent, with a circular letter, to all persons in the market for property who make inquiry; and if you question my statement for a minute I can produce my record books, which shows the exact date and in which paper each client's property has been advertised."

"Let me examine them," says the P. I.

I rang for Shorty. "Bring me property Books No. 1 to 10 inclusive," says I and Shorty had placed them on the table before me in a jiffy. I turned to Book 1, Page 1. "Here," says I, "is the first property listed with me after I started business in St. Louis. It consists of a stock of general merchandise. Owner, S. T. Stewart; price, $1000; Box 33, St. Louis. It has been advertised in the ———— and the owner was mailed a copy of each edition on the following day.

"About what," says he "is the proportion of listed properties sold by you?"

"I have kept no record of properties sold by me personally. Most sales" I continued, "come about between persons who see descriptions of desirable property in my ads and take the matter of purchase up direct with the owner, whose name is always given in my advertisement; and, as a result, I am sure that hundreds of sales have been made through my advertising, of which I have never been advised, consequently in all cases I have been cheated out of a portion of my commission."

"That's rather unfair on your client's part," says the P. I., and I pinched myself to keep from smiling.

"It is," says I.

"I have here," says the Postoffice Inspector, as he reached for his package "about a hundred score of complaints against you and your methods of business from the same number of irate clients whose property, each alleges, you have failed to sell at the expiration of the specified thirty days. It seems," he continued, "that the great majority of them are based on your failure to sell their property in the thirty days."

"True," says I, "just what I expected, and, after considering my sub-gaurantee and the fact that all properties were advertised, I do not believe a disinterested person could be found who would say there was the slightest justification in such complaints."

When the P. I. left the office I was well satisfied with the result of our interview and the particluar points brought up for his edification; I was confident that he had not secured, during our interview, sufficient tangible evidence with which to prove my business fraudulent and inconsistent with the use of the United States mails, and to later disbar me from that privilege.

Months and months passed in the same routine of active business and during the time I had business on the ten-dollar plan, I suppose I was visited by the federal authorities fifty times.

Finally their visits became so fre-

quent that I became aware that it would be only a matter of time until an effort would be made to close up my business, but I supposed it would be taken to court and that it would not be done in a short length of time.

But to my great surprise I received a written notification from the authorities, which was most undeviating in contents and therein I was given my choice of discontinuing my then present methods of business and returning all monies received thereafter, or becoming indicted for fraudulent use of the mails.

Though it was with great reluctance, I chose the former ultimatum; and I believe I did so with discretion, as I did not want to become involved unnecessarily in legal proceedings; and, too, I had duped the public for about four hundred thousand dollars during the time I had been in business and I had enough of it left to keep the wolf away from the door for a few years at least.

This certainly was disastrous. It was a hard blow to me, and it came at the wrong time as, up until that time, my business had been steadily increasing and my daily receipts had been between seven hundred fifty and eight hundred dollars.

I had been advertising in over three thousand different papers and periodicals throughout the United States, and if each of these papers had, say, five thousand circulation, it can be seen then that my advertising reached millions of people. But I had advertised in the best papers of the United States and some of the leading magazines in which I advertised had a sworn circulation of 500,000. So the reader can imagine that even though all my advertising contracts were cancelled immediately, that it was some time before I was forgotten; that it was many weeks before the result of my advertising previous to notification to quit business, would cease; the tens came in for months, with decreasing frequency, and all were returned.

All of my advertising contracts were immediately cancelled. Those in leading papers were cancelled by wire; and those papers in which space costs but little, were cancelled by letter.

But it was weeks and weeks before the tens were a thing of the past, although in each case I was compelled to return them—with reluctance, but By Order of The Government.

(In the next issue The Matrimonial Bureau.)

IN THE GARDEN OF MEMORY

Summer and roses must come and go,
  Winter in turn must have his reign,
Down from the barrens the North Winds blow—
The hollows fill with the drifted snow,
And there where the roses bloomed, I know,
  Only the pointed thorns remain!

Yet now I walked where the blush and flame
  Of red June roses used to be;
I touched the tree as I breathed a name—
My pricked thumb bled to the sharp thorn's shame,
And sweet as the dawning's breath there came
  Scent of the vanished rose to me!

Chas. C. Jones.

WHEN LOVE WAS ALL

NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

DESHARD was conscious of a scorching rush of blood to his very temples as he picked up the slip of a letter on his reading table and recognized Gwendoline Cartwright's eccentric little back-hand. With the scarlet pounding in his face and his heart throbbing turgidly, he tore off the edge of the envelope with a none too steady hand, unfolded a thin sheet of paper and read:

Dear Stanley:

I am in distress. May I see you and talk to you?

You have always helped me, and I know of no one—*no friend*—to whom I'd be willing to appeal save yourself.

The situation is a difficult—I might say, an improbable, one. But things may clear up—as they often do—on being gone over and considered by two heads. As for my own, the things that come into it, go out—and the others that come—well, I scarcely think that I am capable of formulating a connected, much less a lucid, thought. And a great, great deal is at stake.

For reasons which I shall not mention now, it will not be consistent for you to come here, to the house. Instead, I am proposing that I visit your studio this afternoon at four, if you have no pupils on for that hour. Should the time be inconvenient, let me know. Otherwise, expect me punctually.

Yours,

Gwen.

Deshard fingered the paper reflectively for a moment. Amazement, curiosity, apprehension, fought in turn for the mastery of his features. It was so unlike Gwendoline Cartwright to seek help, or advice, of anybody; so foreign to her cold. independent nature to confess the need of it, even.

But that her appeal should have been made to *him*, changed his surprise, by degrees, to a strange feeling of elation. He smoothed out the sheet, unconsciously crumpled in his tense fingers, and read again the lines she had sent him. "A friend." The words chilled him momentarily, despite the rapid beating of his heart. Was there, in the employment of the word, some lurking intention calculated to abort any unwarranted flowering of hope? The hope whose embryo she must know had always existed within him?

Well, so be it. If he could not be the other thing—the One Thing—he would be satisfied to serve her as a friend, whatever the cost. Such was the quality of the love he bore her. So without hesitation he sat down and penned a hasty line telling her simply that she could depend upon him. This dispatched by special messenger, he called up three or four of his pupils by 'phone and cancelled all engagements for the afternoon.

Once more alone with his thoughts, Deshard found himslf lapsing into curious depression. All the disappointments and sorrows and unfulfilled dreams of his past life marshalled themselves about him like phantoms and mocked him. What, after all, had he made of his life, his talent? The former had been sacrificed to trivialities; the volatile pleasures of a vehement, uncurbed temperament; the latter had served merely as a bridge to carry him safely across the stream of Desire—and, sometimes, Need. No laurels, no glory no honor. Simply a daily grind, the returns of which must afford the requirements of his superficial, transitory mode of living.

He mused somewhat bitterly on his first meeting with the Girl. Had his love elicited love in return, things might

have been—*would* have been—different. But there was the inevitable Other Man. And in his downward course, he went from bad to worse.

But six months ago, he suddenly made up his mind to "reform." Not from any high and mighty principle or motive, but merely because he realized in a flash that both brain and body were in jeopardy. Since that time there had been but one recession. Two nights ago he had, in a fit of desperation, "made a night of it" in company with a couple of friends. The experience had left him distinctly disgusted and decidedly wise. He believed, now, he was safe.

The clamor of noon bells roused Deshard from his reverie. He rose, glanced carelessly toward his untouched easel, flung on his hat and started out to lunch. It was past two when he returned and began tardily setting to rights the disarranged articles about the room. He wrote two or three business letters just to kill time, and at half after three sat sown to wait—and compose himself—for the special moment that was to try him more than he dreamed.

* * * * * *

She entered noiselessly, without knocking, and laid her muff and collar on the little center-table, just as she used to do when she came to her lessons.

Deshard drew up a chair and pushed her into its soft depths, gently. He noted with an involuntary pang, that the girl's cheeks were dead white and that every little while her breath came with a sort of painful catch. He hurried over to a small buffet and begun pouring Sauterne into a glass.

"Try this, Gwendoline. You look—frozen."

She smiled whimsically and waved the wine away. "It's raw outside. I shall be all right instantly—it's so warm and cosy in here."

Deshard's brows contracted in a little spasm of anxiety. There was something about the girl he had never seen before. And he could not define it. Slowly his eyes swept her from head to foot, puzzled, searching. It was a strange Gwendoline seated there, pallid, nervous, distrait. Her chin dropped suddenly upon her breast; her hands locked and unlocked restlessly in her lap. She did not raise her eyes.

Where was the old hauteur? The fine, proud poise? The perfect self-confidence?

"I wonder," she began abruptly, "I wonder if I have acted foolishly in taking this step?" She raised her eyes tentatively to his, while a slow, throbbing pink surged into her cheeks.

"No," said Deshard quickly, "of course not. If you're in any sort of trouble, and I can be of service to you—"

Her keen gray eyes swept his face as she cut in swiftly: "You can be of every service, Stanley—if you will. You can help me to a clearer vision: you can show me—the way."

He encouraged her tactfully by his silence.

"I had to talk to some one," she murmured on with impetuous bitterness, "I had to—understand, or—go mad."

"Gwendoline!"

"It is the truth. Have you—was there ever—anyone you—cared for very dearly?" Her lips trembled.

Deshard nodded.

"Have you—ever *loved* anyone, Stanley?"

In the effort he made lest he betray himself, the curious intensity of the girl's tone escaped him. "Who has not?" he returned circumspectly. He uttered a little, forced laugh, the sound of which grated keenly upon Gwendoline Cartwright's sensitive ears for she looked up quickly, the crimson dyeing her cheeks. But she resumed carefully:

"Loved anyone, believed that your love was reciprocated—and obtained proofs that—that he was not—worthy?"

Deshard hesitated a second before replying: "Women are apt to be a trifle critical, Gwendoline. A man may go the length, while with a girl—there are limitations. It couldn't be made a comparable case."

The girl flushed sharply. "I did not come here to discuss sex idiosyncrasies, Stanley, or—or the conventional viewpoint. That subject has been threshed till it's threadbare. But I thought you could—and *would*—tell me honestly,

unreservedly—if it is possible for a man to really care for a—a good woman and at the same time find diversion in—in—" she broke off painfully confused.

"I believe it is, Gwen. You see, he may not know that she loves him, if she has not told him so. Then, too, there is something about the brute nature of man that stands apart from his better, higher life, and those that are associated with it. History seems to have proved it, lamentable as it may appear."

Gwendoline drew a perceptible breath of relief, though the color still tingled mortifyingly in her cheeks. "I know," she went on, grappling with the subject by an effort, "that it is an unusual thing for a woman like me to come to a man—like you—and discuss such a subject. But there was no other way for me to find the truth—and myself. Ordinarily I could not. But when one is fighting for her happiness, her love—her very life—it makes a difference. I could not give up everything without a struggle. I might sit tamely and let others map out my plans, bind me with iron-clad tenets just *because* I am a woman. But I—won't. May I ask you one more question?" She clasped her slim, gloved hands and bent forward eagerly in her chair. After a single, involuntary flicker of the jet lashes her gaze steadied.

Deshard bowed gravely. He reached over and gathered her hands in his. "Ask me anything you like," he said, "I shall try to be candid."

"Would—would a woman run any risk in marrying such a man—if—if he asked her?"

The silence of the room grew almost tangible. At length Deshard spoke.

"They do it every day. The different mode of life makes other differences. The high-ball and the music-hall lose their zest for the fellow who picks out—and gets—the right woman. After all, most of us resort to the frivolous for mere lack of something to do rather than from any real appetite for it." Suddenly remembering, he released her hands.

The girl relaxed. A softer light came into her eyes. "I am gald I had the courage to come and talk to you," she said tremulously, "and I shall put everything behind me. But knowing—I think he must know now—that I love him, I cannot afford to tolerate a repetition of—of those things."

A shadow crossed Deshard's face. His hands clenched in his pockets as he said calmly: "If you have confessed your feelings, Gwendoline, I feel more than certain you will never be called upon to do so."

"He cannot—help—knowing," she answered musingly. A smile grew in her eyes, about her lips. But the faint look of expectancy upon her face died gradually away as Deshard returned harshly:

"Then if he is anything of a man—and he knows that you care—there'll not be two ways about it. If there *are*, he isn't worth your love."

His eyes met hers, their gaze locked; hers fell. Deshard felt the blood flash through him like fire; a fierce madness swept over him— a reckless desire to crush the girl in his arms and cry out that she was his, his, his! But prudence struck a sharp note of warning to his manhood and he sank back, weak and horror-stricken, in his chair. She had come to him—trusted him—as a friend, and he would have betrayed that confidence most grossly! He regained his poise quickly and rose, walking back and forth in front of her chair. Never before had he realized the full depth of his passion; the deathless grip it held upon the very tenures of his soul. At last he paused and looked down at the calm, thoughtful face of the girl. "Will you tell me," he asked quietly, "how you know?"

She hesitated the fraction of a second. Then the confession tumbled out.

"From Jack. It was two nights ago. I was sitting up for him. He was very drunk when he reached home—at two. He was dreadful. He made me promise never to receive *him* there, in the house, again. I was terribly frightened. I gave him my word. But when I came to myself, I realized that that must not, could not be the end of everything. And so I came to you."

Deshard ground his teeth. But again he controlled himself.

"I shall be your friend—always, Gwen," he said huskily.

She made a motion to rise and he drew her to her feet, noting that she quivered perceptibly from head to foot.

"Good-bye and—thank you," she said simply, "I think now I feel better."

He led her to the door and with strained eyes watched her disappear in the curve of the stairway. Then he went back into the studio, dropped lifelessly into a chair and buried his convulsed face in his hands.

The sound of an unsteady rap on the door brought Deshard to himself abruptly. He rose, crossed the room unsteadily and admitted—Harold Burkhardt. The sight of the man's face was, all at once—because of Gwendoline—oddly repulsive. It was doubly so, flushed with liquor and stupid to stillness.

"Lemme in, Stan'ey, an' b' quick about it. Can't you see when a feller'—hic—sick?" Been sthandin' out there b' the window a'most a hour—"

"I can see when he's beastly full—certainly. Come on in."

Burkhardt staggered into the room and fell on a chair.

Deshard contemplated him grimly for a moment. Then he went to the telephone and called up the man's rooms and spoke to his valet. Afterward, he crossed to an open window and stood staring stupidly out into the snow-flecked air. His thoughts were suddenly plunged into bitter confusion. Had he after all, acted wisely in the advice he gave Gwendoline Cartwright? With his own lips he had spoken the words that would give her into the keeping of this—brute. In the quixotic effort to efface self and secure the happiness of the woman he loved, he had done her an everlasting and ineradicable injury. He began in a flash to look upon things through a sudden change of lens. * * * * *

Quick, light footsteps echoed in the corridor. There was something subtly familiar about their ring. Deshard wheeled and hurried to the door. He stopped the girl on the threshold. His face was very white as he recognized her.

"I must come in at once, Stanley. I—I've lost the stone out of my brooch. Will you help me to look for it?"

"You cannot come in just now, Gwen. Wait here and I'll search—"

Deshard's obvious embarrassment roused her instant suspicion.

"But—but why? I'd rather look myself. I feel dreadfully upset about it, and it's getting late. Open the door."

"I cannot."

The girl seemed suddenly to stiffen, to grow rigid and several degrees taller. "Someone is in there," she said harshly.

"Yes."

She laughed. "Pardon me, Mr. Deshard," she said with slow, insolent significance, "I'm sorry if I've—er—intruded. If you find the jewel, you have only to mail it to my address.

The man merely nodded. His pained eyes made no effort to refute the scathing challenge of her own.

"I shall have the room searched at once. There's no doubt it will be recovered if it was dropped here."

Gwendoline Cartwright turned away with an amused shrug. But beneath the careless exterior was a broken heart. She walked quickly toward the stairs, her head at its old haughty angle, her pallid lips curved in a scornful smile. At the head of them, she almost ran into Burkhardt's man, coming up. Yielding to a swift impulse, she shrank into a small alcove and waited. Stanley Deshard's rooms were the only ones to be reached by that entrance and she wondered vaguely. * * * *

A few minutes later, she saw Burkhardt and the man emerge from the studio and come toward the stairs. When they had passed her and gained the street, she hurried down the steps and out into the crisp air. Half an hour's rapid walking brought her to her own door. Her thoughts were in a turmoil. Every nerve tingled with humiliation. She had acted ridiculously: made herself absurd in the eyes of the man whose good opinion she valued above everything on earth! It had taken but a glance to comprehend Harold Burkhardt's condition. Then she understood.

When she had calmed herself suf-

ficiently she went to the telephone and called up Deshard's studio. Even over the wire his voice sounded unnatural and dispirited.

"Stanley," she said breathlessly, "I want to apologise—to—to explain. I feel horribly mortified and—and if you forgive me please come here at once and tell me so."

Inside of fifteen minutes, Deshard was touching the bell at the Cartwright's. He had promised to serve her as a friend. There was nothing else to do but to come at her bidding, though the prospect of the ordeal of another interview filled him with dread.

Gwendoline rose and came forward timidly as he entered the library. She held out both hands to him, her heart giving a little sharp lurch as she saw how white he was and that years seemed to have left their mark upon him since they had talked together in his studio.

"Are you going to forgive me, Stanley?" she asked tremulously, "I—was beside myself a while ago. I thought—" she paused.

"You thought?" Something in the girl's eyes made his heart beat hard.

"I thought—I was afraid—that there was—that it was another—woman." Her eyes fell, while rivers of red ran from throat to brow as she made the confession.

Deshard laughed. "There's only one woman who figures in my thoughts, Gwendoline, and as she can never figure in my life, I've cut the fair sex out of it altogether."

She drew back, her hands dropping listlessly from his clasp.

"And she?" The words came in a little smothered whisper.

"I was trying to save her from the truth—about Burkhardt."

For a second Gwendoline gazed at him in astonishment. Then a blinding light flashed on her brain.

"That—that wretched beast!" she excalimed indignantly.

"I've always known he cared for you. I thought he was the one—"

"Oh!" A shudder of repulsion swept over her.

A great sob of relief rose in Deshard's throat. He looked deep into the girl's eyes and reading there the truth—all power of control beyond him at last—he caught her to his breast and rained kisses on her hair, her closed eyes, her mouth.

A little laugh of pure joy bubbled up to the girl's lips. She did not resist him. She did not even protest. Instead, her arms went up about his neck and she clung to him.

"Oh! Stanley," whe whispered, "you old stupid. There's never *really* been anybody—but you!"

KNIGHT OF THE OVERALLS

Not his the task of righting fancied wrong.
Nor lightly giving life or limb in vain;
Not brave his heart to smile on victim slain,
But in the lists of toil his arm is strong,
And firm and true he battles hard and long,
His cause more worthy than from Arthur's train
E'er led plumed head to bow in mortal pain;
And yet, of him is sung no victor's song,
No master touch of chisel, brush, or pen
Proclaims him deathless in the world of men;
But when we gather on the other ride,
And forth the King his truest knighthood calls,
I somehow feel that in the van will ride
This one—the knight who wears the overalls.

J. M. Walsh.

A MINISTER WITH A CIRCUS

W. H. MOORE

IT was twelve o'clock, midnght, when,I found myself alone in a state room of Campbell Brothers private car. I had leaped at a single bound, from the midst of the ecclesiastical world into the heart of the circus world. It had required but a few hours to make the transition, but it was complete, and the change was great, and yet, not so great as some would suppose, for one finds human nature much the same the world over, and there is about as much of it in one man as there is in another. The room was six by nine feet in size, and a marvel of compactness and convenience. There were drawers, shelves, hooks, mirror, pincushion, comb case, besides various and sundry other things in that little room there was also a good bed.

It came about in this way: The Campbell Brothers gave an exhibition in the town where I live, and where I am, at present, the pastor of one of the best churches in Southwestern Kansas. A fellow clergyman said to me, in reference to the circus people, "They are corrupt from one end to the other." I asked him how he knew. "Why," he said, "don't you believe they are?" I said, I do not know how do you know? His reply was to the effect that it could not be otherwise. Now I have heard many people say the same things about the church and the ministry, and I knew they did not know what they were talking about. Thereupon, I resolved to find out how corrupt the circus was. So I sought, and was granted, an interview with the legal adjuster of the show, Mr. W. P. Campbell. This interview was, however, brief and for that reason unsatisfactory, so, later the whole managing staff sent me an invitation to come, "on the show," as they of the circus say, and visit them. I accepted the invitation, and hence this article.

A description of the way a big circus is managed will, no doubt, be of interest to many. It is a migatory village completely organized. It is a corporation with three hundred men in its employ; it makes and enforces its own rules. The people all work under written contract, in which the rules of the circus are set forth, for the violation of which a man is subject to a fine in any sum the management may deem itself damaged by such violation. Or if they see fit, they may fine and discharge the offender. The rules forbid drunkeness, gambling, loud and indecent language, short changing,.quarreling, fighting and discæutious behaviour toward patrons of the show.

There is one set of men who load and unload the trains; there is another, who care for the horses and haul the wagons to and from the trains; there are others who drive all the stakes; still others who have charge of the menagerie; still others who put up and take down the canvas, then there are the cooks, the musicians, the performers, and the foremen. There is a boss canvas man; a chief cook; a trainmaster; a chief hostler; a bandmaster; a zoologist; a physician; a legal advisor; a cashier; an auditor; a steward; a mail agent; a superintendent of lights; and the car porters. And besides this there is, of course, the advance man and the corps of advertisers, who are subject to his orders.

There are five sleeping cars, one apartment, and one privilege car, besides the private car of the proprietors. The train is made up as follows: At the rear is the private car. It has five state rooms, an office and a wash room

in one end, a parlor and toilet rooms in the other. The office is equipped with desk, writing table, typewriter, chairs, safe, and couch. They have a variety or plants growing in the car; the windows are curtained and the entire floor is covered with linoleum. The office of this car is the center of the whole organization. Here come all the agents after the evening performance to report, and to turn in the receipts of the day; here also the managing staff meets in executive session. It was, to me, quite a treat to be present at a meeting with the advance agent. This man. who is the eldest of the founders and owners of the show, travels hundreds of miles in advance. He goes back and forth across the country over which the show is to come, noting crop prospects, industrial and economic conditions, and every other thing that is of vital interest to the company. Upon him, chiefly rests the responsibility of routing the circus, and looking after the advertising. Occasionally he visits the troopers and then he is off again, to the advance.

Next is the department car, wherein live the families. In this car also live the unmarried women if there be any. This season the circus has only one unmarried woman with it, all the other women are there with their husbands. There were as I now remember ten families, that is, men and their wives, and a few children. Some of them had no children, while others had theirs in school. It is not the policy of the company to take with them people who have young children, nor to employ unmarried women who have no near male relative with the show.

Next is the privilege car. It has a lunch counter in one end and tables in the other, with a kitchen in the middle. Here a good lunch may be had at almost any time in the day. To this car all the employees have access and equal rights.

After this come the sleeping cars for the men. There are five of them and they will accommodate more than a hundred men to the car, hence it is seen that there is ample room for all to sleep inside. These cars are veritable hotels. They are kept by porters, who are paid by taking twenty-five cents out of every man's weekly wages. All employees are required to disrobe and retire in the same manner they would if in a swell regulated household. After a reasonable hour no loud talking is allowed, so that the men can get their rest. This train is frequently inspected, and must be kept clean. The porters must make the beds every day, sweep and ventilate the cars and look after the laundry.

The circus is a democracy so far as eating is concerned, for they all have the same fare. Breakfast and dinner are served on the lots, at the hours of 10:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m. In this tent there are twelve tables which accommodate sixteen people each, the different departments of the show having their respective tables at which they dine. The food is of substantial character and there is plenty of it. Lunch may be had at the car early in the morning and after the evening performance. So you see the showmen eat four times a day. Contrary to the general impression there is plenty of time for rest and sleep, none of the laboring men work more than eight hours a day, and some not more than five. This last statement does not hold good with respect to the managers; they have long and weary hours, nor is it true of any in time of a storm. At such time all regularity is broken up and every body works to save the property.

There is a commissary department at which the men can buy ordinary supplies, such as shirts, overalls, tobacco and cigars, and many other things of a like nature. This is done to keep them from getting to town. They say, "It makes better boys of them." Everybody has equal right to the services of the company physician without expense to the employee. They have with them tools with which to do blacksmithing, harness making, and wagon repairing. In short this organization can light down on the plains and in two hours have all the accomodations that are to be found in a town of ordinary size, and in the same length of time they can load the whole concern on their trains and be off.

Showmen sign contracts with railroad companies by which the latter

are released from all liability for damages in case of wreck, and for this reason they cannot insure their property therefore all such losses are complete. This particular circus pays about $250.00 a day for railroad service. They have more than $70,000.00 invested in the circus, and they have a total expense of $1000.00 a day. At a glance one can see that it requires first class business capacity to successfully carry on this enterprise.

As to business ethics, it is my opinion that the proprietors of this circus will compare favorably with any corporation that is in the country. They deal honestly with the people who work for them. I never heard any thing to the contrary, but I did hear many of their employees speak in terms of praise regarding this matter. And their dealing with the public is of the same general character. No fair minded man ever has any trouble dealing with them. A child can buy anything they have to sell with as much security as he can buy groceries over the counter of a store in his home town.

There is absolutely no danger of being robbed; there is no short changing; there is no gambling; and their patrons are treated with perfect courtesy. Their manner of advertising the show is substantially correct. It would be out of the question to advertise a big show just as it is, for the reason that they may be able to do one day what they could not do the next. This partisular circus does very little specific advertising in Kansas because they are so well and favorably known throughout the State. It was in this State that they began some twenty years ago, and they have given a number of exhibitions within its borders almost every year since. Merely to call attention to the fact that the circus is coming to town, is in their opinion, sufficient where they are well known, and hence they use almost exclusively stock bills.

There are many things on the bills that are not to be seen in the show, and there are many things in the show that are not on the bills.

If the circus people tried to hold the public up as often as the public tries to hold them up, I would brand them as a set of thieves. If there is a counterfeit coin in all the country, they are nearly sure to get it. Their auditor, who is, by the way, a very fine man, and has been in the circus business all his life, told me that he had sold tickets for the Ringling Brothers, and for that matter for many other big circuses, and that he had thrown literally hundreds of counterfeit coins in rivers. "I know a counterfeit," said he, "as soon as I touch it, but when thousands of people are crowding up for tickets, it would be nonsense to stop and dispute about a coin. We would lose more than we would make, so I just take them, sort them, sort them out at night, and the first time the train crosses a river I throw them in."

I have stood at the main entrance with the gate keeper, and I have seen women and men try to pass a seven-year-old for a four-year-old child, or try to pass a fifteen-year-old for a ten-year-old child, until the gate keeper would pin them down, then they would own up that the child was older. And in all probability some of these dear souls were members of churches which forbid them to attend a circus, because showmen are such thieves and liars.

The time of the legal adjuster is largely occupied in looking after what they call "shakedowns." Here is a good example: A crowd of town boys came to the lots, early in the morning, as is often the case. The animal cages were being prepared for exhibition, as they are each day. There is a small opening at the bottom of each cage through which the keepers thrust their mops and rakes in order to cleanse them. These openings were not fastened. A curious boy persisted in raising the shutters to see what was in the cages. Four times he was ordered away; but when there was no one looking he took another peek. There happened to be a couple of tigers in this particular cage, and one of them struck him with his front foot, making an ugly wound across the boy's face. He was taken at once to a hospital and the wound was dressed, all at the expense of the circus, and in addition to this he was given ten dollars. Nevertheless, the next day the boy's father filed a damage suit against them



for $20,000.00. The circus cannot afford to go into court, and all they can do is to buy themselves out, sometimes it costs them $500.00. Such things as this frequently occur with them.

They have also to protect themselves from within. One day an employee was seen putting his hand in a lion's cage. One of the managers said to him, "What are you doing! That lion will tear your hand off the first thing you know." He retorted with an oath, "What do I care! If he did I would get more money for damages than I will ever get for work." It is needless to say that he got his time at once. I sometimes rode at the head of parade with the detective. One day the streets were crowded, and a young man in a buggy had driven, with his sweetheart, as I suppose, into a place where his horse could not turn without upsetting the buggy. Said Mr. Campbell, "Do you see that darned fool?" I replied that I did. "If I don't drive him out of there," said he, "likely as not when the elephants come along the horse will become frightened and turn around, break his buggy all to smash, and maybe kill the girl, then he would sue us for damages."

It has not been my privilege ever in life to meet more obliging and courteous gentlemen than the proprietors of this circus are. They are shrewd, jocose and generous. They take a kindly interest in the moral and material well-being of the people who work for them; they have traveled much and have dealt with all classes of people; they are interesting conversationalists and good story tellers; they are strongly attached to their homes and families. It happened that when I was with the circus none of the proprietors' wives were with them, though some of them are nearly always there. I met but one of their children. He is a young man who bears every mark of a gentleman. He is industrious, sober, clean, and well educated. His father found him smoking a pipe one day. Said he, "It made me so mad, that I just ran up to him and snatched that pipe out of his mouth, and threw it as far as I could send it." The snatching of the pipe was accompanied with some pointed and pertinent remarks, and it is gratifying to say that the young man has not used tobacco in any manner since.

I suppose the most objectionable feature in all the circus business is the side show. These attractions consist usually of music, singing, snake charming, legerdemain, mind reading, hypnotism, freaks, and dancing. They are

put on with the presumption that the people want that kind of show, and that the organization would be incomplete without it. Doubtless there is a certain class of people who want to see that kind of show, and would be disappointed if they went to a circus and did not see it. The singing is always of the vaudeville variety, and I suppose good, for those who like that kind of singing. The feature to which most objection is raised is the dancing. In this particular circus all the fancy dancing is done by a man. Even modern circusses seem to hold, in some degree to the idea of P. T. Barnum; that is, that the people like to be hum-bugged and that they will be disappointed if they go to a circus that is entirely free from this. So far as I had opportunity to observe there is nothing positively bad about their sideshow; still I must say, that in my opinion, there are some things that could be more refining and elevating than they are. I made myself somewhat acquainted with the people who have charge of that part of the concern and they seemed to be decent and respectable folks. Let us remember that the circus is not a benevolent institution, its primary purpose is to make money, and this end is to be attained by amusing and entertaining the people, and they try to play to the whole population. The merchant who is wise finds out what people want, and then he gets it for them; the showman follows much the same course,—he gets for the people what they want. Amusement and entertainment constitutes his merchandise, and the show his life-long and only business—nay, it is his home, they always talk of the circus as if it never moves. From my point of view I cannot endorse every thing done in these shows, neither can I endorse every thing that some people do who are members of the church wherein I preach. And besides, I have seen vaudeville and variety shows at county fairs and street carnivals, and other like places, where the management consisted of local citizens who were rated to be respectable men, compared with which the sideshow of this circus is a mighty tame affair.

When the patronizing public convinces the showman that they want something more refined and aesthetic, they will get it without a doubt. While there is no effort made here to paliate an unclean show, yet it must be admitted that the public is largely responsible for the existence of undesirable exhibitions, if the people did not patronize them they could not survive, and, moreover, those who go to such shows, knowing what they are before they go, are no better than the people who put them on.

The improvement which has already been made, by these men and others, in putting the circus on a better business and moral basis, encourages us to believe that the time may come when all that is objectionable shall be eliminated, and confidence and fraternity shall take place of that suspicion and hostility which has so long existed between the circus and certain classes. And if this atricle does any thing toward that end, the writer will feel that it has been well worth his while to make the effort necessary to produce it.

I am aware that there are men in every town who will find out more bad things about a circus by attending a single performance as a spectator, than an ordinary man will be traveling with them for a whole month. For instance, they get into a tent in the evening; most likely it is the sideshow tent, and after the performance is over, while the big show is going on, and there they see something that is "awful." Just the' 'wise guys" saw it, no one but the "initiated" were there. Any one who ever traveled with a circus knows that there are no spectators in any of the tents after the evening performance.

The moral condition of this show is vastly better than the average man gives them credit for. I had myself ribbed up for all kinds of experiences except the kind I really had. I supposed there would be drunken men about, and that I would see several fights, and hear quarrels daily. I expected to be rebuffed and spurned and treated with contenipt by some of the men. But in this I was delightfully surprised. I saw no liquor; I saw one man who had been drinking, I am not sure that he was an employee of the show: I saw no fight; I saw no gambling; I

heard no quarrel; I heard no man curse another; I heard some profanity, but not more than I might have heard on the streets of my home town with a like number of men about me. I heard not one word of vulgarity or indecent language. I was treated with respect and even politeness by all the men. Some of them were a little suspicious, but none of them were discourteous. The management, however, will not claim that the circus is entirely free from evil practices and influences. They will tell you that there is some gambling and drinking among their men, but it is not tolerated by the company, and when the guilty parties are found they are dealt with according to the rules as noted above. "Yes," but some one will say, "don't they have a lot of hoboes with them?" Yes, they have that class with them who are so designated; however, I am much indisposed to call any man by that name. For, "why should I sit in the scorner's seat, and hurl the cynic's ban?" I am by nature no better than any other man. But should they be discredited on that account? Every town in the country of any size has the same class, more or less. The difference is that with this circus they have to behave themselves, and in many towns they let them do about as they please. I do not know of any town that manages this element as well as this particular circus does. They take every precaution to make these men better. And when one stops to think, it is not strange that such is the the case, for they want sober, honest, and industrious men no less than do we of other callings. I have been among miners, railroad graders, bridge builders, steel gangs, and threshers, I now give it as my deliberate opinion, that the laboring men with this circus will compare favorably with any of the classes mentioned above, and that they are vastly superior, in morals, to any camp of railroad graders I have ever known.

The managers, foremen and performers are equal, in morals and in intelligence, to the average man as they are commonly found over the country. I was delighted at their genuine politeness. For instance the waiters in their dining tent and car, are just as polite as are to be found in a well ordered hotel. One day I stood on the street as the parade went by, I heard a woman say, in reference to the circus women, "Any one can see that they are hard cases." I noticed, however, that the dear sister was at the circus to see the hard cases perform. Now I wish to say, that for any thing I saw while I was with the circus I have no more right to question the virtue of these women than I have to question that of the matrons of my home town. As I have already stated, all but one of them are there with their husbands, and there are no more incentives to an immoral life there than there are in many other places where hundreds of women live, about whose characters there is never any question. It was harder for me to approach the women than it was to approach the men. For Mr. Preacherman, let me tell you, they are just as suspicious of you as you are of them, and perhaps, if all the facts were known, their reasons for such suspicion are as good as yours. This difficulty was, however, partly due to circumstances, there were only two times each day that I could talk to them at all, that is, while they were at dinner, or between the afternoon and evening performance. When I got somewhat acquainted with these women, I found them possessed with all the qualities common to womanhood the world over, they love their children and their homes, they are just as jealous of their reputation as are women in other walks of life. And after all, why not?

A preacher said to me, "Do you believe a virtuous woman will expose her person as a circus performer does?" I suspect that the brother had not been to a circus for twenty years, and the circus of that day was a very different organization from the one in question. Here is a line from the contract which all performers in this circus must sign. "All performers costume must be of the best, and such as are fit to appear before the most refined audiences." If any one of these performers should appear under the hippodrome attired as I have seen college and high school athletes dressed, or as people dress at a fashionable bathing resort, he would be dis-

charged at once. There is no exposure of person in this circus, all the things done by women are beautiful and becoming. They all wear skirts where the nature of the work is such as admits of it, and when otherwise dressed it is much more becoming than many of the abominable habits one may see any day on the streets.

However, no claim is made, even by the circus people themselves, to absolute and universal moral rectitude; they have their trouble with that sort of thing occasionally. But, where will you find a like number of people who never have such trouble? I have known such trouble in the church—nay in the ministry. Shall we therefore condemn the whole church and ministry? That were folly! Then why not, "Do unto others as we would have them do unto us." We often meet the question, "What did you go into such business for?" In many cases their progenitors have been circus people for generations, they have never known anything else. "Well, why don't they quit it?" For the same reason that I cannot quit preaching,—because I don't know how to do anything else. The assumption underlying all such questions is that the circus is inherently bad. It is no part of my present purpose to discuss that phase of the subject, but I will venture to say that if some of these people who ask such questions could get a couple hundred dollars a week for doing a few stunts, they would be willing to take it; all their conscientious scruples would vanish.

Between the afternoon and evening performance is the time for practice. The big tent is alive with children to perform, or training horses, mules, ponies, and elephants. This is as interesting as the circus itself. This is also the social hour, at this time the women bring out their sewing and mending and sit in the grand stand. This was the best opportunity I had to converse with them, and toward the last there was getting to be quite a disposition to chat with me even on religion.

After the evening performance many go to the lunch car, this is a great place to drink coffee and tell yarns. Contrary to the general impression the circus folks are a jolly crowd. I was as completely in a new world as if I had gone to the opposite side of our planet; it was to me a world full of new and interesting experiences. These people would listen to me tell stories, and recite my experience till past midnight, I was to them as if I had come across the stormy billows of the sea, from a land six thousand miles away.

We have a great deal to say about the tough element that is with them, but it does not occur to us that they dread our toughs as much as we do theirs. "What sort of a guarantee will you give us," said the mayor of a town, to one of the proprietors, "that you will not bring a lot of toughs to our town?" Said the showman, "I will give you the very best possible under the circumstances, but, what sort of guarantee will you give us that there won't any of your town toughs visit our show while we are here?" I saw young men well dressed, drunk and vulgar come to that show, compared with which the conduct of the worst man on the circus payroll would be genteel.

We hear also a great deal about the tough crowd that follows them. I asked a man how they did it. "Oh," said he, "they beat their way on the circus train." Now let me say once for all, that there don't any one hang around that train who is not on the payroll. Any one who knows the temper and discipline of that organization would never make such a statement. Some Gypsies went through our town twenty-four hours after the circus was gone, and yet I heard some people say, "That is the kind of stuff the circus brings to town." I heard others say that there was no doubt they were following the show. What in the name of all that is reasonable were they following it for? Nothing could be more ridiculous, the circus moves on an average of one hundred miles a day—pretty good traveling for the gypsies' bony old horses.

I remained with the circus over Sunday and preached to them, a thing that had never occurred before in their history. We had a good service; they all listened very attentively, and after the sermon many of them came and



thanked me with tears in their eyes, and told me how much they appreciated my remarks. Several said, "I wish we could have something like that every Sunday." One man said, "I have been with the circus for twenty years, and that is the first time I ever heard any man pray for circus people." I spent the day on the lots with these men, I talked with them about things, they told me about their homes, and mothers and fathers; showed me letters from their relatives and friends. We had discussed the feasibility of organizing some kind of religious society among them, some of them expressed a willingness to join and take some active part in it. And thus the day had been spent, and I was weary and dusty. I had not shaved for want of an opportunity, and I did not look very tidy. It was about 5:00 o'clock in the evening when I started back to the car. I made up my mind to call upon the pastor of the church of my denomination, a thing which I did in all the towns we visited while I was with the circus, except one. I told him who I was and that I was with the circus as a guest of the proprietors, and that I had preached to them that day, and was going down to the car and clean up, and would be back in the evening to hear him preach.

To say that he gave me a cold reception does by no means express it. I do not know why he treated me so, it may be his way, but it was so different from any thing I had met with before that I was much embarrassed. Elsewhere the brethern received me in the manner customary among ministers of the gospel. I attended the services in the evening; the congregation was small, but looked like a very fine class of people. The sermon was good. It is customary for ministers, particularly of the same denomination, to recognize a visiting brother, and ask him to take some part in the services. I was not recognized. I certainly did not care, and would have declined taking any part in the services, but I wonder why. It may be that he was ashamed of me; if so why? Of course I was with the circus, and let us admit they are a tough crowd, but Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, and He sent His servants to do the same. If I had crossed the ocean to preach to heathen in China, no matter how degraded they may have been, then,I would have been a hero. Preaching as I did to churchless people at home, had I done any thing unbecoming a follower of Him who said, "I came to seek and to save the lost?"

I have attended missionary conventions when some representative of the church from foreign field would tell us of a village the inhabitants of which wanted the gospel, and he had no money with which to support a missionary. And I have seen, on such occasions, the whole congregation melted to tears, and I have seen them, at such times subscribe large sums of money for the support of foreign missionary enterprises. I cannot criticise such generosity, it is sublime. But here is, as I have already said, a migratory village, the inhabitants of which want the gospel, and will extend a hearty welcome to any minister who will visit them on their lots wherever they may chance to be, and if it be on the Sabbath, they will gladly hear him preach. And all of this can be done without one dollar of expense. This particular circus, which I have tried honestly to describe, is not half so bad as people imagine; but suppose it were worse than we have imagined, are we of the ministry justified in neglecting them? We preach to convicts in the penitentiary, do we, therefore, endorse their crimes? We preach to the idolatrous, lecherous, man-eating heathen, but no one suspects that for that reason we condone their wickedness.

I found men in that circus as far removed from the influence of the church as are the heathen in Africa. It does not matter how vile they are, nor whose fault it is, nothing can make it wrong for me to try to help them; and nothing can make it right for me, as a minister of the gospel, to neglect them. In this same town where I was snubbed by a fellow clergyman, another minister who is widely known, said to me, "Allow me to congratulate you on the work you are doing, those men need your help and if more of our preachers would do such things we would not have so many jackasses in the pulpit."

This reminds me of a conversation I had with one of the men who performs in the circus. He is the eldest of four brothers; they do the work in the high trapeze. These men are athletes of the highest type,—what folly to talk about them dissipating, when their very lives depend upon a steady nerve and accurate vision. Their work is timed to the fraction of a second, one mistake, one delay, one move made prematurely and life itself is imperilled. Well, he said to me, "You are going to preach to us before you leave?" I said that I was. Then I asked him if he ever want to church. He said, "Yes, when I am at home, but never when I am on the road." Said he "You see it is like this, whenever we Sunday in a town the ministers take occasion to preach on the circus, and they know so little about it and say so many unkind things that are not true, that it makes us sore, and so we do not go. We are gentlemen, and these women who are with us are ladies whose houor we will defend anywhere, besides a fellow don't like to go to church and be skinned every time." Only once in their history have they had a minister come to their lots and invite them to his church.

It matters not what we think of the circus, it is here to stay; neither does it matter what we think about people attending it, as Goethe says,

> "And clamor as you preachers will about it,
> The people want amusement and they
> will not live without it."

Now since we cannot destroy the circus, nor keep people from going to it, it is better, it seems to me to use our influence to improve it, rather than stand in the pulpit and make grimaces at it. The fact is that nothing so stirs a small town and surrounding community as a circus, and as long as boys and girls are human beings they will want to go, and until they do go they will always have a gnawing curiosity to see what is inside of a circus tent. And not only boys and girls but many grown people will want to go, for the circus does make a powerful appeal to many people. I know that there are those who deny this, but I have seen these same people walk—nay run if necessary, two or three blocks to see the parade, alleging in justification of their conduct, "that there is no harm in that," and, we might add, neither is there any expense in it. Now if it is wrong to go to a circus it is wrong to watch the parade, "we may as well eat the devil as to drink his broth." And then I have

noticed also, how some people on circus day sceretly rejoice that they have children who are too young to attend alone, so they have a good excuse for going, declaring, in extenuation of their behavior, "I just had to take the children to see the animals."

The circus is largely responsible for the reputation it has, in view of the way the business has generally been conducted. There is, however, no reason why a circus may not be clean, and perfectly fit for any one to attend. In this particular show there is nothing in the menagerie nor the circus proper, that would shock even the most fastidious. And it is also true that the people are somewhat to blame for the character of the circus. Let the public refuse to patronize any but a clean show and a clean show will be the result.

Although circus life as herein depicted is far better than most people have supposed, yet it has its sable side. Sunday to many of them is not a Sabbath, the nature of the work is such that it can not be. When they arrive in a town on Sunday the train must be unloaded; the stock must be fed and watered, and other things to numerous to mention must be done. And yet I was told that they could have religious services on their lots eight Sundays out of ten, if there was a minister to do it. They are not by any means, the only folks who desecrate the Sabbath. There are mitigating circumstances in connection with their conduct in this regard as noted above. Such desecration of the Sabbath is not nearly so bad as when a railroad company plans deliberately to ship cattle on Sunday and refuses to furnish cars at any other time, thus forcing cattlemen to ship on that day or not at all.

Neither is it, in my opinion, as bad as when a chautauqua company opens its gates on Sunday and runs excursion trains for hundreds of miles in almost every direction, and sells tickets to the amount of thousands of dollars. What boots it if there is a sermon on the program; it is Sabbath desecration nevertheless.

The absence of home restraints and influences makes circus life perilous for young men. One can readily see how they might become desperately wicked, and unmistakably vile if the management had no care for them, and made no effort to restrain them from vicious lives. It gives me pleasure to say that the proprietors of this circus do take an interest in the moral well-being of those who work for them; they exercise a kind of paternal supervision over their men, particularly the younger ones. The modern circus and I mean by this all such as are organized as this one is, has its legal and medical advisers. I would modestly suggest one more incumbent, and that is the spiritual adviser, or chaplain.

"If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to give
A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
A throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some way-worn soul in passing by—
If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain
My life, though bare
Perhaps, of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us on earth, will not have been in vain.
Purest joy—
Most near to heaven far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding clouds give place to sun and shine,
And t'will be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
He did his best for one of thine."

—*Mildred Mc Neal.*

Inspiration

Inspired is he who reads God's wise intent
In all his handiwork, and, with purpose pure,
Interpretation gives so plain and true
That one, who seeking truth their lives have spent,
Therein find guiding stars which show a sure
And richer Heaven than the Wise Men knew.

Who traces wonders built of light and shade,
And show God's glory shining through it all;
Who makes the elements, with Science's aid,
Man's servants, coming at his beck and call;
Who sees God's impress on each human soul,
And joy and sorrow share with senses fine;
Who, prescient, sees Truth winner at the goal,
Knows the in-breathing of the Life divine.

Dora Hays Pence.

"TAILINGS," THE TRAMP

SHARLOT M. HALL

IT may be that the first miner was some pre-historic man who gouged holes in a bank of red clay to get brighter earth with which to bedaub his naked brown body; and it is all but sure that the first gold miner looked down into some clear mountain spring or little stream trickling over its canon bed and saw in the shallow water shining particles as yellow as the points of light in a camp-fire.

Perhaps he was a hunter coming home with a string of blue mountain pigeons for the family in the brush pile which was his house, and he stooped to drink and then sat down on the edge and dabbled in the water with his hands till some of that yellow stuff lay in his curious brown palm. And though it was heavy and cold and not good to eat or of any use to wear he wanted more of it—and all of his kindred down to this morning have been wanting more of it ever since, and devising all sorts of ways to plunder it from the with-holding earth.

Whether because it was the first or not, the way of the water remains most compelling, and there is no mine so wonderful as the placer mine, where the water that man has tamed and bridled like a horse broken to his use, is set to tearing down the earth and gathering its hoarded yellow treasure.

However none of the miners at Bluewater Bar were speculating on the origin of their employment or even its attending beauty and wonder; what time they chose to spare between supper and bunk was given to watching a big yellow dog that had come swinging into camp with an air of haste and importance and planted himself with calm assurance just where the cook couldn't move without walking over him.

Induced to get out of the way by offer of a huge pan of table scraps the stranger emptied the dish as one granting a favor and settled his bony length before the bunk house fire for the night. Daylight inspection led one of the men to conclude that he must have been made out of the pieces left over after all the breeds of dog in creation had been finished up; and he had in truth the tail of an Irish setter, the head of a bloodhound, the feet and legs of a mastiff, reach of back enough for a greyhound, and the hide of a mangy coyote, —and from protruding ribs and joints there had been little enough under the hide for many a week past.

His inharmonious anatomy seemed reflected in a morose and sullen temper, as if all the dogs in his make-up were growling at each other, and even the cook won from him no more than tolerance. Failing a fitting dog-name the men called him "Tailings," the same being the miner's term for the worthless slum and gravel-waste that poured out of the lower end of the sluice boxes.

The stranger accepted the name with indifference; probably his dog-memory recalled many worse and few as happily associated with full and frequent meals. He inspected the mine from end to end as carefully as a new engineer and then settled himself at ease on a pile of jackets which the men laid aside when they put on their waterproof "slickers" and went to work.

A suggestion of flesh began to appear along the bony scaffolding of his framework; life at a placer mine suited him exactly and even his temper might have relaxed toward cheerfulness but for some accidents early in his stay. It was fine fun to watch the "giants," great mouths of steel at the end of the long lines of iron pipe, out of which the water was cast in gleaming jets against the banks, and the solid earth melted away.



The spray flew up in long plumes shimmered with rainbow light, and dropped back to earth in flocks of molten gold as the sun shone through the mist from the beaten water. The rocks tumbled and rolled in all directions when a "fall" came and a huge piece of earth was torn from the bank and went banging and crashing through the narrow wooden sluice boxes with a roar that shook the air for yards around.

Sometimes a miner would get caught under the falling bank and all hands had to stop and pull him out, thankful enough if no bones were broken in the jam. Once Tailings stalked gravely in front of the nozzle and was danced up into the air like a dried bean from a squirt gun and left rolling on the bar above to reflect on the force of water and the loss of two teeth.

The water for the "giants" came from a reservior high up on the hill above the mine and here Tailings had many a morning dip and moonlight swim, for unlike his brethern of the road, he had a leaning toward cleanliness, which even his dance on the end of the hydraulic jet did not discourage.

After that unfortunate accident, however, he lost all interest in the work and lay idly dreaming on his pile of jackets, watching the men carry out the rocks too big to go down the sluice-way. Now and again some glacier-scarred old boulder would tumble down into the channel and defy both men and water; then out came the long steel drills, the giant powder and coils of fuse, and Tailings crowded himself to the very center of activity.

He knew when a rock was to be shot as well as the boss himself; in an earlier stage of his experience he had concluded to sit on the rock and see the explosion instead of following the men in their retreat behind the bank. The shot happened to be a light one so he got off with only one eye gone and a meek lop in his once aggressive tail, but though his enthusiasm remained he developed a bump of caution toward the lighted fuse.

He would watch with glowing interest from the time the holes were drilled till the powder with its cap and string of fuse was put in place, but when the match flashed he always rushed up the hill to the flat above the mine barking furiously. Ordinarily he was, the men said, too lazy to bark out loud, but on these occasions his voice rose in a harsh roar which the boss called "Tailings' business bark," and the men took it for their signal to get under cover till the blast was over.

Still it could not be said that Tailings became a beloved member of the tree of a respectable member of society; it was rumored that on sundry moonlight nights a very catapault in mangy yellow hide descended upon the unsuspecting and properly domesticated dogs who were the guardians of the near-by ranches, and, as the cook was told by a ranchman vegetable peddler: "Jist chawed 'em up so their hides wouldn't turn rain water," the moonlight swims removing all trace of battle before he returned to the bosom of his family.

His disposition, too, responded to prosperity in a not unusual way and he treated his best friends with jaunty insolence and stole cooling hams and puddings from the cook as easily as if he was not sure of three square meals a day; though in this he may have been merely keeping in practice in case he needed to hit the trail again.

As the restless "giants" gouged deeper into the hills the falling banks were higher and more dangerous and one of the men was caught and half-buried in the muddy land-slide. He was carried out with a broken arm and many bruises and the boss hired an Italian who happened along to take care of his place.

The "Dago" was a big, black fellow with little affinity for work and fingers that, the men said "Froze onto everything that wasn't red hot." One day Long Jack missed his favorite pipe and held the descendent of Roman nobles squirming and kicking within two inches of the nozzle till the lost property was restored, along with a varied collection of pocket knives and match boxes that had been missing. The boss paid the fellow off and he went away swearing vengeance on Long Jack and all the rest of America.

"Long Jack's vendetta" became a

better joke than Tailings, but a week later the men were roused at midnight by a furious clawing and scratching at the bunk house door where they all slept. The swing and thud of some big body broke the latch and as it fell Tailing's business bark filled the room like thunder.

The half-dressed, frightened men ran out, chased by a snarling, snapping fury of a dog who drove them like sheep to the nearest shelter, the bottom of a long-abandoned ditch, where he dropped flat with ears cocked and waiting. The last man was hardly down when the bunk house heaved and shook and rose up with an explosion that rained earth and splintered wood all over them.

Next morning they found the powder house empty and it was clear that but for Tailings the vendetta would have been a tragedy instead of a joke.

Like many another hero Tailings found gratitude harder to put up with than derision; ln all his experience the touch of a human hand on his mangy hide had always predicated additional and uncomfortable bumps on his ungainly anatomy. He stood it a few days, hoping the wave of ill-balanced feeling would subside, then the pan of table scraps was untouched and the space in front of the bunk house fire was unoccupied, and the ranchmen vegetable peddler said to the cook as he unloaded a sack of vegetables: "I see that yaller tramp dog go by last night like he had a call an' had got to git there. He never even turned his head to growl at my Tige; just loped right along with his nose down trail like he was sent for the doctor." It was true; fleeing like most of his brethern to escape the result of his own action, Tailings the Tramp had gone back to the Road.

THE COMING

I

They looked into each other's eyes;
No sign was there
Of doubting wonder nor surprise;
The mystery of th' unfathomed skies
To them was bare.
Oh, deep desire filled them! Love impelled
Their lips to meet, their fingers to entwine;
The passion of the eyes in them swelled;
They held its cup, together drained its wine!

II

Again they sought each other's eyes—
What depth was there!
The joy of Love's first paradise,
Which kindled to like flame arise,
Glowed warm and fair;
For, leaping into life-embodied soul,
He came, the strong, full babe of their one blood,
Came with his hands outstretched, and took the toll
Claimed at the gulf-gate, gave it to their God.

H. Howland.

TWICE TOLD TALES

The KANSAS MAGAZINE welcomes to this page every story, new or old, that has humor in it

One Best Bet

Plaintiff (in lawsuit)—"So you think I will get the money, do you?"

His Counsel—"I think we will get it."—*Puck.*

❖❖

A Flyer's Joke

Hubert Latham, the Antoinette flyer, was talking, at a tea in Los Angeles, to a pretty California girl.

"Mr. Latham," said the girl, as she took her nineteenth walnut and lettuce sandwich, "tell me, does flying require any particular application?"

"Well no, none in particular," Mr. Latham answered. "Arnica or horse liniment—one's as good as another."

❖❖

Tactful

Judge—"You are a freeholder?"

Talesman—"Yes, sir; I am."

Judge—"Married or single?"

Talesman—"Married three years last June."

Judge—"Have you formed or exprest any opinion?"

Talesman—"Not for three years, your honor."—*Success Magazine.*

❖❖

Difficult to Draw

A teacher asked her class to draw a picture of that which they wished to be. They all went diligently to work except one little girl, who only chewed her pencil.

"Don't you know what you want to be when you grow up, Anna?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, I know," replied the little girl, "but I don't know how to draw it. I want to be married."

Immaterial

The Sitter—"Yes, it's very nice, but you've made my hair too dark."

The Artist—"Shall I alter it, or will you?"—*London Opinion.*

❖❖

On Second Washing

"I've just washed out a suit for my little boy—and now it seems too tight for him."

"He'll fit it all right, if you'll wash the boy."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

❖❖

Answered

"Why do you put the hair of another woman on your head?" he asked severely."

"Why do you," she replied sweetly, "put the skin of another calf on your feet?"—*Suburban Life.*

❖❖

He Knew His Fate

"Silas, my lad," said the grocer to his new assistant, "who bought that moldy cheese to-day?"

"Mistress Brown, sir," was the youth's reply.

"And the stale loaf we could not sell last night?"

"Mistress Brown, sir."

"Where's that lump of rancid butter that the baker refused?"

"Mistress Brown bought it, sir," was the answer.

"And the six eggs we could not sell a week since?"

"Mistress Brown—are you ill, sir?" asked Silas, as the grocer turned green and groaned.

"No, no! only I'm going to tea at the Brown's to-night," replied the unhappy man, as he wiped the perspiration from his face and sank into a chair.

"Your wife wants you on the telephone," announced the new boy in an office where two different phones were installed. "Which one?" inquired the boss, thinking of the two telephones. "Please sir; said the boy, "I don't know how many you have."

❖❖

Kindly Intended

Missionary (explaining to visitors)—"Our situation was so remote that for a whole year my wife never saw a white face but my own."

Sympathetic Young Woman—"Oh, the poor thing!"—*Boston Transcript.*

❖❖

The new pupil was asked his name, by the teacher, "Jule," said he. "No," said the teacher, "Julius." The youngster squirmed and protested, amid the laughter of the older pupils. Then the next boy also, happened to be a new pupil, and he was asked his name. "Bill," he said, "but I guess you would call me Bilious."

❖❖

Continual Doubt

"How many children have you?" asked the tourist, affably.

"I dunno exactly," answered the tired-looking woman.

"You don't know?"

"Not for certain. Willie's gone fishin', Tommy's breakin' in a colt, George has borrowed his father's shotgun to go huntin', an' Esmeralda Ann is thinkin' of elopin'. I never know how many I've got till supper time comes, so's I can count 'em."

❖❖

Seth Dueberry was a tight-fisted, hard-hearted old man. His brother, William had just died, the neighbors said from lack of proper treatment. Seth hitched up and drove into town to have the obituary notice printed in the weekly paper. "There ain't no charges be there," he asked anxiously. "Oh yes, indeed," answered the editor. "Our price is two dollars an inch." "Cracky," muttered the old man. "An' Bill six foot two!"

A Mistake

Mrs. Gillet (over the 'phone)—"I want to complain of a mistake in our order."

Caterer—"What was wrong?"

Mrs. Gillet—"There was a little ice cream in that salt you sent us."—*Life.*

❖❖

A Chinese prince in this country visited police headquarters in New York and was much interested in the thumbmark records preserved there as a method of identification for criminals. "We have used thumbmarks for several thousand years as seals on mercantile and other papers," the Chinaman told the man in charge of the thumbmark bureau, "but we do not use them in any other way." "How do you identify your criminals?" asked the thumbmark man. "Oh, we have a very simple method of identification—we cut off their heads."

❖❖

A Tactful Trusty

Fred C. Kelley, the Cleveland writer and story-teller, drifted down to look over the Ohio penitentiary a time ago, when it seemed probable that the institution would soon be the address of numerous members of the Ohio legislature.

He was sitting in the warden's office, talking to some of the officers and two trusties, and told a story he thought was new neat and nifty. Everybody laughed, but one of the trusties didn't seem to be so much amused as the others and remarked he had heard it before in Kansas City. Later in the afternoon, after the trusties had gone, Kelly casually asked the warden how long the trusty who had heard the story before had been in prison.

"Twelve years," the warden replied.

"Then," said Kelly, "when he spoke of hearing my story—my story that I thought was new–out in Kansas City, I suppose he must have meant that it was at least twelve years old.'

"That's Bill for you!" exclaimed the warden enthusiastically. "Bill is the politest man in this whole prison!"

"An heirloom, my son," explained the farmer's wife to her 12-year-old boy, "is something handed down from the father to son, and in most cases is highly prized. "I'd prize these heirlooms I got on, a good deal more," replied the youngster, "if they wasn't so long in the legs."

❖❖

A German restaurant-keeper in New York spent fifty thousand dollars in improving his place of business. He was surveying the improvements when Herb J. Meyer, the theatrical man, came in. "Well, Herb, how is it?" the proprietor asked. "How you like de blace?" "Fine!" said Meyer. "Great! If you never make a dollar it will be a monument to you." Later another friend came in. "By George, Fred!" he said, "you ought to make a barrel of money here! You certainly have a fine place." "Vell," the proprietor replied complacently, "it's shust like Herb Meyer said: even if I don't make a cent dis blace vill always be a tombstone for me."

Colonel John H. Carroll, the Burlington railroad lawyer, was in Washington last winter and, needing the services of a man to travel with him in his private car, hired a good-looking and well-recommended young fellow from Virginia whom he happened to meet. The man's name was Gilbert, and he never had been on a railroad train except to come up from his Virginia home to Washington. He traveled with the Colonel back and forth between Washington and New York, New York and Chicago, and Chicago and St. Louis, and rode a good deal on the observation end of the car. All the roads the car went over were two-track or four-track roads. Not long ago the colonel had his car switched off on a side track road in Ohio during the night. When Colonel Carroll awoke in the morning and went out to the observation end of the car he found Gilbert contemplating the single track with much interest. "Colonel," he said, "this here railroad seems to run only one way. How are we going to get back?"

THE KANSAS STATE FAIR

THE Kansas State Fair at Hutchinson this year will be something more than an an Exposition of Kansas products. It will be an *Event*. The presence of the President of the United States for a whole day, delivering an address, that will be epoch making in its treatment of public questions; the attendant train of newspaper men representing the great newspapers of the country, headlining Hutchinson; the presence of nineteen State Governors, including Massachusetts and Virginia; the principal Governor's address by Gov. Harmon of Ohio, presidential aspirant, and an address by Champ Clark, Speaker of the House, combine to make the week memorable, in fact unparalleled in the history of Kansas.

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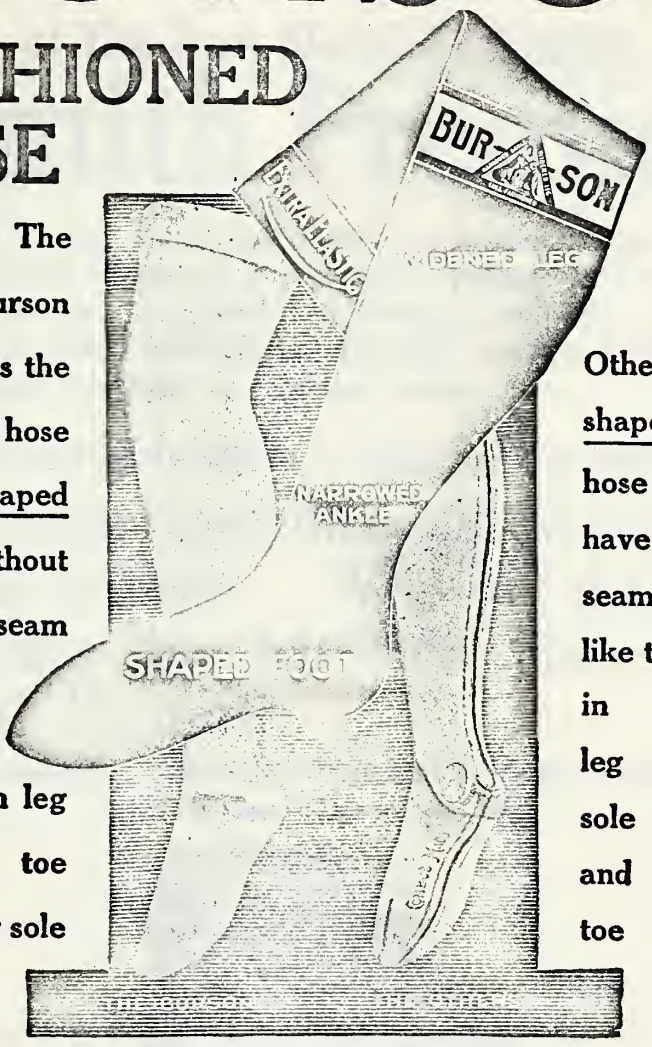
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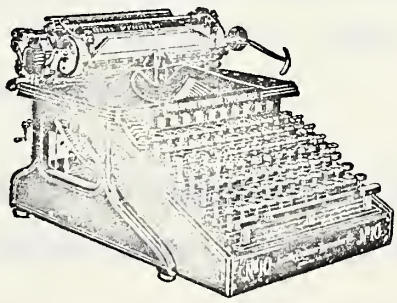
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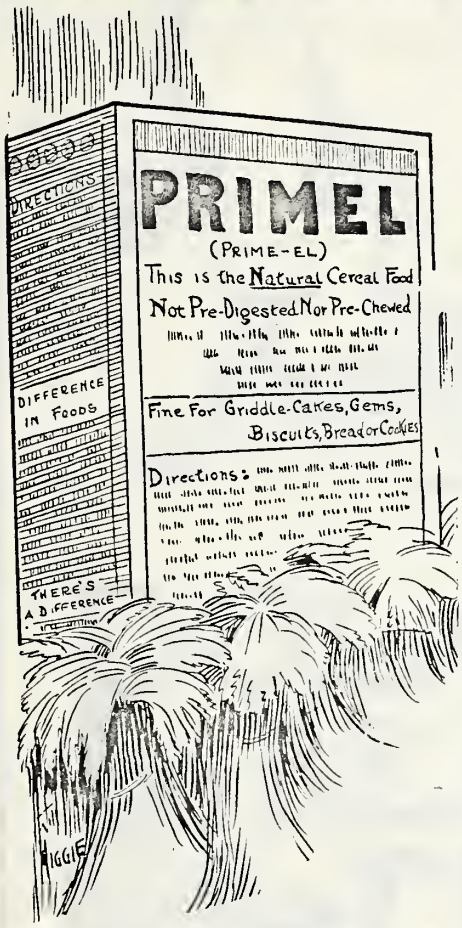
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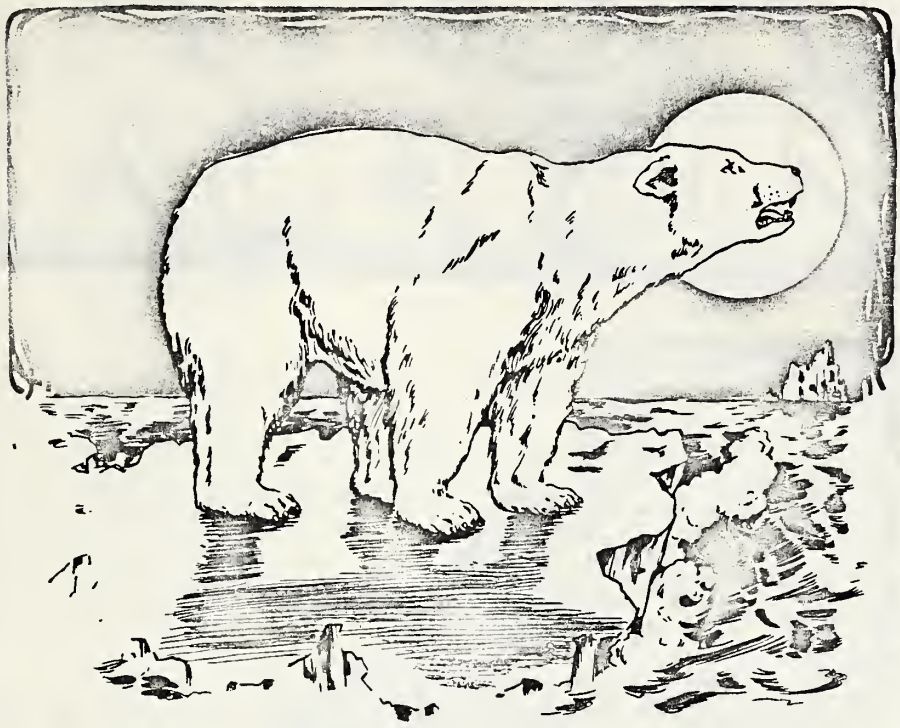
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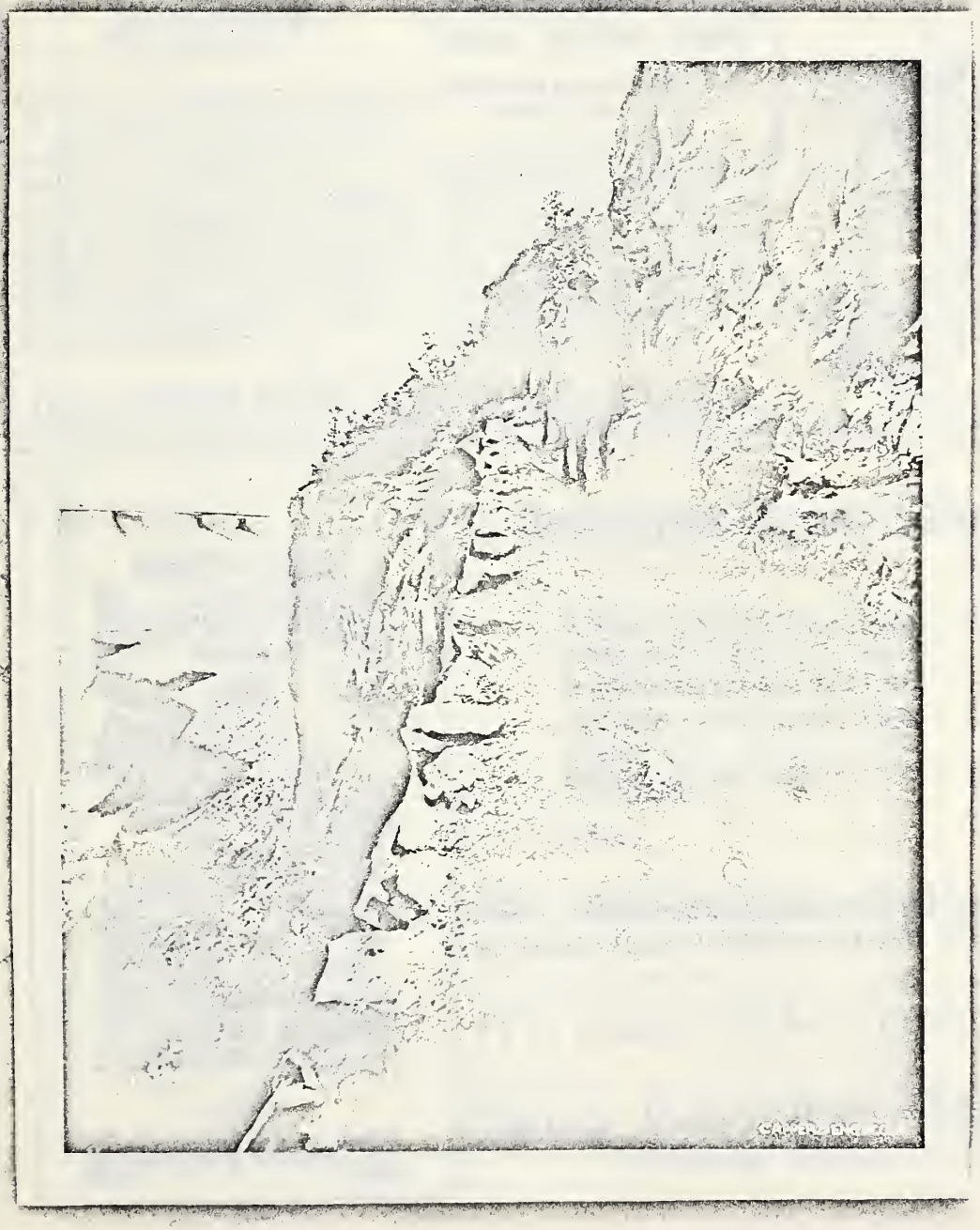


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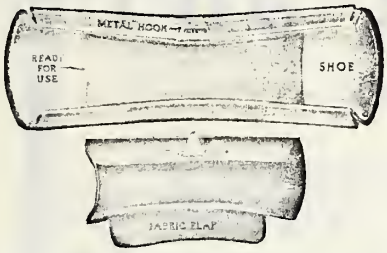
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The Kansas Magazine

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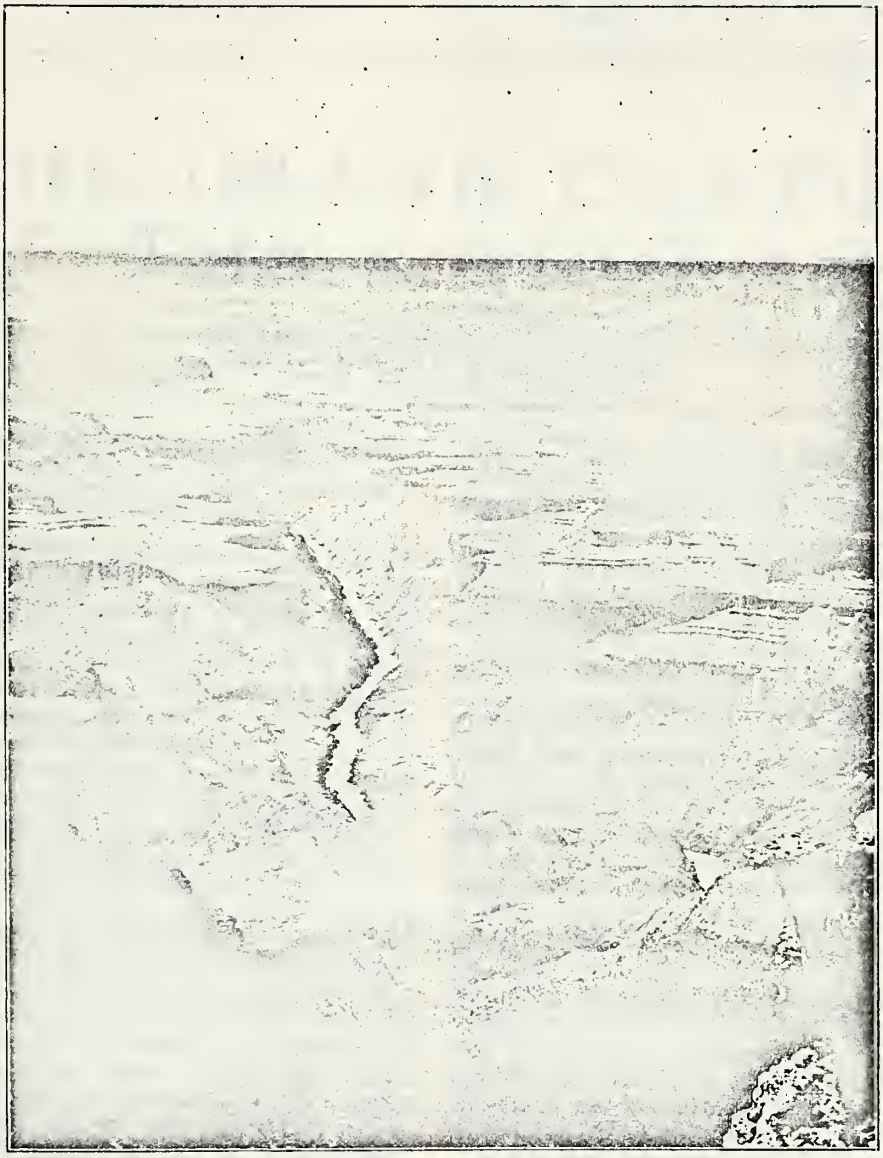
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GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO

VOLUME VI OCTOBER, 1911 NUMBER 2

Kansas Magazine

THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO

F. DUMONT SMITH

"On my tawny, sinuous shoulders no salt gray ships swing in.
I wash no feet of cities like a slave whipped out and in."

THE Colorado River rises near the Canadian border and, flowing southwesterly, empties into the Gulf of California. Twenty-two hundred miles in length, it is one of the great rivers of the world, longer than any other in this country save the Missouri and the Mississippi.

Almost its entire course lies through a mountainous region frowned upon by stupenduous cliffs, amid Heaven-piercing peaks, gloomy gorges, frightful and inaccessible canyons.

Throughout its long course it bears no man's burden, turns no man's mill wheel, waters no man's garden, performs no useful work. It is the only great river of the world that man has been unable to subdue, to harness, to bend to his uses. From the Canadian border to the mouth of the Virgen Canyon, almost two thousand miles, there is hardly a mile of it navigable. Along its vast length there is no arable land save its delta, built up by its own erosive force from above. From its source to its mouth it remains sullen, intractable, indomitable, pitiless and inexplicable. Its course is the wonder of geologists, the despair of explorers, and the last delight of the tourist. Nowhere in the world exists anything like it and where near the close of its stormy career, it has fashioned the Grand Canyon, 217 miles in length, here is the last word on scenery, the most wonderful of all the works of God.

From its source in the far Northern hills to what was once its mouth, south of the Virgens, it has fought for every inch of its right of way. Nowhere has it been given peaceful exit, untrammeled, free to run its course. Everywhere it has fought, eroded, torn down, and gouged its way through the loftiest mountain ranges on the continent to its ultimate destiny, the Sea. If one might personify these forces of nature like our great rivers, one would say that the sullen, turbid, fierce and dangerous flood that pours through the Granite Canyon is embittered by that long struggle, quickened to vengeful activity by that long strife, wreaking its wrath on everything animate and inanimate that opposes it.

Next after that moment of awed and stunned amazement that overwhelms the shallowest observer who first sees the Grand Canyon, comes the inevitable inquiry, "What made it? How do you account for it?" I heard it so many times. Well, I don't account for it. Nor are the geological sharps at all

agreed. One declares that it is a crack, a vast rent in the earth's surface, aided by erosion. Another says that it is wholly due to erosion and corrasion.

Seven years ago a very distinguished body of British scientists, F. R. G. S's and the like, sixty-nine in number, touring the country in a special train, stopped for ten days at the Canyon. Of course they had the time of their lives. They farily rioted in this indecent exposure of Nature's secrets,—for here all the newer strata are worn away on this plateau and the very bones of the earth are exposed. The top layer is carboniferous limestone, that belongs to the Pleiocene age, and as you go down the Canyon you come to the Algonkian and last of all the Archaean, the oldest rock that the world knows. From off this plateau by erosion have been stripped all the later formations that elsewhere cover and hide the structure of the earth, Cretaceous, Jurassic, Triassic and Permian. We start at the top of the Canyon with the third oldest rock of the earth and at the bottom with the oldest.

So our British geologists explored and poked and hammered and gathered fossils, and used language that sounded like some kind of profanity, and every night they foregathered in the big hall and discussed the day's work. Those discussions dealt with Cambrian and Silurian, Azoic and Paleozoic and generally broke up in a riot because no two of them at first could give the same answer to that stupenduous question "How did it happen?" But toward the last they got fairly together on the solution. Mr. Brant (who runs, in fact is, the Hotel El Tovar, and about whom I shall have more to say later,) listened with much interest to these discussions but with little profit. Brant knows all about hotels and more about art and literature than most of the scientists, yet knew nothing of their terminology. It was Greek and worse to him. So one day he said to Sir John Murray, one of the greatest geologists in the world, whom he had known in Canada. "Sir John, I wish you would take fifteen minutes and in words of one syllable, such as a plain man can understand, explain to me *how it happened.* And Sir John did. When he had finished, Brant said, "Well, how old is it, how long did it take to do it?" "Oh," said Sir John, "it is comparatively modern, in fact, quite modern." "Well," persisted Brant, "what do you mean by 'comparatively modern'?" "Well," said Sir John, "say thirty million years."

There you have it. It took thirty million years to make this Canyon and when you see it you will believe Sir John. And then Brant gave me Sir John's conclusion and solution of the matter.

The Colorado Plateau here, through which this gigantic rift runs, is from six to seven thousand feet above sea level. It has been pushed up gradually and as it lifted very slowly, through thousands, millions of years, the earth's surface cracked, split, rived asunder and left this great cleft. And down this gigantic channel an immense inland sea, held back by it as a dam, rushed and sought its way to the sea, which then washed the foot of the Virgens. The river was then a thousand times greater than it now is, but as it gradually drained this inland sea it shrunk to its present proportions. But in the meanwhile this enormous volume of water, carrying vast quantities of silt and detritus, wore and bit and gnawed these rocky walls still further. Weather followed as the waters shrunk and acting on the soft limestone and sandstone carved those gigantic and fantastic forms that make the Canyon what it is.

I have not space to give all the evidence Sir John cited to prove this theory, but if you look for yourself when you go down the Canyon you will see much to confirm it. The three great strata, lying one above the other, granite and sandstone and then at the top the carboniferous lime, are all pretty regularly tilted upward from the river. Their laminations regularly slope at an angle away from the river and the rim of the Canyon is higher by several hundred feet than the surrounding country, so that hardly any tributaries break through into the Colorado in this part of its course. That the lifting was gradual is shown by the regularity of the imposed strata, unbroken except at the edge of the lower Canyon, where the



Meeting a Government Freight Outfit Coming up Fish Creek Hill

granite is broken and cross-checked as it would be where the stress was greatest and the actual rupture occurred. If you will clasp your fingers and push them slowly upward, at the same time drawing them apart, you will see how it happened, and the Canyon rim is broken and jagged with great points jutting out into it just as would naturally be the case.

I think what Sir John meant by "comparatively modern" however, referred not so much to its age as its appearance. Among the geological sharps, where such canyons exist, and the declivities are swift and abrupt, it is "a young landscape." Where the process of erosion, the chiseling and planing down has gone far enough to create broad valleys and gentle slopes with narrow ridges between, it is "mature," and where the process continues until the ridge becomes merely slight eminences, the landscape is "aged." So in that sense we have here a "young landscape" in spite of its years due doubtless to the aridity of the country, with little rain, snowfall or ice.

So much for the geology of it; for when you see the Canyon, you will be interested in that phase of it when you have a little abated your awe and assuaged your curiosity. A word as to its history.

In 1539 Cortez dispatched an expedition to discover the mouth of the Colorado, perhaps the last of his official acts before he returned to Spain. The fleet returned unsuccessful. In 1540 his successor, Mendoza, outfitted a fleet and an army to discover the Colorado River and the fabled cities of Cibola. Coronado commanded the army and Hernando de Alarcon was Admiral of the fleet. Coronado was to proceed by land, Alarcon by sea and to unite later. Coronado made a fruitless march, failing to find the mythical cities of Cibola, but Alarcon found the mouth of the Colorado and proceeded up it in boats drawn by Indians, for over two hundred miles. A small detachment of Coronado's force, led by one Cardenas, discovered the Grand Canyon of the Colorado late in the autumn of 1540 and followed its rim for several days, without finding any place where they could descend to the river. From all

accounts, Cardenas must have found the rim of the Canyon about where the Bright Angel Trail now descends to the river. The canyon so discovered was lost again for more than three hundred years and outside of fabulistic accounts of wandering trappers and confused tales of Indian tribes, remained for three centuries as unknown as darkest Africa.

In 1869 a party, headed by Major Powell, afterwards head of the Geological Survey, outfitted at Green River, descended the whole length of the Canyon with much hardship and danger, losing two members of the party. In 1870 Powell with another party, again descended the river. A few years later a party attempted a survey of the Canyon for the purpose of building a scenic railway along its length. The head of the party, Frank M. Brown, was drowned but the chief engineer persisted and made a fairly accurate survey of the intended line, which may some day be built. Since then several parties have descended the whole length of the Canyon, but rarely without paying tribute of one or more lives to the ferocious stream. It remains to-day, as it was from the earliest times unnavigable, inaccessible, ferocious and unsparing for all who attempt its waters.

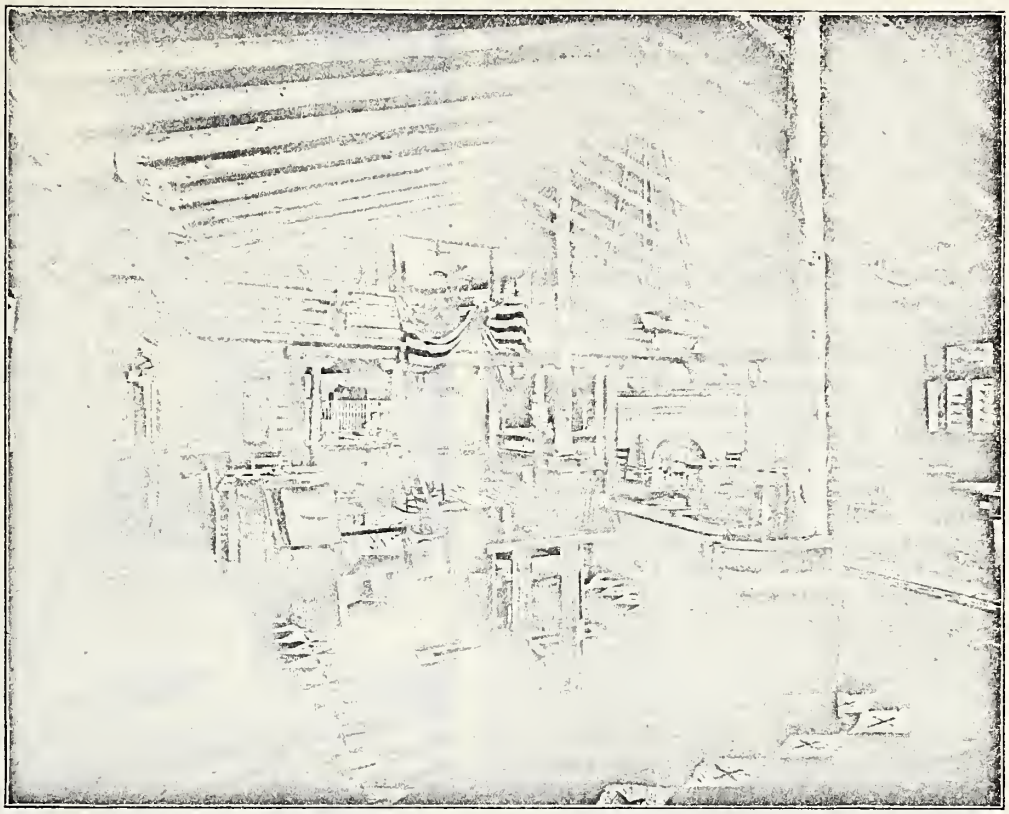
Of course, to the Grand Canyon, the Santa Fe is "The Only Way," and one need not wish better. The road bed, the trains, the service, are as good as any in the world and the meals just a trifle better. I wonder, whenever I travel on the other roads, why it is that they cannot equal the perfection of the Fred Harvey system. But they do not, none of them. There is a touch, a perfection about the Harvey eating houses and the diners that no other road in the country quite equals. Even the wonderful Twentieth Century Limited, and the best trains on Eastern roads, cannot, somehow, quite come to the same degree of perfection. And it is just the same for twenty-three hundred miles of road and over one hundred hotels, diners and lunch counters. Away out at Barstow, in the heart of the California desert, I was shown over the new hotel, a Mission style, concrete building good enough for Kansas City, and down in its basement was a cold storage plant, its own electric light plant and every convenience of the biggest hotels in the biggest cities. There is only one Harvey.

The road to the Canyon is uninspiring—perhaps all the better. On either side of the rim, as I have said, the ground falls away and the railroad approaches the Canyon down one of the valleys or ravines parallel to the Canyon.

You climb a long flight of steps and reach the entrance to El Tovar. If you are the usual tourist, you do not stop there, but rush for the Rim, for you have had a glimpse of the Void, that immensity just beyond.

For me, I registered, ate breakfast, and dawdled about the hotel for an hour. The glimpse I had had of the Canyon appalled me. I was afraid; I wanted to get used to it gradually. But no man within eyeshot can stay away from it. A few steps from the hotel the rim breaks in a long concave between Hopi and Yavapai points, and in the center of the inward-bending crescent stands the hotel. It is not the best view of the Canyon, though it is perhaps as much as one could endure at first. I thought at first that the hotel should have been placed on one of those great promontories jutting out into the Canyon, but it would not do. One could not endure so much of it all at once. It is better that you get from the hotel the first picture, somewhat circumscribed by the long points on either side. Your first view will thus be from the terrace before the hotel with its low parapets and seats. I pray you, lady or gentleman, when you thus for the first time look at the Canyon, keep silent. If you have not sense enough and imagination enough to realize what you are looking at, don't turn to your neighbor and cackle, "Ai'n't it just grand?" For God's sake, keep silent and, with such reverence as you may command, look quietly at this stupendous work of God.

The first view is confusing. Off yonder is the northern rim thirteen miles away. Down yonder somewhere, invisible from this point, is the River.



Rest Room El Tovar

And all between is a panorama of peaks and minarets, pinnacles and towers, castles in Spain, and fairy turrets, of glowing colors and high lights, shadows and clouds blended by a blue haze like that we see on the highest mountain peaks. And over all is Silence. I think that is the dominant note of the Canyon, its Silence. It does not shout at you like Niagara; it does not exploit itself or vaunt itself. It sits there in its utter stillness and seems to say: "Look at me ,you poor Ephemerids, you creatures of an hour. I have been here thirty million years. And millions of years after you are gone, I shall still be here, with all my beauty, my grandeur, my charm and spell of silence. Look your fill, and keep silent."

There are really two Canyons, one above the other. The first, the upper one, riven from the carboniferous limestone, and the homeogenous sandstone, is that Canyon we know from pictures. Out of this soft formation has been carved by the chisel of the gods, those miraculous forms of beauty, the temples and towers, the vast icons and statues that are characteristic. At the rim this Canyon is from twelve to thirteen miles wide and is about four thousand feet deep. Whatever may have been the original cause of the rift, its present size and fantastic beauty are due to erosion, to weathering, to the action of the water and the elements on the rock through the course of ages. At the bottom of this Canyon is the "plateau" extending from the bottom of the upper canyon to the edge of the granite gorge through which the river runs.

This plateau is here rather more than a mile wide, extending nearly all the way along the granite canyon. Below that is the chasm in the granite through which the river runs. Compared to the upper canyon, it is a mere rift, fifteen hundred feet deep, with walls nearly



The Writer on Bright Angel Trail

perpendicular. From the irregular rim of the upper canyon, project at intervals of a mile or two, great points, promontories, jutting out into the void of the canyon from which the best views are obtained. To the eastward of El Tovar, two miles, is Yavapai and to the westward, about the same distance Hopi, from which, magnificent views of the Canyon and the river may be had. Yavapai is the favorite for the sunrise and Hopi for the sunset. If you have but two days there, (and you should take no less,) you may descend the trail on one day, see the sunrise and the sunset on another and in between while you will sit and look at the Canyon.

For myself, having ample time, I did not hurry. With a guide and a camp outfit I rode the rim of the Canyon for miles and sated myself with its varying views. I camped one night on the Painted Desert east of the Hotel, to view the most wonderful sunset on the American continent. I camped at Hull's tank one night and from there visited Moran's and Zuni points, from which you may see seventy-five miles of the Canyon, and fifteen miles of the river including the big rapids of the Granite Canyon. From Hull's tank we went down the trail toward Flagstaff, five miles, to see some well preserved cliff dwellings. They are in a deep canyon, remote and little known, in perfect repair and curious enough. It is said that they are not dwellings, but merely rest houses, one night stands, breaking the long journey across the desert. They are "comparatively modern," perhaps a thousand years old. The walls are covered with pictographs still fresh, representing incidents of their daily lives, the chase, war, hunger and plenty. They are set beneath a great overhanging cliff, almost a cave, walled up in front and so placed that one man could stand off an army on the narrow path that leads to them. Many of these dwellings are inaccessible except by ladders or ropes. Doubtless they were built by an unwarlike people for defense against marauding neighbors. But by whom or when, no one knows. They have gone down "to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust" and left no records, no history. For Arizona is very old and full of strange things. I saw in Southern Arizona an irrigating ditch perfect in incline and shape, filled with lava. There has been no active volcano in Arizona for a hundred thousand years.

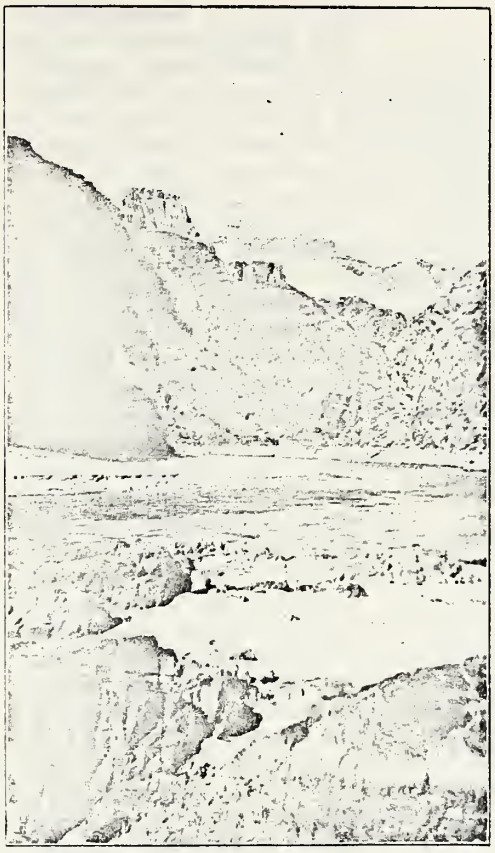
So this ditch was built by some people wise enough to plan and build such a ditch before the volcanoes became extinct. They must have possessed a fair degree of civilization, but they had no written language, and these pictographs tell no story that can be read.

One golden night I spent on the river. Instead of going down with the usual party in the morning, I left the hotel at one o'clock with a guide and a pack mule, reaching the river bed about five o'clock. Of course every one has heard of the Bright Angel Trail, so called from the creek of that name on the opposite side of the river. When

the Powell party came through here they had trouble a few miles above and named a little stream that flowed in there, Dirty Devil creek. To balance up, they named the next one Bright Angel, hence the name of the trail,

There are many mountain trails, steeper and more dangerous than Bright Angel. It is wide enough nearly everywhere for two horses to pass, but it is very steep and there are places where you must dismount and walk. To the novice it is sufficiently terrifying, though no one has ever been hurt on it. When you first turn the corner and see below that immensity of space dropping away clear out of view, the trail looks very narrow and your mule seems something like a mile high.

When you first see the Canyon, you wonder how any descent to its depths may be made, how any practicable trail down this awesome steep could be constructed. But this weathering down of the upper rocks has created along each cliff, a talus of decomposed rock, more or less steep and down these the trail zigzags in a fairly easy way. But at times one talus fails to connect with another and here the trail has been blasted out of the living rock, a mere stair case down which the mules slip and scramble, and on which a mistep would land one a thousand feet below. These are the only terrifying places on the trail, although the vast heights, the immeasurable distances, the monstrous peaks and pinnacles, soaring from the bottom of the Canyon into the upper air five thousand feet, oppress and appall the boldest. For myself, accustomed to the saddle, fairly used to mountain trails, I derided the idea of fear. But I had it, not going down, (that was curious,) but coming back—in fact on the last fifteen hundred feet of the trail, a part I had passed over the day before without a qualm. You may deride it and flout it, but it will get you. It gets even the veteran guides who go up and down it every day. They contract for only six month's service, and few stay on the trail longer than that at a time; but they always return after a brief vacation. The Canyon draws them back only to drive them away again after a few month's service. So,



Turbulent Course of the Colorado

mark well when you go down, do not vaunt yourself because you are easy and cheerful on the trip down. It is a certainty that your jaunty air will be replaced with silence and your face will be quite pale and a little haggard when you mount that last slope, but you will not be alone or singular in that, and you will find that it is well worth while.

The trail is about seven miles in length, that is, it takes seven miles of travel to descend that one mile to the river. Something over four miles of this brings you to the Plateau and the Indian Gardens, a pleasant little spot with a rest house, sleeping tents, a dining room, and many green things growing, watered by Garden Creek, a little stream fed by springs in the rock. Here, if you are not inured to mountain travel and fairly strong, you will do well to pause, ride out to the edge of the

plateau and view the river—and return from there.

The rest of the trip, the last two and a half miles, to some extent takes advantage of the canyon worn by Garden Creek, but it is a rugged trail. No talius here, no easy way down. You corkscrew down the face of the granite where the narrow path has been hewed and blasted out, steep and slippery. The trip to the Indian Gardens and the plateau and return will occupy about six hours, to the river and return, eight to nine hours. One more suggestion to you about the trail and I will leave you to your fate, and this is to the ladies: Don't lace tightly when you essay that trip. If you do you are liable to faint on the trail, and the guide will ruthlessly open those too tight strings, even at the expense of your modesty, for you must have air. It sometimes happens, so be warned and leave 'em off for that one day.

We reached the River about five o'clock. The last mile is down the course of Garden Creek and its canyon, which striking the river at right angles makes a notch in the otherwise unbroken wall of the lower gorge. At the last end is a rock slide that even the mules will not traverse and you must walk. There was no place to camp on the River itself and we made camp a half mile up where mesquite bushes furnished wood for the camp fire. As usual I was camp cook. Simons is an accomplished guide, knows the Canyon and all that country, but he can't cook. As for myself, I can cook. I learned from an old outlaw friend of mine whose cooking outfit on the trail consisted of a lard pail. The pail for coffee, and washing up, the cover for all else and, with that simple equipment Dan could cook anything.

And I enjoyed it. I love to cook over a camp fire, and everything one cooks tastes so much better than any other cooking. And nowhere in this country can you make a camping trip so easily, so comfortably, get a touch of the real open, a little roughing it, in such a perfect climate, with such surrounding delights as here. El Tovar furnishes everything necessary for a camp, for a day or a month. Take it from me, if you can spend a week there, put in a part of it on a camping trip.

Supper over, Simons shouldered my sleeping bag and proposed to show me my bedroom. It was a little stretch of smooth sand, walled around by rocks, three or four feet above the river itself. Ten feet above my head were pot holes still filled with water from the last flood. This river sometimes rises ten feet in a half hour. A cloud burst on the Little Colorado or in Cataract Canyon will do that for it. Simons was going to sleep with the mules. At the Hotel they had tried hard to dissuade me from sleeping down there, suggested I would be more comfortable back at Indian Gardens, and rather implied that I would back out at the last minute. Of course that settled it.

From the pictures I took that evening and the next morning you will get an idea of my bed room. The river here, some three hundred feet wide, flows nearly east and west with a swift current and much rumbling and grinding and grumbling. It carries a heavy per cent of silt that acts as a grindstone on the rocks, still cutting and chiselling its way downward. It was warm down there in the bottom of that granite trough, ninety-five degrees at ten-thirty, my pocket thermometer showed, and it was also very lonesome. If Simons could have left one mule with me it would have helped. But I didn't have even a mule for company and the river, believe me, did not look at all sociable. There wasn't the semblance of "the old swimmin' hole" about it. It seemed to be cross about something, seemed to rather resent my sleeping down there, acted very much like a woman would if you had gotten into her room by mistake.

I have noted that it was warm, but it seemed to me that I perspired more than was natural. When the sun dropped it was dark in that gorge very quickly. Far above me, a mile in the air, was the peak of Zoroaster and long after it was "lights out" with me the sun still touched that glorious pinnacle and signalled friendly messages. I rather envied that peak. It was up in the world of humanity where it could see folks and have a little company, and

I was down there in the dark in that granite coffin, all alone, very much alone, more alone right that minute than any man in America.

I tried to sleep yet the river was on my mind. Simons had assured me it was safe, but he did not seem to want to stay down there with me, seemed to prefer the company of the mules, a half mile up the Canyon. I was tired enough to sleep, and perhaps I would if the miracle had not happened. While I was still grumbling to myself about the darkness and the loneliness and finishing my last pipe for the night, the black wall before me was touched with light. It was so sudden, so beautiful that I did not at first realize that it was just the moon, the same old moon I had seen so often before. The same old moon that was shining on Kansas, but down there in that pitchy darkness with all those eerie sounds, it was the welcomest moon I ever saw. Up above me Old Zoroaster was swimming and exulting and beautifying himself in that radiance, and down there the moon shot through the cleft of Garden Creek Canyon and turned the river to gold and bathed every jut and facet in that black wall opposite and changed them to jewels. It was the Harvest Moon, still crescent, but nearly at the full, and in that rare atmosphere, indescribably brilliant. And then the moon began its slow march across the Heavens toward the West, and as it passed, it painted gigantic silhouettes of those peaks and pinnacles on the north wall of the Canyon. The shadows, moved, dissolved, reformed and changed every moment. My loneliness was gone. I had company, and on the wall I traced for hours the strangest forms I ever saw. Giants and goblins, and now and then the portraits of people I know, a hundred feet high. The fat boy who had gone down the trail that morning, the big black mule I rode, the lady with the front so straight that she had to be lifted into the saddle—they and many more came and sat with me that night, over against that granite screen as the night passed. I had seen the sun set and the moon rise and the moon set on Zoroaster and when he finally bade me good-night it was two o'clock.



Along the Scenic Colorado

I was sleeping on one of those pneumatic sleeping bags that you blow up, and it was a perfect sounding board, repeating faithfully everything the river was saying; but a little while after I had fallen asleep it shouted to me another note. There was a roaring from the ground, a strong crepitation



of the earth, that brought me bolt upright. It continued for some minutes, that strange roaring and vibrating of the ground. I ran down the river to look up-stream, but nothing came, and after a long time I went back to bed and to sleep. Once more that night it happened, the roaring and the vibration came and passed and then I remembered that a few miles below there the Powell party had found the phenomenon of recurring waves, six feet high, that rushed down that part of the Canyon with a great roaring and apparently without any cause. Just another mystery of this inexplicable stream. There are places in it where a cork will be dragged down and disappear; here Brown was drowned and his body never found. There is another place where nothing will sink but is constantly thrown up from below.

And then I slept an hour or two, till Zoroaster reminded me that it was sunrise. There may be somewhere on earth a spectacle more wonderful than a sunrise from the Colorado River but I cannot imagine it. Sunrise always is to me a kind of miracle, perhaps because I see it so seldom, but the daily renewal of the earth life is always a wonder. Down here when it came trembling over that far off rim, playing hide and seek with the shadows in those monstrous forms, routing them one by one, conquering them, till they fled before the triumphant majesty of the sun and all the glories of that vast panorama stood illumined in such a sunlight as one sees only there, it was almost too much for one lone man to grasp and stand. It was a night of wonders, of miracles, a night not to be forgotten. As I think of it now, it is with a certain sinking of the spirit; I was too close to the mysteries of Nature. It seemed a sacrilege and with all its beauty, what remains is the awesomeness of it, the fear, the wonder. There can be too much beauty, and I saw it that night.

I cannot tell how the days passed at El Tovar; there was so much to see, so much to do, and always the canyon, drawing, drawing me, I watched so many people come and go while I was there and to every one the same magnet. They would go look, come back to the hotel, sit at meat, try to read, to write, fidget, get up and go back to look once more at the Canyon. For every hour it changes. As the sun moves from east to west, the vast shadows shift and move, the great forms take on new shapes, the blue haze melts, dissolves, re-forms, blends and softens, and all the time you sit and glower at it and gasp with wonder.

The life of the hotel has an unending interest. The wonderful sunrises; the start of the caravan down the trail, old and young, fat and lean, nine-tenths never in the saddle before, essaying with the bravery of a soldier that fearsome trip down the trail; the Hope Indian House, with its curios, its blanket weaving, its dances; the fleeting social life where you meet and part like "ships that pass in the night;" and always the rich hospitality of El Tovar, the quaint, charming, many-sided personality of Brant, who has kept hotel from Quebec to Buenos Ayres and knows so many things not set down in books.

If you care for a horse you may have the best, for the El Tovar stables are models and the horse flesh and the mule flesh the choicest; groomed fit to ride in the park and every kind of saddle from the sixty-pound high-cantled cowpuncher's home to the trifling Whitman park saddle, and every kind of conveyance from the buckboard to the great six-horse Yellowstone Coach, all exquisitely kept. And if you have an hour to spare, there is Fleming—Master of Transportation is his official title—on whom the poor tenderfoot may lean with perfect confidence. If I were Emperor of Arizona, I would make Fleming my Master of Horse, because he not only knows horses, but he could look the part. Speaking of Fleming, here's a story he told me that illustrates the Indian view of women.

There had been a cloudburst in Cataract Canyon that washed away part of a Supai village. Fleming was inquiring of one of the head men as to the damage. "Not much," said the Indian, "mebbe so four head, two pony, two burro." "Well," said Fleming, "wasn't there a squaw drowned?"

"No, no squaw, ole woman, mebbe so five head."

Whether it is in the air, I don't know; but everyone who comes here tries to ride horse-back. I met them constantly, gray-haired men who hadn't been in the saddle for thirty years, solemnly jogging down the trail on steady-going saddlers, with an anxious, perturbed expression, but the inner feeling that they were doing the Right Thing.

One day I overtook one such returning to the hotel. He was distinctly a fat man. His stomach hung over the front of the saddle a couple of feet and he was in trouble. Later at the Hotel I found him in the bar lapping up a highball. I suggested to him that horseback exercise would be good for him and if persisted in would take off that stomach. "Well," he said, "here a while back a doctor offered to take that stomach all off me for two hundred and fifty dollars, and I up and told him that if he could show me as much fun taking it off as I've had putting it on, I'd just double the price."

Speaking of saddle horses, my especial mount was a sturdy sorrel named Rigan, who knew as much about the Canyon and took as much interest in my seeing it thoroughly as any of the guides.

Mark Twain in the famous guide scene in Innocents Abroad, describes inimitably the pride of a guide in his show places, and his determination that the tourist shall miss nothing. I rode Rigan one morning to see the sunrise from Yavapai Point. The wagon road follows a ravine parallel to the Canyon, through the Coconino forest, giving no view of the Canyon till one emerges at the Point. When the great Show was over, after hours of marvellous pictures, I mounted to return. I gave Rigan his head and instead of returning by the road he took a dim trail around the Rim. Presently he stopped and evidently expected me to dismount and go look. It was a different and just as wonderful view as from the Point. Once more I started, Rigan pacing slowly around the Rim. Presently he stopped again, another show place. I dutifully dismounted and inspected it.

Four times that wise old horse did that, but the last time I was thinking of breakfast and refused to dismount. He was right fussy with me because I refused to get off and look and I had quite a time persuading him that I had seen enough. Finally convinced that I was a piker, and having passed the last of the view points, he struck off through the woods to the main road.

You see he was like all guides, he was proud of his work and determined that I should miss nothing. I can cheerfully recommend Rigan to any one desiring a good guide who will not bother one with frivolous conversation.

There are some criticisms on the general situation there; criticisms that I offer because by the time you go there the objection will be met. One of them is the lack of a Rim drive, one that, following the changing coast and upper line of the Rim, shouid give you the shifting panorama. The Santa Fe is building such a road, macadamized, ten miles in length to the westward, that follows exactly the Rim, with all its wonderful changing view. Now you must do it on foot or on a horse. At the end of this wonderful drive will be a rest house, and a new trail, down Hermit Creek, that instead of being back in a cleft as is Bright Angel Trail, from which you see little or nothing of the Canyon till you debouch on the plateau, will be zigzagged down the outer face of one of those great points with the whole Canyon always before you. Then on the plateau will be a permanent Fred Harvey Camp where you may spend the night, see the sun set and rise, and in perfect comfort get all the glories that the Canyon presents. When this is done, say three months from now, a two day's trip will give you a fair idea of the Canyon.

I was often asked how the Canyon compared with this or that, as, for instance, the Yellowstone or the Yosemite. It compares with nothing for there is nothing like it. You might drop the Yosemite into this Canyon and lose it. If the Capitol at Washington were set down at Indian Gardens on the plateau, it would seem from the Rim like a fair-sized country house with a

cupola. The pyramids might be dropped down there, and unless your attention were specifically called to them, you would never notice them. It is the biggest thing in the world, and I guess the most beautiful. And all its beauty and wonders are accessible in four hours' ride from one of the great transcontinental lines, reached in comfort and seen without a hardship, without missing a single convenience or luxury that any city may give you.

At the El Tovar you will have delightful rooms and such a table as few city hotels afford, at less than city prices, or you may go to Bright Angel Camp and live well for two dollars a day. You are not robbed or held up anywhere; on the contrary, you are amazed at the cheapness and near perfection of everything. And everywhere you get a fine courtesy, a desire that you may be pleased, get the best of your trip and go away satisfied; that puts the whole thing in a class by itself.

And all of it in a climate that is pure gold. I am in love with the Arizona climate. Taken in small quantities it is a sure cure for the blues, and if persisted in will cure anything that ails you. I defy a man to be a pessimist in the face of one of those sunsets or see the hole in the doughnut against an Arizona sunrise.

THE GRAVEYARD ON THE HILL

Oh, gayly falls the warm sunlight
Upon the headstones gray and white,
  In that still town up yonder.
And as the tired years come and go,
To us, still toiling here below,
  What are they doing, I wonder?

Oft when leaves are turning brown,
And soft blue haze is floating down,
  And Autumn winds blow eerie,
I wonder what those dear ones know—
The ones we hid so long ago—
  Beneath the virgin prairie.

Oh soft the silvery moonbeams play
Upon the headstones white and gray,
    In that still town up yonder.
What are they doing these lonesome years.
The whilst we've breathed their names with tears?
  I often sit and wonder.

Could we but know that they are near—
The ones we held so fond and dear—
  'Twould help our heart's dull aching.
Could we but know! This trust we'll keep—
"He giveth His beloved sleep"
  Until the day of waking.

Mrs. W. S. Kenyon.

THE BO'SUN'S STORY

JAMES FRASER

IT was the dog-watch, and after supper all hands had gathered around the fore hatch to hear the bo'sun's story.

He was a grizzly sea-dog, the bo'sun, with a great mat of hair on his face like a sky terrier, taciturn by nature, profane by habit, and sociable only at intervals. On such intermittent occasions of geniality he was always good for a story.

"Fifteen years ago," he began, "I was ashore in Sydney. Though quite a youngster, I'd been sailing for six or seven years, having gone to sea almost as soon as I was weaned.

"The boarding house at which I lived was frequented by sailors employed in the island trade. In conversation these men had told me such amazing and wondrous tales of the South Pacific that I was soon possessed with an irrepressible desire to visit these enchanted islands.

"The brig Hinimoa, bound for these islands, was at that time taking aboard her trade. I haunted her until she was ready for sea, and considered my fortune assured when I secured a berth as able seaman. The pay was better than deep watermen were offering, and these island traders were reported to be better found, so I anticipated some satisfaction for the abnormal appetite of a growing youth, in the change from salt horse, weevily biscuit and lime juice to the more varied and attractive menu offered by the trader.

"The Hinimoa was a good-sized brig of uncertain age and none too sound. She had a neglected look, and compared with the smart clipper ships I'd been accustomed to, she was sadly deficient.

"The captain was a down-east Yankee named Jeremiah Starbuck. He had a long face, the type of face vulgarly called lantern-jawed, a still longer chin-whisker strangely suggestive of a goat, but a sailor-man every inch of him; well known and respected in Oceania.

"The way he would maneuver that old hooker through the reefs and channels of the Low Archipelago, with the breakers booming and the horse heads close aboard, would make a man's scalp crawl.

"The crew was as miscellaneous a company as built the ancient Tower of Babel, and as reckless and infamous a gang as ever cut a throat or scuttled a ship. I felt lonesome as I looked round the fo'c's'le, for if my shipmates' characters were as vile as their faces indicated, the prospect was not cheerful. There were eight white men and five Kanakas. Including myself, fourteen all told in the fo'c's'le. One man, Ben Durkee by name, I instinctively felt was the prize villian of the bunch.

"He was tall and broad shouldered, with long, muscular, hairy arms, and a mahogany-tinted face to be remembered anywhere, but matched nowhere unless among the pictures in the rouges gallery, if peradventure you might find a face there with a livid scar (on which the carroty whisker refused to grow) from the point of the chin across the right cheek, passing above the ear and disappearing in a shock of red hair. This scoundrel was well known in Polynesia as Long Red Ben, and had he lived a century earlier would undoubtedly have found his appropriate place and natural opportunity as mate with Roberts, Blackbeard, Kidd or some other pirate captain of renown. He was the leader of the fo'c's'le. He talked less than the other ruffians and for that, among other reasons, I marked him as the worst of the lot.

"Mr. Longwell, the mate, was a smart sailor with a disposition to treat

the crew as men—which he maintained they were in spite of appearances. At the same time, he had lots of grit and would brook no insubordination. He appeared to me just the man to handle this bunch of jail-birds, but at that time I knew nothing of the iniquity these desperadoes were capable of devising and carrying into effect.

"The mate knew enough of the riff-raff who shipped in these traders to allow no firearms in the fo'c's'le. He had every man's dunnage examined as he came aboard, and confiscated all guns and deadly weapons, until the end of the voyage.

"Our route from Sidney was direct to the Gambiers and Paumutos for pearl shell, then westward to fill up with *copra*; returning to Sydney when a full load had been secured.

"'After a quiet and uneventful trip we made our first call at Mangareve; anchoring in the lagoon in six fathoms of water the surface of which was as peaceful and brilliant as a mirror, though the whole roll of the Pacific was dashing in white foam on the encircling reef. We got a good share of pearl shell there and increased the quantity by visiting two or three little islands, or atolls, in the Paumutos, then squared away before the trade wind for the Ellice group.

"Red Ben had been rated second mate and kept the captain's watch, while I, being on the mate's watch, was below when he had the watch on deck.

"After leaving the Paumutos I frequently woke up and heard whispered conversations between Red Ben and a Spaniard who slept in the bunk below me. These two always had plenty of gin pilfered from the trade supply in the hold, to which Ben, being in charge of the captain's watch, had easy access.

"I was only a youngster, and after hearing scraps of their conversation on different occassions, my sleep became broken, troubled with bad dreams, and full of the gin-soaked face of Long Red Ben. On one occasion I woke up suddenly and heard Ben say: 'We'll make him safe on the middle watch.'

"Just then the watch was called and Ben went on deck. At eight bells it was my lookout, and after the watch was mustered I went on the fo'c's'le head and relieved the man on duty, who mumbling: 'All's well and the lights bright,' projected himself down the ladder and disappeared in the darkness.

"The night was dark, 'Dark as the unfathomed caves of ocean,' as the poet has it, and just enough wind stirring to keep the sails from flogging. I kept wondering who was to be 'made safe in the middle watch' and the time passed while I cudgelled my brain for an explanation. I was quaking for I felt instinctively there was some conspiracy not only hatching but rapidly maturing.

"Two bells were struck aft, I repeated them on the bell for'ard and reported the lights, then walked to the capstan and leaned forward on it staring into the darkness ahead.

"An impluse caused me to turn my head to port just as a bare arm slid round my neck, a huge, hairy paw closed over my mouth, and a whiff of Red Ben's gin-laden breath offended my nostrils.

" 'Keep silent!' he said, 'if you make the slightest noise you're shark bait!'

"I never moved; I was seized with a sudden panic that paralyzed me for a moment.

" 'At eight bells,' he continued, 'we're goin' to seize the ship.' Savee that?'

"I nodded, and I did it promptly, for the point of a knife just touching the skin under my armpit had reanimated me.

" 'Do you join us?' answer quick, or you'll be the first to go overboard.'

"I nodded quickly again.

" 'Alright,' he said, 'stand by to lend a hand, I'll attend to the old man and you'll help me. Mind that son!'

"To punctuate these instructions he thrust about a quarter of an inch of the knife point into my ribs, then with a final exhortation to 'act straight for I'd get no time to pray if I hung in the wind' he went down the ladder.

"I was dazed, faint, forlorn and utterly bewildered. Could it be a reality? Mutiny. The very thought of it produced a cold tremor, first of fear, then of indignation. I was wild, reckless, hopeless, all at the same time, but finally determined to find some means of passing a warning aft. The old man and the mate had treated the crew well, and I was enough of a sailor to approve

a square deal and abhor a treacherous cut-throat.

"At four bells when I was relieved, I went aft and lay down with the watch on the main hatch, I feared to go direct to the mate and tell him, for Red Ben was sure to have cautioned some of his jail-bird accomplices to watch me. While I was planning how to warn the mate without raising suspicion, he sung out to cant the yards and come for'ard to ease off the fore braces.

"After the fore yards were trimmed, I fumbled about belaying the to'gall'nt brace to allow the others to cross the deck to the main braces ahead of me. I thus met the mate crossing the deck when the watch was out of eareshot, and whispered to him: 'Look out, Sir. There's mutiny brewing!'

"He didn't seem to pay any attention, but when all was ship shape he went into the cabin by the door in the for'ard bulkhead, and a few minutes later I saw him by the light of the binnacle lamp looking at the compass card. He evidently returned to the deck by the companion at the after end of the cabin. I was perplexed but hoped that he had warned the old man. At all events I had done all I could, and felt that it would require all my sagacity to look after my own safety.

"Immediately after seven bells one of the men told me that I was wanted in the fo'c's'le. When I got there I found Red Ben serving out gin to all hands. 'Here lad,' he said 'take a swallow of this to keep up your courage, you look like you'd seen a ghost. Stand by at eight bells.'

"You may assure yourself that I took my share of the gin. I required the stimulant, it was maddening to be so helpless, I wanted to cry out, scream, bellow, to do something.

"The villians were now gathering in little groups amidships, the tension quite visible in their faces, my own nerves were taut as a weather backstay. Eight bells were struck, then it all happened. Red Ben and two brutes rushed aft to the cabin, while the remaining three white men sprang upon the monkey poop. The mate put up a game fight. He fired one shot, and the Spaniard staggered, then fell. The helmsman left the wheel and snatching a belaying pin fron the rail struck him on the head from behind; he dropped to his knees and the ruffians swarmed over him just as Red Ben ran on deck flourishing a knife streaming with blood.

" 'Don't kill him!' he cried, 'we want him to navigate the ship. Make him fast. Tie him up, and throw him down the lazarette,'

"It was all over in a jiffy. There lay the old man, face down in a pool of blood on the cabin floor, a knife still sticking in his back. The Spaniard died writhing and blaspheming on the skylight, and the mate lay bound hand and foot, the blood trickling from the wound on his head." I stood there spell-bound. The Kanakas who took no hand in the dastardly attack, behind me.

"I was speechless with fear, and heartsick for the poor grey-haired old man lying in the cabin slaughtered like an ox. I looked around at the lonely sea and the sickly gray of dawn as if I had never seen them before. It was a new world, a changed world, a bewitched world inhabited by demons. I shuddered, and became deathly and violently sick.

"The loathsome assassins swarmed into the cabin and broke out the old man's brandy, searched everywhere, thrusting into their pockets anything they fancied until they found the strong box.

"Ben secured it and ordered them to gather around, put their hands under the table and keep them there on pain of having them fastened to it with his knife, which he brandished and laid down before him. He then burst open the box, and dealt out the sovereigns one by one till each man had a golden pile before him. When all was divided he struck the table with the hilt of his dirk.

" 'Now listen,' he said, 'Scmidt at Mangareva told me that Taviuni Jack was on the beach at the Marshalls. He's got *copra* and *trepang* enough ready to ship there, to make all our fortunes. We'll make the mate take us there. In a quiet bay Jack knows of we will repaint and rechristen the brig, alter her rig, and Jack will give her a

new set of papers. He learned that trick from Bully Hayes, who was a gentleman and a scholar. He could draw up a set of ship's papers that would fool the Registrar General himself. Then with Jack to navigate we will go to port on the Chilian or Peruvian coast, sell ship and cargo and every man-jack will get his share of the swag.'

"'What's to be done with the mate?' asked one.

"'When we get Jack aboard we'll fix him, but till then we need him,' replied Ben.

"Never hear of Taviuni Jack?" inquired the Bo'sun. "Well every one in the island trade has. His mother was a Fijian and I was told it was dangerous to ask Billy Hayes who Jack's father was. Billy was quick with his gun and could hold it straight, Jack was raised on the beach at Taviuni and got his elementary education from the beach-combers and riff-raff that infested that island.

"Bully Hayes visited the beach regularly while he was growing up, and when he considered him old enough to be useful he took the boy to sea with him, taught him navigation, the most approved method of pillaging the islanders or any lonely and unprotected trader.

"To return to the yarn. While Red Ben was divulging the course of action the scoundrels were helping themselves very freely to poor old Jerry's brandy, and were all more or less drunk, though to the disgust of the Kanakas, they were put on an allowance. Ben announced that as some must work ship the Kanakas were to be kept sober for that purpose, and he would heave to Davy Jones any Kanaka who got drunk or was unfit for duty.

"At this juncture the Kanaka boy who was steering, thrust his head into the skylight, and said: 'Bime by plenty blow, more better shorten sail.'

"I jumped on deck and Red Ben followed. It was banking up to wind 'ard and had every appearance of dirty weather. Ben shouted to clew up the royal and to'g'll'nt sails, haul down the small staysails and flying jib. The Kanakas and some of the mutineers came to lend a hand, but several of the brutes were too drunk to move.

"We made everything snug and hove her to on the port tack under lower topsails and storm jib, then got the bodies over the side, cleared up the decks, and put a lashing on everything that was loose. Ben took another long drink of brandy and collapsed.

"When the first squall struck her, the brig heeled over till her decks were filled with lee water. It blew like blazes and the sea rose fast, but the brig was only half loaded and breasted the rollers like a sea-gull.

"The jail-birds lay around either dead drunk or throwing dice for the gold pieces, and fighting over them.

"I went into old Starbuck's room to look at the barometer. It read 29.78. That scared me—I'd never seen it so low as that before—though I've seen it lower since. It was a maxim with one experienced old skipper I'd sailed with, to look out for the foulest kind of weather when the barometer fell below 29.80 in the tropics, and another of his established principles was: that if you were in the track of a hurricane, run before it until the glass begins to rise, then heave to.

"I was all alone, Red Ben was drunk, the only help I could get was of a physical kind from the Kanaka boys, I had to determine the course of action and fight the gale on my own judgment. I decided to put her before the wind.

"When I returned to the deck the sky was overcast with a pall of clouds that looked ready to descend upon us, the lightning rent the dark overhanging cloud from the horizon to the zenith in angry copper-colored fissures, and was followed by peals of thunder that sounded like the crack of doom. Then came the rain, an overwhelming deluge that drove along in a horizontal flood as if the law of gravitation was suspended.

"At the first sign of a temporary lull, I kept her away a point, got the Kanakas along and set the main upper topsail, then checked the yards in and put the helm up; as she was paying off, the sea looked so fierce that the Kanakas ran up the rigging, and I had to take the wheel myself.

"The anxious moment arrived when the sea was abeam. In that position one sea filled the main deck flush with the rail, the brig staggered and seemed to lose all buoyancy. I thought she was going to founder, but the weight of water burst open the bulwark ports and that relieved her. The next sea washed the long boat clean off the skids and away to leeward. It snapped asunder the chain grips with which it was lashed as if they were of the most fragile material. When the third billow which looked the heaviest, ugliest and fiercest of all, reached her, the brig had paid off and it rolled under the port quarter and did no damage. We then steadied the helm, set the foresail and let her run.

"Run, did I say? She flew like a thing possessed, chased by waves like rolling mountains gone mad. Amid all this, with hell aboard and the elements in titanic strife, I felt strangely hilarious. Danger at sea awakens a peculiar exhilaration Every threatening billow that roared harmlessly past stirred one up like a victory gained while the headlong rush into the trough of the sea was a challenge to the next surging and roaring combatant.

"Fear is an unknown sensation to the sailor in a gale. The wind may shriek and drive him where it listeth, and the waves may make a port of his craft in their heaving dementia, but the sailor jeers at them, and at the first break in the black enveloping clouds, he laughs and prepares for fine weather.

"The break in the clouds came and the wind abated after blowing for thirty-six hours. The sea still ran high and as the brig's speed decreased with the subsiding wind she became hard to steer, so to avert the danger of broaching to, we set the fore upper topsail and main to'g'll'nt sail. When that was done and the violence of the sea was obviously diminishing the demand on my close attention relaxed.

"My mind then reverted to the barbarous murder that had been perpetrated on board, and the perilous position in which I stood. I was concerned about the mate, and anxious to know how he was, but to go through the cabin filled as it was with the drunken demons, was more than I dared to do.

"It was now near sunset, and we had the trade wind again, with it came the question of how to steer. I knew that Red Ben's intention was to go to the Marshall's but I did not know where we were then. I could work a dead reckoning at a pinch, but for that calculation one requires a point of departure, and all I knew was that we were in the South Pacific somewhere to the westward of the Low Archipelago.

"I shouted through the skylight: 'The gale is over and the weather fine; what course shall I steer?'

" 'Steer to hell,' suggested one blackleg.

" 'Drag the mate on deck and make him steer,' proposed another.

"Red Ben, now convalescent, came on deck, and looked all round. 'Jump up to the fore cross-trees and see if there is anything in sight,' he said.

"I went aloft and searched the horizon, and behold there was land immediately under the setting sun. I shaded my eyes with my hand to satisfy myself that it was no hallucination, then reported, 'land ho!'

" 'Where away?' answered Ben.

" 'Two points on the weather bow, right in the glare of the sun,' I said.

"Ben ran to the companion, got the telescope, and resting it against a backstay pointed it in the direction I had indicated. As I came from aloft, I heard him shout to his accomplices, 'There's land in sight. Bring the mate on deck and let us find out what island it is.'

"Mr. Longwell was dragged on deck, raised to his feet and held upright by two of the ruffians.

" 'What island is that?' demanded Ben, at the same time pointing to it. He got no answer. The mate looked pale, faint and weak. He would have fallen had he not been supported.

"Lay him down,' said Ben, 'and pour some sense into him from a gin bottle, ease the lashings on his legs and arms but don't let him loose.'

"They brought a bottle of gin. Ben took it, hesitated, then handed it back, saying 'Get some brandy, trade gin is only a nigger's drink.' By the time they had slacked the ropes with which he was bound the brandy was there.

Ben took the bottle and poured some of its contents into the mate's mouth. It seemed to revive him; he opened his eyes looked round the group of unscrupulous villians, and asked for water. 'Take some more of this,' said Ben, applying the bottle to his lips and tilting it.

"The treatment was violent and the dose was copious. The fiery stuff nearly choked the sufferer, but after gasping and coughing, he regained his breath, and again asked for water, which was brought him.

"That seemed to reanimate him. He was again raised to his feet and the question repeated. 'I can't tell,' he said, 'I don't know what course she has made since she threw me down the lazarette.'

" 'Where's that boy?' said Ben, I stepped up. 'Now,' Ben said, grabbing me by the shoulder, 'he'll tell you all about course and distance, he's been taking care of her since you were superceded.'

" 'Bring me the chart, parallel rulers and dividers,' said the mate turning to me. I brought them and spread the chart on the skylight. 'I must have my hands free,' said the mate, 'to use the ruler.' Ben looked dubious, but drew his knife to be prepared, and told the others to cast the lashings off his wrists and stand by to sieze him at the first sign of foul play.

"When his hands were released, he first found the position at noon on the day previous to the outbreak. He then made a calculation and marked the position at the time of the mutiny. Addressing me, he asked what course and average speed she made during the gale. I answered as accurately as I could. He then set the parallel rulers to the course I reckoned we had made, brought them at that angle to the last point he had marked, and drew a line with a lead pencil. With the dividers he then measured on the scale he had drawn, and announced that the land in sight was Nukunono, one of the Tokelau group.

" 'What's the course to the Marshalls?' Ben asked.

"Mr. Longwell laid the parallels again on the chart, read off the angle, and said north by west will take you clear of the Gilberts, than haul a point to the westward and you'll fetch the Marshalls.'

" 'Alright,' said Ben, 'you'll go below to your room till we want you again.' Then to the two ruffians who brought him on deck, he said, 'Put him into his room, give him some biscuit and canned meats, some water and a bottle of brandy, lock the door and bring the key to me.' He then walked aft and told the helmsman to steer north by west.

"The man who shipped as cook and was one of the most dissolute rascals of this choice collection now spoke up and said, 'Let's run into anchorage and go ashore for a spree. We'll take plenty of gin along, have hula dances and raise hell generally. When the natives are all drunk we'll take some of their women on board, slip the cable and go to sea just as the men of the Bounty did at Tahiti.'

" 'You'll run your necks into the bight of a rope,' replied Ben, 'if you don't look out. You're quite likely to find a British cruiser at anchor in there, and to have a naval Lieutenant aboard prying into everything and asking impertinent questions about goat-faced Jerry. For my part I'm not longing to dangle at a cruiser's yard arm.'

" 'We'll make sure the coast is clear first,' said the cook. 'We can stand off and on all night and at daybreak we can proceed on our course if there should be any suspicious looking craft inshore; or run in and anchor if the coast is clear.'

" 'And have a cruiser come in to-morrow and catch us like rats in a trap,' retorted Ben.

" 'We can lay in the offing quite safely till sunset to-morrow night, then run in and anchor, get the women aboard and be off before daybreak,' declared the cook.

"This proposal was carried with acclamation, and though Ben tried to bully the gin-soaked and abandoned villians into submission, he had to yield. We backed the main yard and lay drifting toward the shore till daylight. then ran in close to the reef. There wasn't a sail of any kind in the lagoon, so we stood off and on all day. At

sunset the boat was lowered and four men with a lantern and instructions to show the light right in the passage and through the reef. With the light from the lantern as a guide the scoundrels picked their way in and dropped anchor about eight o'clock.

"The night was matchless; Venus and the new moon setting close together made luminous twinkling tracks on the water, which was gently ruffled by the land breeze. The boat was hauled to the waist and was loaded with cases of gin. The reprobates took their places, Ben going over the rail last, warned me to keep a good look-out and to lower the riding light as a signal to them if any vessel approached.

"As soon as I was satisfied that they were fairly away and unlikely to return until the saturnalia was over, I ran aft to the mate's room. The door was locked but a few blows with the heavy end of a capstan bar settled that difficulty. I explained the situation to Mr. Longwell as rapidly as I could and proposed that we clear out with the brig, which we could handle alright with the five Kanakas. He did not require a second invitation.

"The land breeze was blowing gently off shore, the mate sent one of the Kanakas to the wheel and told him to put the helm hard a'port. With the others we went forward. The moon had now set, but we feared to light a lantern though the night was very dark. By the sense of touch rather than that of sight, we found a shackle in the chain just inside the hawse pipe. In two shakes we had a tackle on the chain and the starin off the shackle, then set the jib and topsails. As soon as that was done we drove the pin out of the shackle, cut the strop, the tackle was hooked into, and let the chain drop.

"We were now under way and while the boys and I made sail, the mate headed the brig for the gap in the reef.

"Presently we saw a light moving to and fro on the beach. The mutineers were preparing to give chase in the boat, but we had good way on the brig and were soon outside the reef, the roar of the surf drowning the shouts of our pursuers.

"We ran down to Suva, Fiji, and reported the mutiny and the murder of Captain Starbuck to the authorities, shipped a few more Kanakas sailors and laid a course for Sydney. Arriving at Sydney Mr. Longwell related to the owners the story of this disastrous voyage.

"They lamented the fate of the old man who had been a great favorite and part owner of the brig. They praised Mr. Longwell and gave him command of her, and simply showered me with adulation, which I knew was undeserved it being my own skin and not their brig that I was thinking of all the time. Mr. Longwell offered me a berth with him, but I'd had enough of the island trade and have never been there since.

"I was paid off and given one hundred pounds as salvage in addition to my wages which enabled me to take the pleasures of Sydney very freely. Six weeks after, with empty pockets and a month's advance to work off, I shipped in a big clipper bound for London, and to this day I have never heard what became of Long Red Ben and the gang of cut-throats whom we left in the Tokelaus.

"But there goes eight bells.

"Lay the aft watch."

THE POSSIBILITIES OF MATRIMONY

B. W. K.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles that will run through several numbers. The stories are absolutely true and are told by the Grafter himself in his own way. They illustrate the credulity of the average man, how easy it is to make money without working, how eager the public is to get something for nothing. As a chapter of modern life, true in every detail, they possess extraordinary interest. Read them and ask yourself if such schemes have ever tempted you.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER my impending indictment and unceremonious notification to discontinue my real estate business, I began to do a legal and collection business on a small scale; but it was a legitimate business and legitimate businesses generally pay smaller dividends than those to which I had been accustomed.

I was restless and dissatisfied with so comparatively small returns, and what I should do to augment my bank account was, for a time, a puzzle.

After due consideration I concocted the idea that, in addition to my legal business, I should conduct a matrimonial business on the side, which would chiefly consist of placing, or rather promising to place, the loved ones into communication for the nominal sum of five dollars.

And, after further deliberation, I dictated the following alluring gem to Shorty:—

"Wealthy eastern gentleman thirty years desires to marry and seeks companionship of worthy woman. No objection to poor woman if intelligent and honest. Prefer lady with an affectionate disposition. Address Box 648, St. Louis, Exclusive agent."

A few days after the insertion of my first ad I began to receive responses from persons of my oppoiste sex from "children" of from eighteen to thirty, "Young girls" from thirty to sixty-five, "girls" ripening into "young women" at the mature age of from sixty-five to ninety, nearly all of whom were ready and willing to make a dying statement that they were honest, faithful, home-loving and affectionate in disposition; that they were excellent cooks and dishwashers; some were talented in art and music and were infinitely sincere in their desire to take unto themselves a worthy companion to comfort and love them; some were naturally bestowed with such an "affectionate disposition" that they could "love to death" an honest man "regardless of looks;" others, however, were possessed of higher ideals and demanded, after I had gotten their money, that I place them into communication with an "aristocratic gentleman of affluence;" or, "broad shoulders and near illimitable means;" some desired a gentleman of great "political influence combined with a bank account of anything from fifty thousand dollars up."

Some of the husband seekers were highly egotistical, while a few were conservative and apparently in doubt as to their worthiness of a husband.

Some demanded that I be more specific and state the exact financial capabilities of my client; while others, evidently not greatly enthused by my ad, would go on and enumerate in no brief manner, the particular requisites that constituted an ideal man and im-

plore me to place them into communication with such a gentleman.

All inquirers were favored with a prompt response and were advised therein that for the small sum of five dollars they would receive a photo and complete description of my client; or, in preference thereto, they would, upon application at the office, be given an introduction to, and granted the privilege of a personal interview with, my yet-to-be-acquired masculine matrimonial product.

And it was when I was writing a letter to this effect, namely, containing the provisional offer permitting personal calls at the office, that I was made to realize that an additional actor would necessarily have to be engaged in order to carry out the dramatization of said matrimonial drama.

Upon personal application at the office of husband-seekers, I must be able to produce a visible, animate and fair-looking man and, in addition thereto, must produce a bank-book or some written document or security, which would unquestionably certify as to his wealth.

And, too, in the event of Federal interference for the purposes of proving my business fraudulent, the presence of such a party would be almost indispensable in the repudiation of accusations of fraud.

I asked myself who this accomplice would be. I thought for a time I would play the part myself in order to cut down expenses and avoid sharing the profits; but I later decided that the enormity of the business would make it impossible for me to act as my own agent.

Until I procured the services of some one, I stalled all personal applicants off on the erroneous pretex that the Wealthy Eastern Gentleman was at present out of the city and I had just given away, to an alleged eligible, the last photo. However, I promised each client to soon have some more reproduced and extended to each an invitation to call at some later date.

After a few days of indecision and more frequent personal applicants, a Mrs. Murphy paid me a call and five dollars and asked to be introduced to the "Wealthy Eastern Gentleman." I explained to her he would not be in for a few days and asked her to return at that time, when I would be pleased to have her meet my client.

She did not demand her money back because of his not being present, nor did she make any attempt to leave the office. That she was greatly disappointed, however, was obvious from her answers to a few questions I put at her regarding her worthiness and eligibility. But the longer she stayed the more loquacious she became and she was soon inquiring into my past and my eligibility so earnestly that I thought for a time I was being subjected to a cross-examination by Mr. Delmas, or possibly that she had taken me for the Wealthy Eastern Gentleman.

I could not understand her indisposition to leave the office, until she openly proposed to me; then I knew. But that's the way with the women. A man can't tell anything about them and they always give a man surprises that are just the reverse from his expectations; when a woman's services are needed the most they are either not around or refuse to render them; and when they are not wanted, they are always on the job.

I assured her that, had I been in search of an American Beauty and not been previously engaged to an old schoolmate, I would have had no hesitancy in accepting her proposal, as she was frank in her declaration that she would do all possible to make happy anyone whom she might take unto herself as a husband.

I further assured her that her proffer was highly complimentary to me, and she left the office with the promise to call again in a few days.

I resolved then and there never to start anything I could not stop and immediately John Hawkins came into my mind as "The Wealthy Eastern Gentleman," to promote the undertaking. Who could better play the part of the Wealthy Eastern Gentleman than he? Why had I not thought of him before?

It might be well here to say something of Mr. Hawkins. My acquaintance with him dates from the time I entered the St. Louis Business College and

School of Law. I frequently met him after that and occasionally spent an evening with him.

As our acquaintance became more intimate, the more conversant I became of his past, as he was always eloquent when his profession was under discussion; I had unlimited confidence in him from the first and enjoyed immensely his narrations of what he had done for his profession in the past. Unlike myself, he was an itinerant grafter and never confined his crooked work to any one city very long at a time until he became associated with me, as such would have increased his fear of detection. His dupes were great in number, but he was a petty grafter; he would concoct ideas and devise schemes of grafting and money-elicitation that were so fraudulent and illigitimate as to seem almost impracticable to the most efficient grafter; though not egotistical in discussing subjects other than those pertaining to his profession, he impressed his shrewdness and loyalty to me most strongly when he boasted of rarely having paid for anything in his life but postage stamps, again he voluntarily offered his services to me at any time and assured me that, if I ever found him guilty of participating in a legitimate or equitable transaction, I could feel perfectly free in repudiating him as an acquaintance.

He was a handsome man, with big blue eyes and a striking personality; he was a fluent talker, always smoothly shaven and precisely attired; he was one of the rare men who could play any part in any man's game and his open countenance always won the esteem of those with whom he came in contact; he could preach a sermon on a moment's notice and from any text, and could pass off for a young minister with as much ease and ceremony as he could dispose of a bottle of Hawkins Pain Allayer to the most credulous for twenty-five cents.

Considering his past and non-perfidiousness as expressed, who could have been more eligible to co-operate in A Higher Graft?

But a few minutes after Mrs. Murphy left, I got into 'phone communication with Hawkins.

"Hello, is this Hawkins?" "This is the Great Real Estate Specialist. Can you come over for a few minutes?"

"I'll be there in thirty minutes by the clock," said Hawkins.

He arrived at the appointed time and shook my hand nonchalantly.

"I need your assistance," says I.

"You shall have it," he replied, as his eyes lit up with anxious anticipation, but what's the answer?"

"It's this way, John," says I. "I have started a matrimonial agency for Worthy Wooers Who Will Willingly give five dollars and await results. The purpose of this great agency, comprises two distinct reasons: First, the financial augmentation of myself, as well as anyone who may promote and foster the agency to a sound, successful business basis; secondly, the temporary felicitation and gratification the credulous and eccentric will receive in the way of alluring promises, consolation, correspondence and permission to exchange photos, all propitious to temporary happiness and contentment. Does it meet with your approval?"

"It certainly does," responded Hawkins, "and you have my hearty consent and co-operation; it strikes me as being financially profitable, an excellent diversion from past lines of graft, and it will be instructive, amusing, interesting, desirable and entertaining. But what's my part?" he continued.

"I have already inserted an ad in the paper and have received both personal and written responses therefrom—they are on your trail now," says I.

"I'm on," says he, "but how much am I supposed to be worth?"

"You are supposed to be worth at least twenty-five thousand dollars in the way of a deposit I have made to your credit in the Citizens State Bank, which, of course, will not be subject to check, but it will answer the purposes all right."

"It's thoroughly elating to be so rich," said Hawkins.

"It is," says I, "and you are supposed to be a New York attorney, in quest of good social environment, a wife and a place to disseminate your money."

"The greatest drawback, if any, about this," says Hawkins, "is that I'll

probably dream it's true and the disappointment on the morrow will be awful; however I am at your service, but just introduce them to me one at a time."

He then left the office wreathed in smiles in anticipation of so favorable an outlook for approaching activity in a new line of his profession.

The personal applicants were numerous and called with increasing frequency. When one of the fair sex would call and make known her business I almost invariably would talk her out of a five in short order; or else, she would leave the office considerably incensed, signifying her disapproval of my required fee.

Always as soon as I would talk a client out of a five, I wasted no time but immediately got into phone communication with my friend Hawkins, who was always on time when it become necessary to play his part.

Mr. Hawkins always interviewed the love-seekers personally and unceremoniously as if he really had more business on his hands than he could attend to; and, at times he did have.

In case something out of the ordinary was brought up during the course of his interview with his many admirers, he would mention it to me. But as a rule he would never bring up anything that was discussed during such interviews.

His manner of stalling them off was ludicrous. He said they all wanted to marry him (and I believe they did). But he stalled them all off regardless of their accomplishments. If his interviewer was a blonde, she was invariably told, after briefly passing on the events of the day consistent with courtesy that, owing to his partality for brunettes, he could not consent to a marriage with said interviewer as a party thereto.

If an interviewer happened to be a brunette, he would reverse his reason for dissatisfaction and assure her that he was always partial to blondes.

He had other excuses for his always apparent aversion to marriage. If an interviewer chanced to be a Methodist, Hawkins was always an Orthodox Episcopalian; if she would be a United Brethren, he was a Presbyterian; if she belonged to no church at all, he was a staunch church worker; if she be a widow without children, he preferred a child or two for additional company, as he was so fond of children.

Business was so good for the next few days and the personal applicants were so great in number, that, at the suggestion of Hawkins, we decided that it would be to our mutual interest if he would devote his time exclusively to the interest of this new matrimonial venture.

About a hundred dollars a day was what came in and, as time went on, business was fast on the increase.

Of course, let me say right here, that Hawkins and I never entered into an agreement, either verbally or otherwise, as to the division of the spoils when promoting any transaction relevant to our profession (and we seldom, if ever, promoted anything else); we rested absolute faith in each other and at all times during our business relations, a mutual understanding existed between us that any division of surreptitiously acquired bucks would be equal and equitable.

Further let me add here that there is honor among thieves, petty grafters and criminals. If at any time, even the most remote acquaintance would be instrumental in landing a dupe for me, he was always well paid for his services. Many a time I have handed a financial benefactor from a hundred dollars up to five hundred, who would have been satisfied with a mere expression of appreciation.

One day after noon lunch, Mr. Hawkins came to the office when four of the "lonely ones" had been awaiting his arrival.

When Hawkins came to the office, he always entered our "Private Room" from the hall, never entering by the main office. There was a reason for this, of course, as is there s reason for everything: A person with a past record equal to that of Hawkins is, or should be, particular about who they meet. And it was for the purpose of avoiding collectors or anyone who looked suspicious, that he very seldom appeared in the main office. His arrival in our private office was made known to me by one ring on the "buz-

zer"—and his egression therefrom was also made known by so many rings on the buzzer; and we had other signals.

In the course of forty-five minutes he had interviewed the four lonely ones and, shortly after the last one descended the stairs, two of the four reappeared at the office. They had by chance, I suppose, met on the street and continued their conversation had in the office while awaiting the arrival of Hawkins from lunch.

Their conversation possibly was on the events of the day for a time and later, no doubt, drifted to love and matrimony, which had brought them to the office.

However, it was plain to see that they were irate and they not only demanded their money back, but in addition thereto they signified their desire to have a further interview with the Hawkins gent.

"I cannot refund your money," says I, "but you might talk with Hawkins if you desire." I rang two rings with the desk buzzer (at which time, according to our code, Hawkins was to leave no grass grow under his feet in "beating it" from the office to some place of temporary seclusion). After a few moments in which he had sufficient time to make his "git-away," I opened the door to our private office and Hawkins was not in.

After so informing the irate ones, they expressed, in no mild or unstinted manner, their profound regret that the gentleman was not present and stated they would call later.

I assured them that I did not know just what time he would return and asked if I might give them any information or explain anything.

"Well," one replied, "you know the object of our errand here, and I suppose we had just as well talk to you as anyone else. That man is a grafter and has no intention of marrying anyone," she continued.

"Oh, you must be mistaken," I said, "I don't know much concerning his character, but he represented to me that he was quite well-to-do, in fact I know to my personal knowledge that he is worth twenty-five thousand dollars and can produce his bank book crediting him with that amount in a local bank."

"That might all be," said one of them, "but we will explain further." The one speaking was a blonde; she was rather intelligent looking and weighed possibly 140 pounds. "You will readily perceive," she said, "that, on account of the striking hue of my hirsute adornment, I would be classified as a blonde; and further I am a Methodist."

"I understand," says I, "but what's that got to do with matrimony?"

"Be patient," says Blondy, "and I will get to it. You will also readily observe that this lady is a brunette and that her weight is perhaps 120 pounds, and further she is a Presbyterian."

"I will," says I.

"Well," she went on, "this Wealthy Eastern Gentleman, during the course of his interview with me, expressed his preference for brunettes; he also said, in his opinion, that a model sized woman should weigh from 118 to 125 pounds; he further stated that he was a church worker and that he, as well as his ancestors, had all been Presbyterians.

"Now this lady," she continued, "will tell you the substance of her interview with the Wealthy one."

"The wretch told me," says the brunette, "that he had always pertinaciously maintained a preference for, and been partial to, blondes; that he wanted a 'little woman' weighing about one hundred and forty-five pounds; that he was a strong Methodist, etc., etc., and it appears that his statements are rather conflicting, are they not?"

"Well, don't talk to me about it," says I. "You'll have to talk with Hawkins himself, but if he's that kind of a man, I will in future refuse to act as his agent."

One day our friend, Mrs. Murphy, reappeared at the door just as another client was leaving. She asked if she might see the "Wealthy Eastern Gentleman."

"Certainly," says I, and she followed me into our private office where Hawkins puffing at a black Havana, was seated in a "lazy" chair."

"Mr. Hawkins," says I, anxious like, "I want you to meet Mrs. Murphy."

"I am very glad to know you," says Hawkins.

I then left the room that they might talk the matter over "personally," while I sliced open the mail and picked out the five spots.

Their interview was of two or three hours duration—this was so very unusual with Hawkins and his admirers that I wondered what was up; he was accustomed to turning them down unceremoniously and, as a rule, such interviews lasted but from fifteen minutes to half an hour, generally depending entirely upon whether or not any "lonely" ones were waiting in the main office for an interview.

Could it be that he was going to marry this woman? Why talk for two hours and a half when ordinarily such interviews consumed but a few minutes time?

But four rings on the buzzer notified me to appear in an office across the hall to discuss something unusual, as when the buzzer rang four rings, impending danger was in the ambient atmosphere.

Hawkins entered the corridor from a side door entrance to our private room and I entered from the main door entrance to the office.

I saw at a glance that Hawkins was affected. "What's the matter, old man," says I, "what's the matter with your conscience?"

"Well," says Hawkins, "we've got to do something for this woman. She's waiting in the office now. She came a distance of one hundred miles, paying railroad fare and our five-dollar fee; she's a woman of refinement and her raiment would indicate that she is accustomed to living pretty well; she came here with the avowed intention of getting a man and as a result she is stranded, despondent, and, since her arrival, has been running her face for room and board at a reasonable priced hotel."

"Well," says I, "marry her."

"Never," says Hawkins. "I'll do this, however: let's pay her back the fiver, her railroad fare and make up a little purse for her to remember us by."

"Hawkins, you're a gentleman," says I, and we shook hands.

"But, say," I continued, "if she isn't satisfied then, lets put her on a steady salary and give her a third interest in the business. She'd be a valuable asset. In a week we'd be receiving fivers from masculine celibates and bachelors in Florida, Texas, California, New York, Michigan and intervening States."

"That's better yet," says Hawkins. "I'll bring the question of reimbursements of expense up to her first and, as an ultimatum, I'll suggest making her the owner of a third interest or putting her on a steady salary. I guess she'll not turn both propositions down."

"But say, Hawkins," says I, "this is the first instance I have encountered wherein you have manifested the slightest evidence of a conscience and I believe you once said that a conscience would not co-exist with our profession."

"I'll admit," says Hawkins, apologetically, "that an explanation is due, but this case is an unusual circumstance; when dealing with men I am absolutely void of any conscience, whatsoever; but, with this woman, it has been different."

Hawkins went back and resumed his conversation with Mrs. Murphy and I noiselessly entered the main office and dictated a few letters to Shorty.

In a few minutes Hawkins rang for me and when I entered the private room, Mrs. Murphy was smiling contentedly in anticipation of her financial outlook for the future and the desirabliity of her work.

"Mrs. Murphy," says Hawkins, addressing me, "has decided that she has no objection to being put on the pay roll at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week and expenses at a moderate priced of the best hotels."

I glanced at her and she nodded her acquiescence.

We all shook hands and agreed that her services were to be effective on the following day and at any hours suitable to herself. Ten thousand dollars, not subject to check, was deposited to her credit that afternoon in a local bank.

Next morning the following appeared in the "Personal" and Miscellaneous Want Column of a local paper:

"Wealthy widow 28 desires to correspond with honorable gentleman, object matrtmony;

no objection to poor man if honest and can give reference. Address Box 648, St. Louis, or call Phone 1516 for address and particulars."

In addition to the above, also ran the following in same paper, to appear every issue for one week:

"Don't be disheartened. There is no reason why any honest or worthy man or woman should spend their days in lamentable solitude. Companionship and love of a husband or wife is indispensible to happiness. Call Phone 1516 or address box 648, and we can place you in communication with a desirable and wealthy gentleman or lady, who will comfort and provide for you. All matters strictly confidential. This is the Lucky Month for Matrimony. DO IT NOW."

It is needless to say that we did a business unparallelled in the annals of matrimony. We were absolutely swamped with business and we made a clean sweep for about five months, when we were given notice to discontinue the business.

Mrs. Murphy, Hawkins and I then divided about ten thousand dollars equally between us.

Subsequently I sold the business to an aspiring gent for one thousand dollars.

We all three shook hands and Mrs. Murphy was unstinted in her expression of profound appreciation of the many kindnesses we had bestowed upon her, and assured us that we had her prayers.

In the next issue, The Collection Agency.

ZEBEDEE

With zealot feet Christ trod by Galilee,
Where simple fishers drew their scaled spoil;
Among them were the sons of Zebedee,
James, and his brother John, at silent toil.

The hoary-headed sire, with senile hand
Clasped loose about the tiller's graspworn guide,
Sat still and watched them oar the boat to land;
His homely face shone with a father's pride.

But Jesus called the brothers unto Him
And bade them follow as He went before.
They straightway left their nets, and in the dim,
Half dusk of twilight, quit the weed-strewn shore.

They left behind their bent and aged sire,
Nor stayed a moment to entreat his leave;
They thought not of his years, his waning fire,
Nor cared that he through lonely days might grieve.

I can almost behold his misty eye
Search after James and John with troubled gaze;
I catch the echo of his deep drawn sigh,
And feel the anguish of his mute amaze.

And Zebedee dwelt still upon the shore—
But how, alone and old, he gained his bread,
The Word ne'er tells, for He who taught of yore,
Held that the dead be buried by the dead.

A. R. Buzick, Jr.

THE TEST

ELMER RIGDON

WHEN the door of his private office closed and he heard the click of the spring lock, Inspector Ryan looked up. "Kansas Red!" he exclaimed, as he recognized the shabbily dressed man who had entered.

"I didn't think you'd know me in this regalia," the other grinned. "The tailor at the pen who made this 'coming out' suit hadn't received the latest styles from Paris, and besides he gave me a bum fit."

The inspector, visibly nervous, looked closely at the uninvited guest whose fiery red hair was cut short, and the pallor inseparably associated with long confinement in prison, was still in his face. The visitor flopped nonchalently into a chair. "My! how you have changed since we last met, Bill Dodds."

"Shut up!" the inspector whispered. "Not so loud."

"Beg pardon, Inspec; I forgot you had changed your monaker."

"How did you know I was here?" The Inspector's words came quick and short, and his attempt to hide his agitation was unconvincing.

"I saw you on the street, but in spite of the uniform and the lapse of ten years, I recognized you. Remembering faces is necessary in our business. Why, I had lost all track of you, old pal."

Ryan winced at the familiarity. "But I've kept pretty close tab on you." There was a sardonic tone in his voice.

"The police always do. Oh, I'm a furious favorite with the cops."

"Let me see; you served five years for that Oregon bank job and two for the express robbery."

"Correct; but your bill of particulars omits a trivial bit of two years I served in Joliet."

The Inspector turned nervously in his swivel chair. "Well, what are you doing here?"

"Bill, I'll tell you, if you don't laugh too loud and wake up the prisoners. I came here to get a job and live straight." Red twisted a piece of tobacco off a plug as he continued: "I haven't done a crooked trick since I left the pen, but they've driven me out of two towns on account of my record. I'm tired of hunting new scenery and I want police protection. Oh, they take care of worse men than I am."

The Inspector glared at his visitor as he asked: "What's your plan?"

"The Farmers and Drovers Bank building is to be torn down to make room for a more modern structure and the bank people are going to take up temporary quarters across the street until the new edifice is erected. The building they will occupy for the time is a ramshackle affair and this morning while I was looking at it—I was always interested in banks—the cashier and one of the directors came over to talk about changes to be made. I heard the cashier say something about needing a man to act as a sort of janitor and watchman. I was pretty well brought up, Bill, and I'm willing to do anything to get on the straight road. So what do you think I did? Struck the cashier for the job!"

"Impossible! a notorious bank thief."

"I've heard that so often, I'm getting vain. Why, I'll soon be as hard to get along with as a prima donna. I don't think the cashier was at first impressed with my appearance—I'm not a model of sartorial elegance—but I passed him a brand of conversation that made him pay attention and then he said if I could furnish a recommendation from a reputable citizen he'd consider my

application. It hadn't been half an hour since I recognized you on the street and it occurred to me that a word from the honorable and respected Inspector of Police Do— beg pardon, Ryan, would go—"

"Do you mean—"

"You've guessed it; I gave you as reference."

Ryan was stunned at the man's effrontery. "How dare you? Why, you'd loot the bank the first chance you got."

"Bill, I told you I was on the level. Don't forget that there was a time when you were not altogether disassociated with crookedness, but after that little holdup out yonder you skipped. You covered your trail well, but it might be interesting to learn you are not forgotten. You must have got a chance to reform, and made good, or you wouldn't be here. Now I want you to help me."

Ryan looked intently at his visitor. "They think I'm the cleanest, squarest man ever on the force here," he said in a low, tense voice, "and if I stood for you it would be only a short time until you disgraced me. When I came here I was sick of the old life. I changed my name, married and settled down. I have a couple of lovely children," and his voice softened. "They think a whole lot of me," he continued, abstractedly, "and it would go mighty hard with them if they learned of my past." He gazed fondly at a photograph on his desk.

"Ah, a picture of your kids," commented Red, as he picked up the photograph. "Handsome youngsters, Bill; intelligent looking too. I always had a weakness for children. Do you know they never would have caught me for that Ogden bank job if it hadn't been for a little tot. Why, after I robbed the bank and made my getaway, the police didn't have the ghost of a clew. A couple of days later I saw a bit of a shaver—looked like that boy of yours in the picture. He said he had lost his pennies and tears were dribbling down his rosy cheeks. I patted him on the head and told him never to mind as I was Santa Claus. With that I pulled a roll of money out of my pocket with all the secretiveness of a multi-millionaire presenting a hospital to his home town and stuck a five-dollar bill in his chubby fist. Just then a cop, who almost fainted when he saw the roll, nabbed me and enough of the Ogden bank's money was found in my possession to float a comic opera troupe. I went over all right, but somehow I never regretted the pleasure I gave that kid."

Ryan's feelings gave way to sentiment but when Red laid the photograph down his old antagonistic spirit returned: "I got a job on the force and by being honest and efficient I was advanced. But men in the game as long as you, Red, never reform, and I'm not going to jeopardize the happiness of myself and family by taking any chances with you."

The lines in the Inspector's face were drawn and his jaws set firmly. Red, unabashed, tilted his chair and laughed lightly. Half musingly he said: "Wouldn't they be surprises if they knew that Bill Dodds, now the virtuous Inspector Ryan, executed a mighty neat little bit of sandbaggery out West some years ago?"

Red made no open threat to expose him but the Inspector felt that he intimated as much. Rage burned within him and he might have laid violent hands upon the safe-cracker had not the telephone bell rang. Red sprang to the official's side and spoke low. "Perhaps that's the cashier calling to inquire about me, I told him my name was Jim Davis. Speak a good word for me; you'll not regret it." There was an earnest tone in his voice.

The Inspector knew Red as a cunning, crafty, desperate man, who would stop at nothing to accomplish his ends. For years Ryan had lived in constant dread of some one turning up and telling all about that part of his life he longed to forget. Happy with his wife and children and at a time when the press was lauding him as the "terror of crooks," he was discovered by a man who knew all about his shady past. He could instinctively feel Kansas Red at his shoulder and his determination of a few minutes ago began to waver. The fear that the ex-convict would expose him if he refused to do his bidding

took a firm hold on him. He thought of his family and as he reached for the receiver he tried to convince himself that there was no real danger; that Red was sincere and would play fair. He heard the voice of the bank cashier. "Tell him I'm all right," whispered the ex-convict, leaning over Ryan's shoulder. "I'm hungry and must have that job." He watched the police official closely, anxiously.

"Y—es," the Inspector was saying—"I think he can handle the job—I knew him out West—he's a safe man."

Ryan hung up the receiver. Beads of perspiration popped out on his brow. "I've done it!" His voice was harsh and husky.

Red's snapping eyes reflected a feeling of exultation, but noticing the perturbation of his companion, he hastened to reassure him. "You needn't be afraid old pal; I'll not betray you."

"If you do, I'm lost." Ryan had placed his reputation in the hands of a crook and his nerves were unstrung.

"There was truth in what you said, anyhow. You told the cashier I was a *safe* man, and there was no lie in that, eh, Bill?"

Long after Kansas Red had gone, Inspector Ryan paced the floor, He thought bitterly of what he had done. Honored, respected in the community, he had given a good character to a man whom he knew to be a criminal.

Red had no trouble in getting the position as the bank cashier had implicit confidence in the word of the Inspector. He stuck closely to his work and never appeared in public places, probably from force of habit. Once he wrote a note saying that he was doing nicely and Ryan, reassured, began to think that after all he intended to do right.

In fitting up their temporary quarters the bank people did not go to much expense. An ordinary brick vault built in the rear of the room was thought sufficiently safe for the short time it was to be used, but the cunning janitor could not suppress a smile whe he saw it. Well did he know that an experienced man could remove a number of bricks in a few minutes and steal a fortune. There would be no necessity to tamper with the iron door and he could hardly keep his eyes off the vault as he passed back and forth in attending to his duties.

One day the cashier brought a large satchel containing money from the bank to the new quarters and informed the janitor that they would move in after banking hours that afternoon. As he saw him open the satchel and deposit packages of bills in the vault, Red stood at the door fascinated. The cashier came out presently and carefully locked the door. Red had moved to one side and he seemeed to be looking through the dead wall. He made futile efforts to shake off a desire to get the money; his eyes twitched and his fingers clenched until the nails were driven into the flesh. The cashier noticed his peculiar actions. "Are you ill, Davis?" he inquired, solicitously.

The sound of the voice brought Red to himself. "Oh, just a little twinge of rheumatism. I must have caught it in the rain yesterday."

The cashier departed but Red could not keep his mind off the money in the vault. Suddenly he heard the music of a band. A circus parade was crossing the street a block away. An ingenious press agent had advertised that the lion tamer would give a thrilling and awe-inspiring exhibition with his ferocious beasts during the pageant and the announcement served to attract an immense crowd of people. Several workmen employed in the building dropped their tools and joined the sightseers, leaving the janitor alone. The entire population seemed to be watching the parade, but Red thought only of the money in the vault. How easy it would be to remove a few brick, steal a fortune and escape without detection. With an hour's start, a man of his experience in outwitting the police, would have a great advantage. The craze for money absorbed his thoughts and he forgot all about the Inspector and his good resolutions. He saw a shining tool that had been left on the floor by one of the workmen. Picking it up he darted to the vault and in a frenzy began to tear out the brick. The mortar was hardly dry and presently a ray of daylight illuminated the interior. As

Red feasted his eyes on the piles of bills he could hear the strains of music and the voices of children laughing at the antics of the clown as the circus parade passed the corner a block away.

* * * * * *

When the door of his private office closed and he heard the click of the spring lock, Inspector Ryan looked up. Kansas Red, wild-eyed had returned; his hair disheveled, his face blanched. There was a nervous twitch about his mouth and he looked furtively over his shoulder, like a man does when fearful of pursuit. The Inspector divined the worst at a glance. His face flushed with anger as he grasped Red by the throat. "You've done it, haven't you?"

The ex-convict nodded. "I couldn't help it, Bill; and I had to tell you. Everybody ran down the street to see the circus parade and I was left alone. There was $50,000 in the vault and I couldn't resist the temptation to tear the brick out of the wall until I could reach in and get the money. God! what a sight it was to see those yellow-backs!"

"And you forgot all about your promise and the disgrace you were bringing upon me?"

"No, I didn't," persisted the other, shaking off the enraged Inspector. "Just as I grabbed a pile of the bills I could hear youngsters cheering the circus parade and I thought of your own little ones who never would want to be ashamed of their daddy. Kids always got my goat, Bill, and—well, I sent for the cashier and told him that if he didn't put a steel casing in the vault some unscrupulous burglar who wasn't soft-hearted would break in and rob him."

NINE AND TWELVE

A whiff from a field of clover,
A chord from an old refrain,
The scent of a purple lilac bloom,—
And I am a child again.

The call of a lark in the meadow,
Violets banked by the water's brink;
A tree abloom in the May time;
The song of the bob-o-link.

Each carry me back to a Springtime,
When we owned the world—we two—
From sky above to each leaf that lay
Awash in the morning dew.

All Nature's unfolding wonders
Were ours—just yours and mine;
When you were a king of twelve, dear heart,
And I was a queen of nine.

Harriet L. Richards.

HUNTING BEARS IN ALASKA

MILTON D. SNODGRASS

MAN alive, this won't do! Three years in Alaska without a bear hunt! The pile of letters on my desk, to be answered before time for the next boat to leave, was finished. The hay was stacked. The silo was full. There stood my automatic rifle, bought in Kansas for the express purpose of shooting Kodiak bears. All the thrilling stories read in boyhood on the Kansas plains came crowding to my mind only as remembered dreams. The plain black letters on the card above my desk said,, "DO IT NOW," and the impulse was irresistible. Where was Metroken and his dog, Billy?

However, such are the duties of one who has the responsibilities of developing the resources and proving the possibilities of a Government Experiment Station in a new and promising country that one finds few places where he can turn his back upon his work and take even a day for the sports of his boyhood dreams. It came about this way: Metroken, the best native Russian guide on the island, and his half-breed fox terrier, "Bill," enjoy an enviable fame as bear hunters. They have certainly earned their place in the "who's who" record of achievment in Alaska.

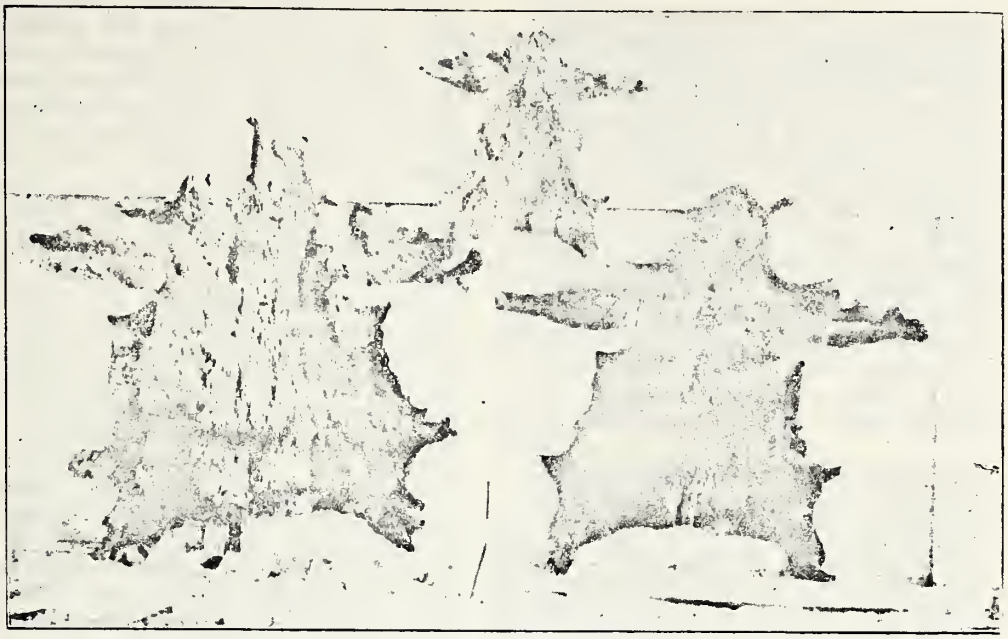
On the 22nd of October the opportunity came to cross the portage from Calinsky bay to Eagle Harbor, a distance of about twelve miles, in company with these celebrated hunters. Distance here is reckoned by the time required to walk over the ground, and although informed by Metroken that we had before us at least six hours of "mushing" I proceeded with unabated zeal to roll my blankets and put up a pack of bacon, pilot bread, tea and sugar and a light tent. A native packer was employed, who, with two native Russian boys, Dan and Mike McCloud, made up our party.

Just a word about Kodiak Island before we start. It is a beautiful wooded island 60 by 100 miles just off the southeast coast of Alaska Peninsula. With its deeply indented coast it furnishes some good harbors. The mountain barrier to the northwest and the influence of the Japan current modify the climate and promote the growth of low pine forests and other trees. The bears here are of the brown species, *Ursus Middendorffi*, some specimens of which weigh as much as 1200 pounds. They are found wherever good hiding places exist and live largely on fish and herbs.

Now for the hunt. At 9 a. m. we set out from the station on Calsinsky Bay and "mushed it" across the low hills and tundras which were covered with grass and moss, passing over the divide between the mountains and down past two beautiful lakes where the salmon come up from the sea for spawning and the wild ducks rear their young, seldom molested by man. On and on we tramped along the winding path which, for two centuries or more, had served as a sort of "Santa Fe Trail" for the foxes, bears and native Aleuts. At the beach end of this crooked path stands an old *barbara*, long since deserted, but used occasionally by hunters and trappers.

After building a fire on the beach as a signal to boatmen at the native village across the bay, we made a campfire, ate our supper and waited. Soon after dark two natives from the village landed with their "sea-otter" boat and we were soon gliding through the smooth waters of Eagle Harbor toward a fish camp ten miles up the bay. Arriving there about ten o'clock we went into quarters in a new *barbara* and were soon sleeping as only "mushers" can.

At five in the morning the guide,



Result of the Hunting Trip

Metroken, was arrousing the camp and encouraging his dog by saying, "You ketchum bear to-day, sure, Bill." The little fellow seemed to understand and, after a hearty breakfast, was the most eager of the party to be off for new experiences.

As eagerly and proudly as I went out from the "sod shanty on the claim" in Kansas to have my first lesson at school, I was now about to have my first lesson at bear-hunting in Alaska, And, as I now judge, my instructors proceeded with equal uncertainty as to results. My friends had been kind enough to say that, with a good rifle, under ordinary conditions, I was not a bad shot, but this was a new situation. Metroken took the lead, Bill following close at his heels awaiting his master's command to "go find 'em." Dan McCloud and I followed. For on hour or more we followed as crooked a path as it has ever been my lot to follow, through willows, cottonwoods, across tundras, to a small creek flowing toward Eagle Harbor lake.

On the banks of the creek we found bear tracks which the guide thought were probably a week old. We followed the creek to the lake and then the lake shore a quarter of a mile without fresh signs. Climbing the hills back toward the creek we searched the hillsides with our glasses with the hope of spying out the hiding place of some wily bruin who had sought daytime shelter in the clumps of alders with which the hillsides are thickly dotted. Coming back to the creek, Bill was the first to discover encouraging signs. He pricked up his ears and sniffed the ground excitedly, showing us torn-up roots and fresh fish heads, the remnants of a recent meal.

He soon found the tracks of three bears who had left the creek and gone up the bank toward the mountain side. We followed the tracks up through the birches and alders until suddenly Metroken turned back and said emphatically and with a countenance showing disappointment, "No good, bear smell 'em and run away." They had changed their course and gone with the wind. Here were numerous well-worn bear trails between the creek and the mountains where the bears came down during the spring and summer, and were still coming for berries and fish.

With all our expressions of solicitation and anticipation the guide would

not commit himself further than to say, "Maybe Bill find bear, I dunno." We had proceeded up the creek for a half hour when Bill led out at a run. We quickened our pace, Metroken remarking with some spirit, "Alright, Bill, go find 'em." Bill followed his scent back and forth across the creek and through the berry patches, each time widening his circle, until he discovered the trail out from a streamlet which flowed into the creek. The bear had attempted to hide his tracks by wading about two hundred yards in the stream. Bill lost no time, but followed the trail up the mountain side and when about three hundred yards above us came upon Bruin, not fleeing, but quietly resting, unaware of our approach. Aroused by the little fox-terrier's sharp yelps, the bear resented the intrusion and tried to catch the dog with his paw. He was too clumsy, however, as Bill stayed at his heels, nipping them in a most aggravating manner. That was Bill's part of the game and he played it like a professional.

All the bears I had ever seen were in the menagerie or at the end of a dago's chain, and I confess to my Kansas friends that at sight of my first bear, alive unmuzzled and wild in the woods, I was a little short of breath and somewhat unsteady in the knees. As calmly as I could I raised my sights to three hundred yards and took the first shot. The bear responded with a snort of disapproval and a vicious stroke at Bill.

Now throughly aroused, he ambled off along the mountain side, and we could get only occasional glimpses of him and the dog through the alders. Although McCloud and I got in several shots apiece they seemed to have but little effect. The magazine of my rifle was now empty and instead of refilling it from the cartridges in my belt, as a self-possessed bear hunter should have done, I broke open a new box and spilled half of them on the ground. We could laugh at the clumsiness of the bear as compared to the fox terrier, but when it came to matching our own agility in mountain climbing with that of his, we were duly humbled and were forced to see our first bear slowly but surely getting away from us.

Billy followed awhile then came back looking crestfallen and disgusted at our inablilty to keep up. I feared Metroken had also become disgusted with us and left for camp, but he returned after a half hour saying he also had fired three shots and missed. "Bad luck Billy, bad luck," he said, "no bear meat tonight." Two hours hard walking brought us back to camp, disappointed but not discouraged. As the light of the day shows the deeds of the night, so the darkness of night hides the deeds of the day, and, after a good supper of "wild duck mulligan," saloon pilot bread, and tea, we soon were sound asleep.

Early morning found us on the same crooked trail, bound for the scenes of the previous day, following the same impulse the amateur fisherman does when he returns to the spot where he got his first "bite." It is not necessarily true, however, that where bears have been bears will be, and we had to take a tramp of nearly four miles over the mountain to the head of Eagle's Harbor lake before finding fresh signs. When nearly around the lake we found the tracks of a cow and cub leaving the lake and leading over a steep hill. The guide pronounced them nearly twenty-four hours old, but thought it well to follow them. It was easy to follow the tracks across a tundra and up the mountain side a thousand feet until because of the short grass and moss, it became necessary to turn Billy loose. He soon found the trail and scampered confidently down the hill. Metroken followed the dog and called back to me to cut across toward camp. McLoud had failed to get the guide's signal and had stationed himself beyond a clump of alders. I made my way quickly through a birch grove to another tundra where I caught the faint sound of Bill's yelp. He seemed to advance and recede so rapidly that I supposed he had found a fox. While I was looking for McCloud with my glasses the yelps suddenly became louder and closer and before I had time to put my glasses in the case a large she bear came snorting and growling down the hill straight toward me with Bill busy at her heels.

When within sixty yards of me the

bear turned to the right, jumped a small stream and started off at right angles to her former course. I took quick aim and fired, the ball grazing her skull and turning her completely facing the dog. As I took careful aim again and pressed the trigger a yearling cub, which I had not seen before, came from the other side of its mother directly in range. I fired, killing the cub and mortally wounding the old bear. Two more shots brought her down and it was my time to yell. I am sure I did it as lustily as when my college team, "Mike's Aggies," beat K. U. at football. Both McCloud and the guide responded and came running across the flat.

McCloud almost wept at not being in the game and Metroken began gleefully to sing the praises of Billy for his skill in driving the bears to me. "Billy find 'em, Billy drive 'em in, good Billy, Hoopee!" he yelled as he jumped around and patted the head of the little fellow who was as much elated as any of us.

They were fine specimens of cow and yearling with perfect coats of fur. After skinning them we took some packs of meat and the smaller skin and were off for camp, tired but highly satisfied with the day's experience. About two inches of snow fell during the night, the first of the season, and added to the enjoyment of the campfire and the relish of a bear-steak breakfast.

The third morning out found us off for the rest of the meat and the larger skin which weighed fully seventy pounds. We were back to camp at noon and spent the afternoon dressing the hides. Before daylight the fourth morning we were on our way home down the bay with the sea otter boat and the native boatmen, little dreaming that with all our success we had not yet bagged our biggest game. We landed at 9 a. m. at the old *barbara* where we had taken the boats on the way out. The native boatmen were hired to carry our portage across to Calsinsky Bay, and we soon were on our way, single file, along the winding trail, each man carrying a portion of the load besides his own blanket.

We had traveled about two hours when the packer at the head of the line stopped short and pointed at the ground saying, "Big bear. Ten foot skin!" There were fresh bear tracks crossing the trail and leading to the right. They were the largest tracks we had seen on the trip, measuring seven by ten inches. The packers were instructed to make camp a mile further up the trail and Dan McCloud, Metroken and I followed the bear trail. It led us about two miles at right angles to the trail over hills, across and along deep ravines, then, turning sharply to the left, took us in a direction parallel to the trail across the portage.

We followed the tracks for four and a half hours, covering fully ten miles. So crafty was the old fellow that he had waded for half a mile in the bed of a small creek to conceal his tracks, stepping out only by accident at an occasional turn of the stream. Leaving this stream he had crossed a canyon leading toward the creeks which flow into Calsinsky Bay and on over the mountain to within a mile and a half of the reservation. Here, stopping for a moment to take a birdseye view of the sloping mountain side, I observed a dark brown object a thousand feet below, and a magpie flitting about in the alders above it.

A look through the glasses discovered to us the bear, stretched out under the alders, feeding on roots. I called Metroken who took Billy and went to the left down the slope while McCloud and I went straight down toward the bear. When within seventy yards of the bear, who was still unconscious of our approach, we sat down in a small clear space. I said to McCloud, "Since you were not at the killing before, I will give you what is worth fifty dollars to me, the first shot at that bear. Thinking the shot would be worth that much to him, he delivered the surprise to the unsuspecting bruin, who jumped at least ten feet. It took two shots apiece from us, besides some effective "heeling" by Billy, to bring him to his haunches in defense, when another shot from my automatic brought him down for good. He had fallen into a mire hole, out from which it required three men and Billy to roll him.

It was now late afternoon and we decided to go on to the station for the

night and return for some pictures amd our prize next day. A ten-minute walk brought us in sight of the station buildings. Our game had brought his carcass and skin almost home before surrendering to his pursuers. The native packers came in the next day with their loads and Mr. Heideman from the station helped us bring in our largest specimen, a fine bull whose skin weighed fully a hundred pounds.

The capture of three fine specimens of Kodiak brown bears is more than many hunters can boast who have come thousands of miles for the sport, but I must say that if one hunts bears successfully he must have the persistency and endurance to go where the bears go, and be willing to work hard for the sport, for he will find it hard work indeed.

A SCHOOLBOY'S LOVE

A knock on the door, light steps on the floor,
A key on a nail in the hall;
A smile in her eyes as the maiden replies
To my knock and my quest; that is all,
But a wonderful fragrance now hallows the air
As though angels from Heaven in hovering there
Invisible lillies let fall.

A glint of gold in a ringlet's fold,
Fairy-like, exquisite grace,
A swing and a maid in the sycamore's shade
And joy in a pure young face—
No sun e'er shed such a glorious light
The flowers of spring never bloomed so bright
And a glow fills the realms of space.

A haughty toss of a radiant head
And a red lip scornfully curled;
"I'll solve my problems alone," she said,
And the light died out of the world,
The smoke of the city swept over the place
And I studied the verbs of an ancient race
While a storm 'gainst my window swirled.

"Amavi, amavit" and "dolor portavit"
"The square root of m must be x,"
Napoleon and Caesar and Tiglath-Pileser
Get mixed with the liters and pecks.
O, Diable and Hades! Ten fair little ladies
Trip over the pages of my text.

Clerin Zumwalt.

THE COLE COMPLICATION

STACY E. BAKER

"NEVER mind," I ventured consolingly, "there are as good fish in the seas as ever were caught."

Briggs glared.

"Indeed?" came chillily from his thin lips. "Well, I can only say, Will Cole, that I wish I had a bit of your optimism."

"There are others," I breezily continued, "who will interest you just as much in the—er—halcyon days to come."

The little rat eyes of Briggs narrowed to fine points, and he stared at me intently, a crooked smile contorting his mean mouth. I shifted about uneasily. Briggs, man of money, leisure, and fashion, held a bulky package of my I. O. U.s, and as it was beyond my ability to pay just then, it behooved me to be expectantly waiting to do him the interest-favor he would demand. It was coming. I knew it. Briggs was no philanthropist.

"You are not such a bad looking chap, Cole." The cold, gray eyes of Briggs summed me up point for point. "I suppose some men would call you handsome, eh?"

I flushed and made no answer. The subject was far too personal to be interesting. Only for the fact that I was under obligations, to Briggs, I would have promptly told him so.

"Shaped like an Apollo," inventoried Briggs, enthusing as he continued. "Yellow hair, and blue eyes—a combination bound to capture the interest of 'most any of these fool girl romantists. By Jove, Cole, I believe you are just the chap I am looking for.

"Revenge is sweet—eh, old man?—and you can help me with this, and, at the same time, do me a counterfavor for some I have done you in the past." He eyed me significantly.

"I don't want to mix into anyone's love affairs," I protested fearsomely.

"I told you," continued Briggs, evenly, "that Miss Moore had turned me down, called off the engagement, you know, and all that, but I didn't go into particulars."

"I—I—really, Briggs," I squirmed. "This is all very interesting, to be sure, but, honestly, I don't imagine that I can help you any—and doubtless the subject is painful."

"Quite painful," dryly interposed Briggs. "Quite painful, my friend. She has money you know. One big, large bunch of the mazuma, and although I've got a bit myself, her pile, and what she will draw down when her papa passes over, puts me in the piker class. Now listen a moment and don't interrupt—" the cynical light flashed once more in the bead eyes of his, and the mishappen smile came again to make a weird curve of his grim slit of a mouth—"while I am compelled to acknowledge that Miss Moore had a perfect right to break our engagement, did she so desire, I certainly object to the way she chose to do this." The gargoyle grin vanished, the rat eyes became polished knobs of steel. "We were at Mrs. Von Nester's party, you know, and I introduced her to Calkins—Reggy Calkins, of all people—as my fiancee. Here came my *conge*. Marjorie drew herself up in that stately way she has, and said in her slow, easy drawl: 'I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Calkins, and incidentally to—ah—incidentally to inform you that the engagement Mr. Briggs speaks of is, as you might say, non-existant. I herewith release him from his share of the contract. Then she turned like a queen and left us. Jove, Reggy Calkins! I'll never hear the last of this!"

There must have been a reason," I piped. "Surely—"

"I asked you not to interrupt," came in the cold, well modulated voice of Briggs. The paper-thin line of his lips opened again to exhale a thin cloud of pearly smoke. Briggs carefully laid his cigarette on the edge of the table between us. The unctuous waiter, at a signal from him, bore away the empty glasses, and promptly returned with them replenished. "I am, as you might say, a creature of impulse," continued my host. The calculating eyes, the narrow forehead, the studied poise, and, in fact, everything about him belied this. "A rather clever idea has just occurred to me, and with your assistance I shall attempt to carry it out. I imagine I may count upon your cooperation?" He eyed me interrogatively. "Under the circumstances—" he continued suggestively, as I failed to take advantage of the pause.

"I don't see how I can be of any help to you," I encountered. "I don't even know the girl. You know very well that my limited income doesn't allow me to meet your set on a point of social equality."

"Easily arranged." Briggs waved my objections aside with a thin, aesthetic hand. "I want you to meet Miss Moore—and like her. You are the type of masculine beauty she much admires. I'll furnish money for your social campaign. Don't worry," he added hastily, as I attempted to interrupt. "Just as an investment, understand—not as a loan."

Then Briggs unfolded the most diabolical scheme I have ever heard from the lips of man. There was a threat at the end of it that frightened me, but at that, I can't understand why I didn't hit him. Surely I had no intention of doing what he desired of me. This I knew. But when the interview was ended, and we had left the rather exclusive club of Briggs for the street, the snake had no idea but what I was to be the perfect instrument to his scheme of revenge. So be it. I decided to bide my time.

My social ascension was sudden. As Briggs allowed, I had some claim to good looks, and something of a personality. To add to this I had a genuine liking for the smart social life of Briggs' set, and—Briggs saw to this—enough money to win me through the campaign he had prepared for me.

In due time I met Miss Marjorie Moore. What a regal woman she was! Dark, with the curves and mould of a Spanish woman, and the perfect grace of her type. The languorous pools of her eyes, rich in promise; the blue gloss of the heavy hair mass above the broad, clear-white brow; the crescent brows, and the long, fringing lashes. I was impressed at once. Something of my admiration must have shown—must have been apparent to her, for the russet stain crept high to the oval of her cheeks, although the dark lace of her lids, suddenly and discreetly lowered, hid any secrets her eyes might have told. I saw much of Miss Moore during the months that followed, and through brilliant balls and other social functions followed Briggs, the grummest *bete noir* ever obsessing man.

At first I paid scant attention to him. Occasionally his mocking eyes would come on a level with mine and a wry smile, at such time, twist across his lips, in a not overly humorous manner. But I, who had just come out of the gray chrysalis of poverty into this gay, happy rose-leaf world, had little time to think of Briggs. I only knew that the weekly check reaching me every Monday morning, was hardly enough to suffice for my rapidly increasing wants. Eight weeks ago, the amount of it kept me in comfort for two months. but now—

But, as I have said, through all my roseate dreams threaded Briggs, a gradually growing horror bound eventually to draw me down into the maelstrom of my own silly recklessness. Where I went, so did Briggs. But never did he seek to speak to me. He was a sombre thing apart.

The name of the tempter was not mentioned between Miss Moore and myself, although matters rapidly adjusted themselves until we were more than good friends.

Briggs was not exactly popular in the exclusive circle in which he moved. A certain respect bred by his money and the social standing of his family was his, but there were few who called

him friend; few who cared for an intimate acquaintance with him.

Time went on. I had been seemingly for three months a gay, careless butterfly of fashion when Briggs called at my apartments in the very correct Von Closson.

"Cole," began Briggs, coming straight to the point, "you must realize that you are an expensive luxury. Now, tell me frankly, how things are progressing with you?"

For a moment I was tempted to strike him. The warm blood beat madly through my veins and anger stirred in every cell in my heart. I controlled myself with an effort.

"You mean—" I paused suggestively.

"Your love affair." The cynical lines drew the eyes of my visitor half closed as he spoke, and the curl of his lips made my fingers ache to circle his throat.

"I have an understanding with Miss Moore, if that is what you mean," I conceded coldly.

"Ah, that is good, and for when is the happy event scheduled?—for I assume you refer to a coming marriage."

"Correct," I growled. "We are to be married on New Year's day."

"You mean I take it, that her impression is that the nuptials will be celebrated then. As a matter of fact, they won't."

"Look here, Briggs," I began furiously. "I know what kind of a brute you are, but you judge me by wrong standards. When I agreed to your devilish plan of revenge, I had no intention of holding to the bargain. It was—

"A bargain never the less," interrupted the satyr-faced one calmly, "and one that I have religiously executed my share of. You have danced—now I propose to have you pay the fiddler.

"You know what your contract calls for, and you must live up to it. Otherwise I take my accounts against you to that miserly, smug-faced old uncle of your's and explain his favorite nephew's penchant for gambling. Then, *vale* hopes of that glittering million, for you know that he would change his will in a moment."

"All the gambling I ever did was at your instigation," I retorted hotly, "and now I am done with it. I realize my position, but—"

"Then you will do well to follow my original instructions. You can't have the girl, Cole. I won't allow it. I want my revenge, but if you fail me in this I'll take it out of you. I'll denounce you at the very altar, my friend." Briggs arose, laughed his disagreeable little laugh, and left the room. "Think it over," he reminded me at the door, "and think well."

Truth to tell, there was much to think about. I paced my rooms for many a weary hour, the prey of my varying emotions. The final blare of the dramatic piece bade fair to be the very antithesis of the one I had imagined —a true Wagnerian finale. Marjorie! God, how I loved her, now that I realized how remote were my chances of winning her!

In the stimulation of this new phase in a tense situation, I found myself painfully wondering at the strangeness of it all. What mad twist in my brain had given me the courage to believe that Marjorie—all things told, could love me—*me*, the self-confessed instrument of a discarded lover. There was a vision of her before me, even then. The limpid pools of her eyes would turn ice on the instant of my confession. Arms that knew how to draw one lovingly into their shelter, would thrust me away from her when she learned. The daintily-bowed lips, red as the pulsing heart of love, would draw to a proud scornful line. No, I couldn't make verbal confession. I must think. Ah, I would write it. To my credit—and the only thing to my credit in this whole mad jumble of dream—know that I never had one thought through it all of doing what Briggs demanded. Say, when the dominie demanded: "Do you, Will Cole, take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?—"No!" Never! I had thought, before I knew Marjorie, never to allow her to love me enough for the situation to reach this point. And then—O frail flesh—when it had, I had cleverly summed that the monosyllable demanded by Briggs could be substituted by an affirmation. Asinine fool I—not to know that this would only

win the post-nuptial hatred of my wife when explanation came from Briggs, nor how little chance when this brief lip-touch to the cup of joy stood of coming true. Briggs, arch gamester, knew me better than I knew myself.

My valet interrupted me here to hand me a telegram.

"Congratulations," said the yellow slip. My uncle's name was signed to it.

"Only a week ago I had received one of his occasional letters. His miserly soul had rejoiced in some rumor that had reached him to the effect that I was laying seige to the heart of one of America's richest heiresses, and I was promised—miracle—a princely allowance if I won my suit. An allowance from him, who hitherto, and when I needed it had not given me a penny.

I threw myself on my bed, worn with worry, and my tired eyes, despite the tumuult in my crazy brain closed. "To-morrow," I kept iterating. "To-morrow I must write her and then go away—go away.

But I didn't.

Nor the next day—nor the next.

* * * * * *

I hardly heard the wedding march, as, with Marjorie on my arm, my weak limbs bore me up the aisle, past the seas of curious eyes, and—

In a daze I went through with my part of the ceremony. "The ring" someone whispered, and I turned to stare into the mocking eyes of my groomsman—*Briggs*!

How had this happened? A latent illness on the part of Saunders who was listed for the *role*, or—?

"And do you, Will Cole, take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?"

I stared, fascinated, into the placid face of the venerable clergyman. My dry lips opened. Vaguely—, I remember it all—I wondered what I would say.

"Yes," I rasped loudly.

A shrill animal-like scream came from Briggs. I turned to catch him as he fell, his long fingers spasmodically clutching at his left breast. I recognized the doctor who hurriedly wedged himself forward to kneel by the side of the stricken man.

"He is dead." This after a tense moment of silence. "It was his heart. I had warned him that it must end like this."

"Come away," whispered Marjorie. She gazed down at the convulsive face of the dead man with compassionate eyes.

WICHITA

Like the broad sea on a windless day,
Stretching its vast expanse in slumbering pride,
So lie thy plains about thee, far and wide,
In the repose of conscious energy.
Over this realm thine is no barren sway—
The untold treasures which the sea-depths hide
Are not more rich than those the seasons' tide
Brings joyful up at thy proud foot to lay.
Queen of the Western plains, unto thy reign
Not yielding earth alone her powers doth lend;
The higher offerings of the heart and brain
Thy loyal children unto thee extend,
And absent ones, by Love's unerring law,
Turn longing eyes to thee, O Wichita.

May Engstrom Hoss.



THE WINDS OF KANSAS

CHESTER G. FARNSWORTH

EVERYBODY who knows anything about Kansas is familiar with the significant phrase "Kansas winds." Everybody who has lived in Kansass for any considerable time must surely know the true meaning of that term. The very name "Kansas" is a symbol of unusual winds, since the Indian word "kanza," from which Kansas is derived, means "swift wind." It is true that official records show that the violent winds of the early days, known so well to pioneers, have been mitigated by the tilling of the soil and the planting of trees. Nevertheless Kansas still remains a remarkably windy State, and will always be so.

The prevailing winds in Kansas are from the southwest in summer and from the northwest in winter. Yet many of the winds of the spring and early summer come from the southeast; those of the autumn and early winter show a like tendency from the northeast. It is due to well-known laws of physics that these winds hold to these general directions according to the seasons.

The prevailing trade and anti-trade winds of the open oceans blow southwest and northeast respectively in the Northern hemisphere, and northwest and southeast respectively in the Southern hemisphere. Trade winds, as is generally known, are caused by the difference in temperature at the equator and the poles. Air flows just like water in accordance to the laws of gravity. Heated air is light; cold air is heavy. For this reason cold air always tends to take the place of hot air on the surface of the earth, pushing the hot air up simply because gravity had less attraction for the hot air than for the cold. Now, since the air near the equator is continually becoming heated and that near the poles cooler, it follows that the air tends to move from the poles to the equator, there to rise as heated air and return to the poles chiefly in the upper atmosphere to take the place of the cool air, thus keeping up a constant uniform circulation. The veering of the trade winds from due north and south is caused by the rotation of the earth to the eastward.

For the winds that pass over the continents the great modifying factor is the presence of obstructing land masses. Hence the direction of winds across the State of Kansas is influenced only in a general way by the great trade wind currents. As one modifying land mass of great importance, the high mountain plateau immediately to the west of the State must be recognized. Lying like a great wall in a north and south direction, and aided by the cordilleras of the Pacific coast, this highland tends to resist easterly or westerly winds and to turn them to the south or to the north.

The greatest influence of the Rocky Mountains, however, is more purely climatic than physical. The mountain region seems to be a highway of travel for centers of low barometric pressure and hence for storms. The Mississippi Valley, parallelling the mountains at a distance east of Kansas about equal to the distance at which the mountains are west, is also a highway of travel for storm centers. Now, since winds are drawn into a great rotary motion usually to the left around a storm center, it follows that even the winds of storms generally blow across Kansas to the north or to the south because the State lies in the western border of the Mississippi Valley storm highway and in the eastern border of that of the Rocky Mountains. An east wind in Kansas in the summer time is a good indication of a storm because it

is probably blowing to the left around the head of a storm center that is coming up through Texas and Oklahoma. Likewise a west wind in the winter is a good indication of a storm from the north.

Another important factor to be considered in relation to the winds of Kansas is the inequality in temperature and humidity between the Western plains and the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Owing to almost constant circulation the water maintains a comparatively even temperature throughout the year, and is thus warmer in winter and cooler in summer than is the land.

When all these varied influences of the land mass—that irregular portion of the earth's surface that is subject to great changes of temperature, humidity, and physical conditions—are brought to an approximate balance, it is found that the result clearly establishes the prevailing directions of the winds of Kansas.

The great storms from the North in winter may come either from the northeast across Canada or from the northwest along the Canadian Rockies. The summer storms from the South may come either from across the Gulf of Mexico or up from Old Mexico. Winds from old Mexico are the most common of the late summer, and become the so-called hot-winds that sometimes sweep across the land of the sunflower in August.

The strongest straight winds that are known to Kansas are those of winter and spring. These sometimes become very violent, being known to have reached a velocity of nearly sixty miles an hour. In such a wind it is difficult for a man to maintain an upright position unassisted. These extreme winds are due simply to a set of extreme conditions prevailing at a certain time.

The purely local winds of Kansas, so far as there are any, are of the same nature and causes as those of other places, namely, marked differences in temperature or humidity between near localities.

But not only is Kansas noted for her straight winds; the State is also supposed to be the native land of the tornado or so-called cyclone. This, however, is a mistaken idea. Records for the last ninety years show that Northern Missouri is the great "meeting place of the giant winds." Most tornadoes during this time have occurred within an oval area about three hundred miles long east and west embracing Southwestern Nebraska, Southern Iowa, Northern Missouri, and Northeastern Kansas. To the south and west of this area in Kansas the relative number of recorded tornadoes diminishes very rapidly, so that in the extreme Southern and practically all the Western portion of the State these destructive storms are almost unknown. Kansas is therefore by no means a land of tornadoes. It is admittedly a land of winds, many of them high winds.

Kansas is a State of high winds because it is very level, offering few obstructions to air movements over its surface; because it lies between lands of unconformity in temperature and humidity to the north and south, and between extremes of altitude to the east and west; and because it lies in the borderland between two great storm highways where the wind of storms must naturally blow at its highest rate.

Winds, then, there have been, are, and always will be to a remarkable extent, in Kansas. Some people detest them; some people take delight in them; some people ignore them; but the assertion is probably true that most Kansans have seen many a day that has almost overtaxed their endurance, and that a great majority of the people of the State would forever abolish the high Kansas winds if they could. By so doing they would certainly attract a large increase in population consisting of people who are now kept away because of the winds and their accompanying climatic phenomena.

As regards crops and lands and houses and other property, the winds are of little or no effect, except in the use of the windmill. In this the wind is of vast economic importance as a free source of energy. Pumping water is its chief application at present, but the future will see an increased appreciа-

tion of its power for many other uses.

The most important phenomenon connected with the winds of Kansas, however, is the effect upon the people of the State. And this is a phase of the question, too, that is usually disregarded. The fact of the matter is that the winds, together with the influence of other climatic conditions in general, constitute the greatest blessing the Sunflower commonwealth has to offer. Someone has truly said: "Gold and cotton, banks and railways, crowded ports and populous cities,—these are not the elements that constitute a great nation." Kansas winds of course do not in themselves make the State great, but they do make real men and women for the State, because they build character, health, sturdiness, poise.

Kansas can never produce great singers, because her dry winds make voices harsh. But Kansas can produce poets, because the days that smile are more deeply appreciated and inspiring by reason of their contrast with uglier days; because the native sunflower in all its pride, the emerald valleys, and the broad level prairies stretching away into gray oblivion are unsurpassed in their animating beauty. Above all, Kansas can produce men and women of great character, because recurring adverse climatic conditions train up the better qualities in humanity.

Superficially, it would seem that life in a land of never fading blossoms, magnificent scenery, a mild uniform climate, pure air, gentle breezes, and sunshine, would be a heaven on earth. Practically, such a life might be well for a short time; ultimately it must not only become monotonous but must breed actual deterioration in progressive human qualities. Nature perpetuates only such powers as are actually used. Disuse leads to deacy. Does it then not mean something to the child to develop into maturity under trying climatic conditions? In Kansas the high winds struggle with him, and a sturdy muscular being is built up; the temperature varies from below zero to above blood-heat, and Nature makes his body capable of resisting such changes; a time of drought and extreme heat follows a period of uniformly good weather and great prosperity, and he learns the valuable lessons of frugality and thrift; one extreme follows another through a series of remarkable climatic changes, and he learns the value of patience and optimism. In a word, the Kansas climate offers a practical instance in confirmation of the revolutionary theory that change brings progress. Uniformity, on the other hand, breeds stagnation.

All advancement in civilization is founded upon necessity born of changing conditions and new problems. These force man to develop a higher culture. When they cease, civilization deteriorates. When man lives in a country where external conditions do not require him to exercise the better qualities of his manhood, a few generations in that environment will show an overspecialization leading to degeneracy.

The native Kansan need never fear such a fate for his offspring. Life is indeed a battle in Kansas—a fight against wind and the elements, not too severe nor yet too mild, that makes for the broadest human progress. Is it any wonder that Kansas boasts of the greatest general culture, happiness, prosperity, and common-sense to be found in all the land? Is it any wonder that Kansas men are among the most advanced leaders of the Nation even though the State is still young? Is it any wonder that Kansas is called the political barometer of the United States? The answer is evident when the influence of the Kansas winds and correlative climate is properly measured. The traditions of the State that originated in the Territorial struggles and developed later into intelligent public opinion, merely form the foundation upon which the people have begun to build. Here in the very heart of America, Dame Nature has concentrated a variety of conditions that will make possible in this spot the highest advancement of the human race.

SIX WEEKS IN JACKSON'S HOLE

"PICK" SMITH

I presume I am well within the facts when I assert that probably not one person in a hundred thousand in this country know what or where Jackson's Hole is, and most likely those who don't know are not worrying much about it. For the sportsmen, however, who have the time and inclination to go there, opportunity is afforded for sights and thrills not offered by any Chautauqua gathering in the land.

Jackson's Hole is a big "basin" in the mountains of Wyoming, immediately south of Yellowstone National Park, with the beautiful Wind River mountains on the east, the grand old Tetons on the west, and many other mountains intervening. There are charming valleys between these ranges intersected by fine, clear rivers and rushing mountain streams, while many enchanting lakes add beauty to the scene. From Teton Pass can be had a view of the Hole, to describe which would be too much of a strain on one's vocabulary. It extends south from Yellowstone National Park some forty miles, is many, many miles from any railway, and seems, when in it, hundreds of miles from anywhere. It is entirely surrounded by mountains, and it is mighty tough sledding getting either into or out of it. If certain things—mostly human—could be eliminated, Jackson's Hole would be a paradise. For many years it has been the stamping-ground for wild and woolly beasts and humans. I presume there is no other section of equal size outside of hades where the proportion of men named "Smith" is so large. On my first visit there, the first house we stopped at was on Jackson's Lake, the home of Mrs. and Captain Smith. While there, we spoke of passing a house farther back, and were told that that was Jim Smith's place. Later, we saw where Pete Smith held forth, and from there, could see Sam Smith's domicile. None of the Smiths were realtives, nor did one family seem to know very much about the others—that is, very much good. When the writer was introduced to Mrs. Captain Smith as "Mr. Smith," she said, "Aw, come off! What is your real name?"

We established our first "permanent" camp on Little Black Rock Creek, up on a shoulder of a mountain, about a hundred feet above the creek bottom. Having no luck there, we decided to make a change next day. That evening, while we were getting supper, and Joe, our guide and teamster, was down in the creek bottom fixing the horses for the night, our attention was called to some one, out of sight up the slight trail running up the creek, shrilly whistling "Arkansaw Traveler." Presently a cow appeared in sight from behind a point of rocks, followed by four others, then by a man on horseback, behind whom trailed a pack-horse. The aggregation stopped near Joe and our animals, when the cows spread out and began grazing, and the man dismounted and removed the trappings from the horses. We called to Joe to bring the stranger up, but the man said, "No, I'll not." Doc held up a bottle and said, "Come up and have a drink, just for luck."

He came up with Joseph, seemed to like the "pizen," and after thanking us for our kindness, started to go back down the hill, but we induced him to "take another," and invited him to remain for supper. He said he had a lunch down in his kit, but when we said, "trout, grouse, bacon, fried potatoes, 'punk', coffee," etc., and he got a whiff of them cooking, he relented. That man was hungry. It did us all good to see him eat; and we filled him up. He

was a handsome fellow, and a fine specimen of physical manhood. Being asked what his name was, he replied, "Smith." We all smiled. So did he, but continued, "They call me Teton Smith." "Anything else?" asked some of the boys. "Oh, yes," he replied, "'horse-thief,' 'cattle-thief,' some say a 'killer,' and all agree that I am a 'son-of-a-gun.' Some of 'em may be more'n half right, especially as to the last, as no one but a son-of-a-gun would live in this country."

This is not a literal quotation of his language. His was no Sunday-school vocabulary. He had on immense spurs, which Doc, a collector of "things," bought of him for two dollars. As he jingled the two coins in his hand, "Smith" declared that that was his first money he had had for months. When asked how he got along without money, he smiled and responded, "Just trade." After supper, we gave him a new cob pipe and sack of tobacco, when he took a smoke,——"the first for months," he remarked. He certainly was "in the clouds" that evening. When he stopped near Joe down in the bottom, he was on his way home with the cows, which he said he had "traded for" up the creek. He told us that on our way to our present location we had passed through his ranch, about fifteen miles down the creek, and advised us to go back there, assuring us much better shooting. "Plenty elk—mebby a bear," he said. "Smith" brought up his bed and slept under the fly-extension of our tent; wouldn't sleep in the tent; said he wanted plenty of air.

Early next morning, we heard "Smith" sneaking away to get an early start, but we made him wait for breakfast; and I have been wondering ever since how a man with such an appetite as his could deliberately attempt to sneak it away from a nice hot breakfast. Some of the charcoal-tablet persuasion would give thousands of dollars for a digestion like unto his. After his breakfast, "Smith" and his cows started down the trail, and we followed as soon as we could break camp and round up our horses. We got along famously until we were within about a quarter-mile of "Smith's," when our wagon skidded on a shelving mountain side, and broke our front axle so that it barely held together till we got to our camp-site, in "Smith's" "front yard." Nice fix that! "Busted" axle, and over a hundred miles to a blacksmith-shop! "Smith" smilingly said, "Gee whizz, boys, you sure are in hard luck. I reckon you would be willing to pay a good price for a new axle, wouldn't you?" We confessed that we would, when he said, "Well, mebby I can help you out." We asked him if he was a blacksmith. He said, "Naw, I'm a a trader." He then said, "Come along," and led us up back of his corral, where, in the brush and weeds he had divers and sundry parts of wagons, machinery, etc., which he said he had "traded for," and out of which junk pile he proceeded to and did dig up the front gear—wheels, axle and tongue—of a wagon of the same vintage as our own, only much less the worse for wear, which we hauled down to camp. Our old tongue was also a trifle "off," having been fractured and tinkered up. We decided that the proffered gear would suit us to a 't,' and asked our host what he wanted to boot, but he asked, "What will you give." We said, "You set your own price." Then, with a grin he said, "You fellows need this stuff mighty bad. Over a hundred miles to a blacksmith-shop. Guess I've got a cinch on you all right, and I'm going to sock it to you. Give me five dollars to boot, and it's a trade." *"What! Five dollars?"* cried seven men as one man. Doc took two steps forward, and with a gasp asked, "Did you say *five?*" and when "Teton" with a broad grin, said, "That's what," the poor fellow was so nearly overcome that he required a stimulant instanter. We should have given twenty-five dollars without a long breath, or fifty without much grief, as we just had to have the axle, but "Smith" wouldn't take a cent more, although urged, saying, "You fellows treated me right last night, and I propose to treat you right to-day. I wouldn't even take the five, but I know you wouldn't take the stuff for nothing so shut up!"

We soon had our camp in ship-shape and asked "Smith" where we should get

wood for fuel, when he called up one of his punchers, named "French Pete," —who later insisted that his surname was "Smith"—no kin of "Teton's," however—and asked him to get us some wood. He roped a pony in the corral, saddled up, and disappeared in the quaikin' asp. Soon we heard two revolver shots, a series of yells, and a great racket in the brush, then the pony, Pete, and a great cloud of dust appeared, followed by a jag of wood on the end of a rope, which stopped near our stove, and was soon reduced to convenient size by Mr. Pete and his little axe.

When out for trips from camp, we frequently met people who, when they learned where we were camping, told us to look out for "Teton Smith" and his "gang," or they would rob us blind, or something worse. One day, I met a chap who gave the usual warning. During our little confab I asked him if his name was "Smith." He laughed, and said, "No," but it's durned near Smith; It's Jones."

One day, while Joe was getting dinner ready, our party, also Pete, of the "Smith Gang," were sitting in the shade, smoking and chatting, when Pete exclaimed, "There comes a game-warden." The warden soon rode up, got off his horse, passed the time o' day, and asked to see our licenses. He was seemingly satisfied, sat down on a camp-chair and began rolling a cigarette, and probably thinking that no one outside our party was present, began explaining the great danger we were in while lingering near the "Teton Smith Gang," and the fancy touches he added to his awful warning would have thrown some of we timid ones into fits. When he stopped for more breath, Mr. Pete arose, delivered a few pungent remarks in the direction of the warden, than departed for the "Smith" domicile. The warden at once realized, and admitted, that, like the parrot, he had "talked too blamed much." Dinner being then announced and the warden invited to partake, we seated ourselves at the table, the warden taking a seat facing the "Smith" abode. He was a big, fierce-looking chap, and had two very large guns strapped to his person. He looked like a scrapper.

After dinner, and before our guest had finished rolling a cigarette, the "Gang" came down from the house. "Teton" had a wicked looking knife, with a blade about a foot long, with which he was carefully manicuring his fingernails. He walked close up to the warden and stopped. Mrs. "Teton," with a Winchester, took up a position near our wood pile. Pete and "Smith's" other retainer, his "brother-in-law," each with a big revolver on either hip, flocked near their chief.

A somewhat turgid atmosphere pervaded that locality.

"Teton" opened up a pow-pow, during which the warden exhibited great discretion and diplomacy, even addressing our host as "Mister Smith," and admitting that he "didn't know," but had "only heard" so-and-so, and which little talk ended by the gentlemanly official being given fifteen minutes to make himself permanently absent. The army then retired to their barracks, and the warden utilized but three of the allotted fifteen minutes in saddling up and hitting the trail.

During the above-referred-to pow-wow our camera man forgot that he had ever even seen a camera.

One afternoon, Mrs. "Teton's" "sister" and "neice," the latter a beautiful child of about thirteen years, came over horseback from their home, some miles away, the mother having a banjo and an up-to-date rifle. We were invited up to the house to some doin's in the shape of a musicale. Mrs. "Teton" had a fiddle, which she played remarkably well, and the soulful tunes which she and her "sister," who manipulated the banjo, coaxed out of their respective instruments furnished a hustling accompaniment for some marvelous and fairylike dancing by this beautiful and really modest little girl. As a proof that the music was all I claim for it, and also as an exemplification of the truth of the old saw that, "Music hath charms to soothe, etc.," I will state that when it was all over, there still remained two "camp-robbers" perched in a pine tree near the door, when free to escape, to say nothing of the fact that Stewart, former of Dubuque, Iowa, lay sleeping

peacefully on a wolf skin in the corner of the room.

But, speaking of Dubuque, Iowa, reminds me that when on our way to the Hole we passed through Yellowstone National Park, and that Doc and I took a ride on a steam boat on Yellowstone Lake, 8,000 feet above sea-level, that was made in Dubuque and shipped out there in sections. The steamer, the "Zillah," ran from the hotel landing to the "Thumb," stopping on the way to "feed the animals," buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, etc., on an island in the lake. The only other passengers were two women stopping at the hotel. We chatted together, as tourists usually do, and assisted in feeding and admiring the animals. After leaving the island we sort o' divided in couples, and sat talking and viewing the scenery. Before reaching the landing and parting, my companion asked me for my card, persenting me her own at the same time. I didn't have any cards along but happened to have one of Doc's, on the back of which was a memorandum. I drew my pencil through the memorandum and handed the card to her, saying it was the only one I happened to have with me. When she looked at the card, she said, "I just guessed you were a doctor." I saw Doc hand the other woman one of his cards. When they later compared notes, so to speak, I presume they wondered who was a liar. After we had assisted the women down the gang-plank at the dock, and bidden them "Good-bye," Doc asked the captain of the boat who the women were, when that gentleman replied, "Swipes at the hotel." Doc said, "They said they were 'stopping' at the hotel; and I imagined that golf, tennis, and rowing accounted for their hard hands." The captain laughed.

The "Teton Smith's" hadn't a chair in their home, using sections of pine logs in lieu thereof; so when we took our departure we presented them half a dozen folding camp-chairs we had in our outfit, and they were about the most t i c k l e d creatures you ever saw.

I heard later that the winter following our trip the "Teton Smith Gang" were driven out of Jackson's Hole, being considered a trifle too tough for that tough locality. They gave us the best they had, however, angels could do no more. There's a heap of good in most people; the trouble is to get at it.

We met several other game wardens before we got out of the Hole, but never another peep did we get of our big friend who talked too much.

As proof that we had been out "shootin'," we brought back to civilization three fine elk heads, a bear skin, and Doc's spurs.

IN AUTUMN

The sky grows hazy and tender,
The cornfields rustling and brown,
The whole earth stands a-dreaming,
And the leaves drift down.

Then in one glad surrender,
Puts off her royal crown,
And falls into deep, sweet slumber
As the leaves drift down.

AMONG THE WORLD'S PEOPLE

MURIEL C. KING

"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

SURELY Lowell must have been thinking of just such a June day as this, when he wrote his beautiful poem. The air was heavy with the scent of summer flowers, while the branches of the trees on the hilltops swayed softly in the gentle June breeze.

Down where the gushing brooklet formed a quiet, glassy pool, a young girl sat. The clear dimpled surface of the water was flecked with shadows and gleams from the sunlight. The plash of the water over the pebbles and stones forming miniature cataracts and waterfalls just above the pearly basin, mingled with the drone of the insects. Except for these sounds, all was silence.

The stray sunbeams touching the tawny curls of the girl who sat on the great mossy rock, fired the rich mass of hair till it gleamed like the red molten gold of a June sunset.

A few closely written sheets lay in her lap, while a thin line had appeared on her smooth forehead, drawing together the black, delicately arched brows while the deep blue Celtic eyes, fringed by the long sooty lashes, held a world of trouble in their changing depths.

Jumping up from the rock, she pushed back the sunlit mass from her face, while, gathering together the stray sheets of paper, she made her way through the thicket of trees by the brookside, out into the sweet scented meadow. The golden buttercups and starry daisies nodded in the breeze while a few lazy butterflies hovered above the flowers, and the blue of June's sky smiled tenderly above all the world.

The meadow path lead through the daisies to a large old-fashioned farmhouse, shaded by huge, branching maples. The white gateposts in front, the stately dignity of the wide hospitable porch and decorous green blinds, gave an added gravity and becomingness to the old white house.

If More had sought for an embodiment of his Utopia surely this little valley, where lay the pleasant farmhouse, would have approached it as nearly as possible. Years ago when Penn came to his woods of America, a little band of Quakers had settled in this happy valley among the hills. Guarded by the beautiful tree-crowned mountains, the outposts of progress had made little inroad here. The people were still as simple, as gentle and as tolerant as their ancestors long ago. They still retained their quaint gray garb and the "thee" and the "thou" of the Quakers. Doors were never known to be locked in this little valley. All was peace and quiet, love and gentle optimism.

Clustering around the farmhouse toward which the young girl was walking so sadly, were many sweet, sad memories of past days. Years ago when beautiful, golden-haired Faith Erskine lived, a dark-eyed stranger had entered the happy valley. One of the world's people had at last scaled the walls and entered this last outpost of the olden time. When he left, he took with him Faith, the pride of the valley.

Arthur Schuyler did not have long to enjoy his happiness with his fair young wife, for, before their little blue-eyed daughter had been christened, the gentle Faith had been taken from the happy father. When he rallied from this blow the dimpled, blue-eyed baby with her mother's golden hair seemed like a ray of sunshine in his sorrow, so she was christened, Hope.

Mr. Schuyler's health, however, was failing rapidly and in a year, the little Hope was left an orphan.

Her father had provided in his will that the bulk of his immense fortune was to be left to his beloved daughter Hope, with Colonel Wyndham, of Oakwood, Virginia, as executor. It was stipulated, moreover, that the care of his daughter was to be in the hands of David Erskine, his late wife's father. Hope was to remain in the little Quaker valley until she was eighteen years of age. When she had attained her eighteenth year, Colonel Wyndham was to take the guardianship of her person as well as her fortune.

The girl had reached the farmhouse now, unlatched the gate and walked slowly down the graveled walk to the side door, opening onto the cool, vine-shaded porch, where an old lady sat spinning.

What a quaint picture it was, the stately, white-haired old lady, dressed in the simple gray of the Quakers, with her hands at the wheel and one foot working the treadle.

Springing up the steps, the girl threw herself on her knees beside the old lady's chair and buried the golden head in her lap sobbing.

"Oh, Grandma," she cried, "I don't want to go away from here. I never want to leave the valley."

"There, there, Hope," said the old lady, stroking the golden curls, "thee cannot always have thy wants, dost thee not know that? Bitterly it hurts my heart to have our little Hope sent out among the world's people, but thee knows it is for the best, else thy father would never have decreed it thus. Thou art but a child, here in this valley, thee must go out among the people of the world and learn to be a brave, noble woman, little Hope."

"Oh," and Hope looked up with tear-wet eyes, "But Grandma, dost thee not want me to stay with thee?"

The wrinkled old hand still stroked the shining hair but there was deep sorrow in the sweet old voice, "Oh, my little Hope, dost thee not know that thou art the only ray of sunshine in the old house? Dost not want thee? Ah, little Hope, thee will never know how lonely thy grandfather, and Hans and I will be when our little sunbeam is gone. But listen, dearest, after three years thee can come back. Now, thee must obey thy father's last command."

Hope sighed but at that moment, the gate was unlatched and two old men dressed in the Quaker garb walked up the little path.

"Grandpa, Hans," Hope cried, springing up and catching a hand of each, "I must leave thee, I cannot stay here any longer."

One old man stooped and kissed the fair brow, while Hans, the other one, twined a shining curl over his finger, saying, with tears in his clear German eyes, "Ach, meine Liebchen, vas shall ve efer do midoudt thee? Dere vill pe no vun ven thou art gone to hear my stories of de Vaterlandt."

The spinning had ceased and the old lady arose. "Come into supper, this is the last night that we can have our Hope with us, so we must make the most of her now."

So the four entered the old kitchen, tears shining in the eyes of all.

Outside the sun sank slowly behind the hills, the cowbells tinkled in the lane, the dim gray twilight lengthened and the frogs chirped sadly in the marshes while the stars came out, one by one, in the evening sky.

* * * * * *

"Clim'up yo' lil' chilluns, clim' up yo' oldah people, clim' up to de skies," sang Mammy Chloe lustily as she bustled about the kitchen.

Her tiny black grandchildren were outside of the cabin rolling in the sunshine, but they as yet seemed to have no aspirations of climbing up to the skies. The clear June air of Virginia was like wine, intoxicating and warm, heavy with the odor of jasamine and honeysuckle.

Running down the path from the big house was 'Phemy, one of the housemaids. She entered the kitchen, threw herself on a three-legged stool and fanned herself energetically.

"What yo run laik dat fo', chile?" said Mammy, eyeing her questioningly.

"Oh, Mam' Chloe, she's come an' yo' all should uv seen huh!"

"Humph!" responded Mammy Chloe gruffly.

"An' yo' should uv heah'n huh talk, she says things lots dif'hunt f'um Miss Mahcia."

"Huh, dat's case she hain't got de breedin' dat Miss Mahcia has!"

"Oh, Mam' tain't dat nohow. Huh voice is ez soft as de win' sighin' in de oak leabes an' s' lots sweetah dan Miss Mahcia's when she's talkin' to us niggahs. Den she don' talk laik we does eder. Hit don' seem right nohow fo' white folks an' quality to talk laik we does."

"What fo' yo' complainin' now, 'Phemy?" inquired Mammy sternly.

"s'de trufe!" replied the handmaiden sullenly.

"Thah's allays a time an' place fo' dat, but g'wan with what yo' was sayin."

Thus encouraged Mammy and 'Phemy continued the all absorbing topic of the new arrival at Oakwood.

Oakwood was one of those typical Southern estates found so often in Virginia in ante-bellum days. Situated on the banks of the Rappahannock, the white pillared mansion shaded by huge branching oak trees far older than the house itself, which had been in the family for two hundred years, formed a pleasant addition to the landscape.

The Wyndham's had lost the most of their immense fortune during the war, but they made valiant attempts to keep up the old house in the former manner. Colonel Wyndham had one son, Jack, and one daughter, Marcia. Jack, at the expense of strict economy on the part of the family was attending Harvard, and Marcia, a seminary in Washington.

The day passed quickly for Hope among her new surroundings. After dinner, the formidable ordeal served by the ebony faced Caesar, the Colonel, Jack, Marcia and Hope repaired to the rose-twined portico over-looking the Rappahannock. The soft Southern moon rose behind the faraway hills while from the servant quarters floated the rich, mellow voices of the negroes singing and the strumming of the banjo.

As Hope listened to the gentle music a mist blurred her eyes. She was back at another time among her Pennsylvania hills, the December snow covered all the valley, but in the quaint old kitchen, she once more sat by the fireplace, the ruddy lights and shadows flickered on the walls and rafters while the great clock ticked steadily. She could hear old Hans telling once more, the legends and myths of his beautiful Rhine land, of the purple vineyards and ivy-covered castles.

The revery was broken by Jack's mocking voice, "Wal, leetle Yankee, how dew yew like the Seouth?"

Hardly before the Colonel could interpose his stern, "John Wyndham!" and Marcia giggle spitefully, Hope replied with a flash of spirit, "I'm not a Yankee, I'm a Quakeress. But what fault hast thou to find with the Yankees? Is it because they conquered thee?"

Marcia bit her lip angrily but Jack laughed good naturedly. Sectional jealousy worried him very little. It was simply his love for teasing which had provoked the speech.

"The Yankee's overpowering wealth alone conquered us. Without that the miserables cowards could have done nothing!" exclaimed Marcia wrathfully. "The Yankees are—"

"Marcia," interposed Colonel Wyndham quietly, "I fought under the stars and bars against the Yankees in battle and I can well testify to their bravery and generosity. The Reconstruction days were bitter and unjust indeed, but I am proud of our grand Union and that we are of one blood, one nation, with those same Yankees."

Marcia sniffed scornfully but Jack softly applauded while his dark eyes grew sober, and Hope, looking up at the Colonel said gently, "That was a noble speech, Colonel Wyndham. It is much harder for the conquered to forgive old wounds than the conqueror. There was fault on both sides, and the war was cruel indeed. We can only hope as the years pass on that the gulf will become narrower."

Jack sat up suddenly, "I reckon you've bridged it already, little Quakeress. We'll try to make the Southern side as pleasant as the Northern."

Hope smiled gladly, while the Colonel stroked her golden curls. Jack, at that moment felt an insane desire to twine one

about his finger, the one that escaped from the soft knot of hair at the nape of her white neck and fell over one shoulder—but he very wisely repressed this desire.

That night as Hope stood before her mirror she smiled at her reflection in the long glass, saying, softly, "I guess I'll like the Southern side after all. The world's people are very nice."

The summer months flew quickly by. When Autumn came, Jack returned to Harvard while Hope was sent to Washington with Marcia.

This was hardly the pleasantest arrangement possible for Hope, since Marcia Wyndham was a proud, haughty girl possessing the Southern faults and prejudices, but very few of the virtues. She was insolent and outspoken, but lacking in the offsetting virtues of hospitality and generosity, she had often been found deceitful, and gentle tact and courage did not remedy this fault. In many ways, in her narrow views and snobbishness, she was but a product of her section, but she did not seem to know the meaning of the good qualities which are supposed to be as much a trait of the South as its evil ones.

The Autumn passed quickly, however, and once more they had returned to the old house. Marcia and Hope arrived a few days before Jack, who was to bring with him a college chum, Walter Carewe.

It was a crisp clear day in December, the ground just slightly frozen and an invigorating tang in the air. Jack had returned to find the house deserted by all except the servants. However he did not have long to wait before a clatter of hoofs and abaying of hounds was heard on the driveway. Looking out of the window he saw a little cavalcade on horseback.

There was Marcia, tall and slender, sitting her horse as one accustomed to ride from childhood. The wind blew her dark curls across her face and her black eyes were flashing brightly.

What a contrast was Hope, indeed. For all Marcia's training, she did not possess the inimitable grace and ease with which Hope rode her spirited black pony. How quaint and yet how dainty, the little figure looked in its neatly fitting gray habit and the pretty gray riding cap set demurely on the sunny curls!

Jack thought so, as he gazed at her from the library window and if he could have heard Mammy Chloe and Caesar he would have been satisfied that he was not alone in his opinion.

"Look at huh," said Mammy, stepping to the door of the cabin. "Don' she jes' look laik an angel or de gilthaihed princess yo' sees in de stohy books. Talk about the No'th'nehs not havin' no blood, Ki, now, look at huh an' Miss Mahcia! No, Ah ain't goin' back on the Wyndhams, but Caesah," Mammy lowered her voice and rolled her eyes apprehensively, "Miss Mahcia don' seem laik de Wyndhams, nohow. She ain't gen'rous laik ole Marse or young Marse eder. An' Caesah," Mammy's voice was very impressive. "What do you s'pose Ah heahed? When Miss Hope jus' come heah Ah heahed Miss Mahcia a'tellin' huh how much huh clo'es cost. T'ink ob dat! A Wyndham tellin' how much huh things cost. Miss Hope listened ez quiet an' den she sez, 'Ah, don't suppose Ah evah had a dress in my life that cost as much as thine. But really, Mahcia, what difference does it make if it looks nice and is becoming?' Miss Mahcia tossed huh haid and said 'sif she was a 'goin' t' squelch Miss Hope, 'Oh, Ah always want to know that my things are expensive. Ah can nevah enduah cheap things.' Miss Hope des smiled but Ah seen an' orful funny look in huh eyes. Ah tells you day's po' white trash in Miss Mahcia somewhahs croppin' out, but Miss Hope's a suah 'nough lady." And with this verdict Mammy retired into the cabin administering a parting cuff to one of the piccaninnies rolling in the doorway.

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Hope had met Walter Carewe, Jack's friend, but was not exactly favorably impressed. With his light hair, weak mouth and slender stature he was in direct contrast with Jack's six feet of splendid young manhood, sparkling dark eyes and square jaw. Walter was the son of a very wealthy man who was very strict and allowed his son little freedom. It must be confessed that Jack was per-

haps not the best sort of friend for such a one as Walter. Naturally strong himself, he hardly realized the lack of decision in others. His own exuberent vitality made him a friend with all. He was a bit wild and reckless, it is true, the ringleader in dozens of scrapes and pranks, but always free and open, wishing to conceal none of his faults.

Christmas Eve came at last. There had been singing and dancing all day long in the negro quarters, the fires roared in all the huge fireplaces, while all the rooms were gay with holly and mistletoe. Jack was sitting moodily in the library, before the fireplace, his face hardly in keeping with the gayety about him. He heard light footsteps in the stairway and some quaint little melody hummed softly. It must be Hope! The door opened and she entered the room, at first not seeing Jack. The butterfly had emerged from the chrysalis. How different was this bright vision from the demure gray-garbed maid of that other time, a half year ago. She wore some soft, white diaphanous material made very simply with a bandeau of pearls in her tawny hair and a quaint old necklace around her bare white throat.

At last Jack broke the silence, "Well little—Princess, I had better say to-night, are you not going to deign me a look?"

Hope turned with a pleased smile, "Oh, I did not know thee was here."

Jack rose quickly and drew a chair up to the fireplace beside his. "Here, won't you sit down? It's been an age since I've had a good long chat with you."

Hope smiled and took the proffered seat, but she was quick to notice the gloomy light in Jack's eyes and his evidently forced gayety.

Turning quickly in her chair she faced him, saying simply, "Something is troubling thee, cannot I be of some aid?"

A shadow crossed Jack's face but he replied with an effort at lightness, "Nothing, or at least nothing that thou can'st help, little Quakeress."

The for-get-me-not eyes looked troubled. "Perhaps I could, if thee would only tell me, I might think of a means."

Jack whirled in his chair, "By Jove, I believe I will tell you, little girl. I don't really suppose you could help but I want to get it off my mind."

Hope nodded quietly, waiting for him to commence.

It seemed hard to begin. He started several times and then stopped and stared into the fire gloomily. At last he exclaimed kicking the fender with his foot, "Great Caesar, it's hard to tell, but here goes—" and with a long drawn breath he continued, "Oh, it's nothing but the old, old story—college debts. But you see it's a little different in my case. The governor's not rich, by any means and I feel that it's plenty enough for him to be putting me through college, without my asking him for this money. I don't know what possessed me in the first place to run into debt, but, by Jove, it's most almighty hard to live low at Harvard."

Jack stopped and Hope nodded sympathetically so he continued, "I'd fully intended to go back this year and not get into any more scrapes but, ye gods, what's troubling me, is how I'm going to pay off the other!" and he groaned unhappily.

Hope thought for a moment, then she said hesitatingly, "I don't know what to say to thee, Jack, I know that thee would not accept money from me, but—" she paused and then continued, "Jack, wouldst thou be willing to work?"

Jack bit his lip, he came of a proud, haughty family but his dark eyes looked straight into her blue ones without flinching. "Yes, I would be willing to do anything to pay off those debts honestly. The only trouble is, there doesn't seem to be anything at Harvard and if I try any other means the governor would find out all about it and then scrimp and save and pay off all the debts himself, just like the dandy old brick he is, too."

Hope looked at him gravely, "Dost thee know Professor Dunbar, Jack?"

"Sure, and a smart old codger he is too!"

Hope smiled at the compliment and continued: "He was a personal friend of my father's and several times he visited the valley, so I feel that I know him quite well. I believe that I will

write to him and ask if he cannot help thee."

Jack flushed, it was humiliating to receive help from a girl, but he took it in the spirit in which it was offered. Looking down into the sweet upturned face he said softly, "Do you know that you are indeed a Hope in darkness? You can't know how much you are doing for everyone here among the world's people, little Hope, it is going to be a hard fight for me, but I am going to win, ever seeing your sweet face before me, hopeful and encouraging."

Undoubetdly they were happy at that moment but it was soon over and they were out with the rest of the young people entering into the Christmas mirth with a zest.

The Christmas vacation passed quickly by and Jack and Walter Carewe were back at Harvard.

The former greatly surprised his chums and cronies, for he studiously abstained from most of his former pleasures. Not that it did not cost a severe battle to do so, but the young man was fighting bravely to do as he had promised.

Shortly after his return, Professor Dunbar called him to his office. Jack was offered the position of reading and copying the old gentleman's notes and manuscripts which were being prepared for the press. Although the work was not exceptionally hard it required great care and real ability.

Meanwhile the young man was keeping his resolution admirably. The fast young fellows who were his former friends had ceased to pester him with invitations. As the breach became wider between himself and these friends, he became more popular than ever with the college at large, so he felt amply repaid for the sacrifice he had made.

One afternoon as Jack sat in his room studying, Walter sauntered into the room, flinging a square white envelope on Jack's desk, saying, "See here now, Jack, Kid Van Rensselaer's going to have a blowout to-night, it's his birthday and we're going to have a spree. You've been acting the little tin angel for several weeks now but, ye gods, you can't mean to keep it up long. Kid'll be mighty hot if you don't come this time, you've already given him the mitten too often."

Jack turned in his chair, saying quietly, "Well, Kid might's well quit asking me. I think that he would learn by this time that it is'nt any use. But Walt," rather hesitatingly, "I wish you wouldn't go."

Walter whirled on his heel in surprise, "Holy Moses, man, what do you take me for? I suppose you want to make me a model Sir Galahad like yourself; but I tell you flat, it's no go. If you want to turn milksop, alright; but you needn't try to reform the rest of us. Great guns, you used to be the gamiest fellow at Harvard!" and he sullenly thrust his hands into his pockets.

Jack flushed. The role of reformed sinner was hardly a pleasant one and he thoroughly enjoyed the wild scrapes in which he had been implicated. But he remembered a pair of soft blue eyes and a halo of golden hair. It was not in a Wyndham to break a promise, so turning again in his chair he resumed his studying while Walter left the room, snorting contemptously.

That night, after he had returned from his work at Professor Dunbar's he took out a pack of cards and commenced a game of solitaire. He might as well wait for Walter for he would be sure to waken him when he returned. The little clock ticked the hours away. He sat there, engrossed in his game. The little clock ticked on and Jack yawned sleepily. It was time Walter was coming home, for the hands pointed to half past one. The fellow ought to have enough sense to know that even if he was out on a spree, the faculty couldn't help but notice his appearance the next morning, and unpleasant inquiries might ensue. "Perhaps he's drunk," occurred to him, but he pushed the suggestion away. "Fiddlesticks," he thought, "the fellow always had enough sense to know when he had enough before, and I don't know as it's so late after all," but still, he stirred uneasily, he knew that Walter's touch had seemed decidedly uncertain lately and he recalled the dark rings about his eyes and the blase droop of his shoulders. The clock struck three! Jack arose, determination in his face. Walter had

never waited so long before, if he wasn't drunk it was certainly best to persuade him to return to his room at once. Putting on his cap and heavy coat, he left the room.

Once outside he walked quickly toward the boarding house where most of Kid Van Rensselaer's set stayed. The snow crunched beneath his feet and the stars twinkled brightly in the sky above him. He walked briskly, for it was intensely cold there in the early morning. He heard the shrill whistle of a train entering Cambridge.

At last he reached the boarding house, the light from one of the windows which he knew to be the Kid's, cast a pallid sickly glare across the snow. He entered the vestibule and went quickly up the staircase, for he knew the way by past experience. A broad shaft of light was shed into the hall. From behind the closed door came the refrain, sung thickly, "And we won't go home till mornin', and we won't—" then came a crash of glass and a burst of raucuous laughter.

At this juncture, without waiting for ceremony, Jack flung open the door. There turned toward him was Walter Carewe, his white shirt bosom stained with the spilt wine, while his goblet lay on the table in a thousand pieces. He leered vacantly at Jack, but the young man turned away, disgust in his face. The pallid glare of the lights, the faces made bestial and inhuman by the night's debauchery and the sparkle of the champagne in the goblets alike repelled him. He could understand the lure of the gaming tables but this profligacy was too far beneath him.

There was a moment of silence, then Kid Van Rensselaer called out, "De-hic-chided to-hic-return-hic-onche more-hic-to zhe fold-hic-little hic-hic-lamb?"

Jack turned away angrily not deigning him another glance, but going straight up to Walter he said, "Here, Walt, we're going home—"

The boy only stared at him vacantly and burst into a coarse song which was stopped on his lips, however for the door opened again and another person entered.

This time the most intoxicated one there, became sober for it was Professor Dunbar!

His words fell cold and cutting. "Young gentleman, I am heartily ashamed that such a scene as this should disgrace Harvard." His glance turned and fell contemptuously on Jack, "Your excesses this night have gone quite beyond the extreme of clemency. I shall trust you enough to hope that you will take your immediate departure." So saying, he left the room.

There was a deadly silence, then one by one the shamefaced students left Kid Van Rensselaer's "blowout."

* * * * * *

The next day was cold and gray. That morning before going to classes Jack received a note from Professor Dunbar. It contained a check and stated that he, the Professor, would need Jack's services no longer.

Jack's face hardened, he knew that the Professor had spared him any other punishment because of Hope, but it meant so much to have forfeited the good Professor's respect and esteem. He was just turning to leave the room when a weak, uncertain voice said, "Aw, come here a moment, Jack!"

Jack moved to the bedside, his face relaxing. "Say, kid, you won't tell on me? Perhaps old Dunbar didn't see me and if the governor ever finds this out, I—hate to think what will happen."

Jack's face grew stern again. "I'm hardly coward enough to tell on someone else just to save my own skin!" he said contemptuously. "I hadn't thought for a moment that Professor Dunbar didn't see you. If that's the case though, I'll keep my mouth shut. But I might as well tell you Carewe, that I shall have my things moved to another boarding place."

Walter's face fell, "And now what in the name of—"

Jack interrupted with, "I can't afford these rooms any longer and what's more, I can't afford your style of living, and after last night I detest it. I only warn you that if you care anything about your father's displeasure, you'd better keep out of such affairs as last night," and turning he left the room.

Walking quickly across the snowy campus he wondered vaguely what

he should do, then a sudden thought flashed across his mind. He flushed at the idea but it returned to him. Yes, it was possible! It was hard, of course, but he could do it and he felt with a peculiar sense of triumph that Hope would not have helped him to this. He wanted her to see what he could do for himself.

A few days later, Walter Carewe, Kid Van Rennsselaer and a few others of his set were strolling down one of the streets of Cambridge. President Grosvenor's smart trap whirled quickly by them. The boys glanced at the carriage indifferently, then Walter uttered an exclamation of surprise, for on the coachman's seat was Jack Wyndham.

"Ye gods, what's he doing there?" exclaimed the "Kid."

But the carriage was far down the street now and Jack had hardly looked at them.

Walter's face was red. To this then was what his own cowardice had brought Jack Wyndham. Should he explain to Professor Dunbar? The other young men had received various punishments but it seemed to him that he could not endure his father's inevitable anger. Anyway, Professor Dunbar had gone away for a short time and he did not need to worry about it now, so the unpleasant subject was dismissed from his mind.

With Jack it had been a hard fight to perform the work. He had struggled with himself to obtain the mastery and at last had emerged victorious. He knew well how to manage horses, so he applied for the position of coachman for President Grosvenor. The horses were handsome animals and aside from the humiliation, the work was not unendurable. But to Jack, with his Southern pride, it was hard in the extreme to act in this capacity. However, he set his teeth and persisted.

The weeks flew by and Jack's debt was daily becoming lighter. April came with it's sun and showers, then May, and at last Commencement.

One day, as he was driving Professor Grosvenor down one of the Cambridge streets he passed a huge red touring car, which was coming rapidly toward them. President Grosvenor bowed to the occupants. Jack glanced down from his seat, then his face burned hotly. It was Professor Dunbar and two young ladies. The boy hardly looked at the young ladies but his eyes turned appealingly to the Professor. To his surprise, the Professor nodded pleasantly, then the car passed on.

As he drove down the street he wondered who the young ladies could be. Their faces had been covered by thick motor veils but he thought indifferently that one must be Agnes Dunbar, the Professor's daughter and the other, probably a friend who had returned from boarding school with her.

When he had returned from his work he was surprised to find a little square envelope on his desk. He opened it curiously—it was simply a note from Professor Dunbar requesting his presence at dinner that evening in order to meet his daughter and her friend from boarding school.

Jack arrived at the Dunbar home promptly at the time mentioned. He was shown into the drawing-room where Professor Dunbar met him cordially. It was explained that Walter Carewe had told the Professor all and that the Professor had refrained from telling stern Mr. Carewe on condition that the young fellow should do better in the future.

Then the door opened and the two girls entered. Jack sprang to his feet, then remained perfectly silent as if chained to the spot. He barely saw the laughing face of Agnes Dunbar, he had eyes only for the graceful figure advancing toward him, with outstretched hands.

"Hope!" Jack murmured as he seized her soft white hands and "Jack!" a low, silvery voice replied, while the forget-me-not eyes looked into his dark ones happily.

The evening passed as a dream for both the young people. The music on the campus, the scent of June roses blown through the open windows and the pleasant flow of conversation all mingled to complete one happy whole.

That evening after Jack left, Hope sighed happily as she gazed across the moonlit campus. Just a year ago to-

night she was back in the quiet valley, looking out upon her sojourn among the world's people with dread and foreboding. But how happy all had turned out at last. True, her year had not been unmixed bliss, but she knew that her sphere of usefulness among the world's people was much wider than in the quiet little valley among the Pennsylvania hills.

A SONG OF THE PRAIRIE

Peaceful the silent valley,
Dreaming a tender dream
Circled with high blue hill crests,
Lulled by a murmuring stream.
The West Wind comes through the mountains,
Whirling the clouds along,
And laughs as it tosses the sheltered trees,
To the chant of a prairie song:

Oh the world-wide sweep of the Prairie,
Free as the mind of man,
Fearless, facing the future,
Unconquered since time began,
Virgin soil for the winning,
By toil of the strong and bold,
Mother of Men ye shall crown her, then,
With a harvest crown of gold.

The hills fold closer the valley.
How should they understand?
The calm past broods above them,
The past of a sheltered land.
But the prairie-born, they listen,
In the spell of a vague unrest,
Till the mountains seem like a prison wall
That bars the way to the West.

Alline Gregory.

ONE EAR

STUART SIMMONS

PUT! The rifle ball splintered the wood on the corner of the sod chicken house a bare inch above the gray form. An instant later the form vanished around the corner and faded into the dusk. The door opened and the man with the rifle muttered as he went into the house.

"Of all bad coyotes that one is the worst. I'll kill the one-eared varmint yet."

This was not the first time One Ear had been shot at, and while it was a great deal closer than he liked, it did not worry him.



After leaving the chicken house he stretched his long hungry body close to the ground and started in the famous coyote trot for the next chicken house, eight miles away. Here he had better success and after eating two frys, killed four more.

The next day the Man organized a hunt for coyotes, and he, with his four boys and the owner of the killed chickens, took the dogs and set out. For several hours the party roamed in and out of the draws on the prairie and finally the low whining bark of the greyhounds told that a coyote had been raised.

A low streak shot out of the ravine and over the hill. In less than a second all of the dogs and men were racing after it. The man raised his long Winchester and fired. The dust raised in the air a few feet behind the fleeing form. Before the Man could work the handle of the magazine the gray streak had turned and ran sharply into a draw. Here among the rocks he lost his pursuers, as the hounds follow only by sight. It gave him a chance to set a new course. A few minutes later they were all after him again. Out over the now level plains he led them, sometimes far ahead of the dogs, others, resting but a few feet. Again and again the Man shot but his aim from the running horse, a quarter of a mile away, was not overly good and he merely wasted powder. One Ear knew this. Several long miles were covered this way when One Ear realized he must fight the dogs. Then he threw his best into the race. Soon the horses were left behind and the weaker dogs dropped out of the race. Two more miles and only three fleeing forms were still running in a compact body a few rods behind the wolf. Fortune seemed kind to the coyote, for one dog stepped into a prairie-dog hole and fell. He was soon limping far behind. One Ear doubled back and slashed at the closest dog. A long red streak marked his fangs on the dog's shoulder. For a short way the dog held up and soon had to drop out. The last dog never hesitated but worked

only harder. One Ear speeded up and then dropped back. Again and again he did this, each time urging the eager dog a little faster. A mile and a half further on One Ear looked over his shoulder at the panting form twenty feet behind him. A quarter of a mile farther back was the wounded dog. The men and other dogs were lost over the roll of the prarie. Yes, it was time to have it over. One Ear slackened his pace until the dog was within ten feet of him. Then he whirled in his tracks. The dog planted his feet, trying to stop. He fairly slid into the coyote. One Ear met him low on the ground with his shoulder against the dog's front legs. The heavy dog rolled and One Ear turned and slashed at his throat. The dog sprang to his feet and took the blow on the shoulder. Again the dog rushed and the coyote tripped him. Again he struck and hit the shoulder. Try as he could, One Ear could not reach the throat. The rest of the pack and the men could be heard over the roll. One Ear waited for the dog again. When he came the wolf raised on his feet and slashed the throat and went down under the hound. The dog made a few feeble efforts to reach the coyote but failed.

A few minutes later, when the Man came up, the coyote had slid into the blending sage.

HER HAIR

Often have I heard you mutter
Imprecations, that are utter
Indications that you're petulent with care;
And the reason—can you guess it?
Or must I aver that—yes, it
Is the clever disarrangement of your hair.

Let it go; I wouldn't mind it,
That's the way I like to find it
When I seek a feast of pleasure for my eyes.
If 'twere mine I wouldn't change it,
Never comb or rearrange it,
If upon my brow I boasted such a prize.

For I love the silken tresses,
As the zephyr's soft caresses
Blow the flossy silken strands across your face.
And the breezes make a lattice
Just to shade your eyes, and that is
Quite becoming to your lightning orbs and grace.

So don't pout about the order
Of your stray locks, or you'll border
On the dark and inky brink of black despair.
For it's not at all alarming—
But in truth I think it's charming—
The artistic disarrangement of your hair.

UNCLE TOM'S INDIAN RAID

L. G. TURNER

DO I remember the Indian raid? I certainly do. I remember it well. Let's see; it occurred a way back in 1884, and, sir, it come mighty nigh de-populating the whole western half of Kansas. Not because of the people who was killed but because of the people who left and never come back.

In them days most of us settlers was in the same boat; we were tenderfoots; we were poor; and we had come out from the East in the hopes of building homes for ourselves. To hold down a claim which yet hadn't yielded no revenue and, at the same time make a living, was about all that one able-bodied man cared to tackle. Then add to that the danger of a massacre, and it made the proposition a pretty stiff one. We all was willing to take a chance on death at slow starvation, but when it come to death quick and sudden like, at the hands of an Indian, with scalping and burning, and all the attending fixings and trimmings throwed in, we balked.

Most of us had never seen an Indian, and what was more we didn't want to. They was kept down on their reservation in the Cherokee Strip and in the Comanche and Arapahoe country, which was a long ways from us, and we didn't think nothing about them. It was the direct rustle for grub that worried us.

Well, sir, my neighbor, Dyke, and me had made a little money breaking sod and we decided to invest it in lumber. A dugout is all right in case you can't have any better place to live in, but when you have seventy dollars laying idle, what's the matter with having a real sure enough house, even if it is only one room? We concluded that life in a dugout wasn't worth the living, so Dyke and me started for Kingman after the lumber. As we couldn't make the round trip in one day, Miss Dyke come over to keep my wife company while we was gone.

Dyke and me put up that night in a wagon yard at Kingman, where we hob-nobbed with freighters, cowboys, homesteaders, boomers and sich like—the kind of crowd usually found around a wagon yard in the early days. Some of these people had come a mighty long ways after their supplies. I talked with a little sawed-off man who had a four-wagon outfit. He had come after some casing for a well that he was going to put down in Ochletree County, Texas. I asked him how deep it was to water where he was putting in the well and he told me it was two hundred and ninety feet.

The next morning, soon after breakfast, Dyke and I started for home. In them days I lived over in Pratt County, about four miles south of the old Sun City trail. It was a good thirty-four miles from Kingman to my place and as our loads was heavy, and as the roads was rather sandy in places, we didn't expect to reach home until after dark.

Along about half past ten o'clock we'd covered about seven miles. We had just reached that point where we had quit thinking about where we'd been, and had begin to think about where we was going, when we met a horseman. He was covered with dust, the horse was in a lather of sweat and they was sure hitting the high places toward Kingman. Pretty soon we met another horseman, and then another, and then we met a bunch of them, and then another bunch. Until that time I had no idea of the number of horses in our part of the country. In them days there was scarcely any fencing; and on both sides of the road, as far as the eye could see, there was horsemen—single

horsemen, double horsemen, horsemen in groups of three, four or a dozen, some riding saddles, some riding on blankets and quilts, some riding bareback, sometimes two on one horse; horsewomen, too, some riding bareback and astraddle—all of them going at the same time, in the same direction as fast as they could make their beasts go, a whipping, a lashing, akicking, and a spurring, never saying a word, never looking to right or left, but just seemingly possessed of the desire to go forward.

Them, that we met in the road never paid no attention to us although they seemed a trifle irritated when they had to pull out around us.

Of course, all this was very mystifying to Dyke and me. We couldn't account for such numbers and we could n't account for such conduct. People we met on the road was in the habit of giving us a friendly nod at least when they passed.

The last horseman had hardly disappeared, and we hadn't nearly recovered from our surprise, when here come the light brigade.

There was buggies this time, and two-wheeled carts, and other light vehicles. They didn't last long, for at that time there wasn't many light vehicles in the country. Them that was in the country, however, was getting along towards Kingman at a fair rate of speed.

They was loaded to the guards with men, women and children. The horses hitched to these vehicles was doing the best they could, and the drivers was doing the best they could to make the horses do better. They seemed to be put out wonderful bad when they had to pull around us, but not a diddle-doddanged one of them could we get to stop and talk with us. Some of the wimmen was crying and wringing their hands. And all of then seemed to have on their work-a-day clothes like as if they'd left home in a hurry.

"What do you spose is the matter?" I called to Dyke, when the main bunch'd got past us.

"Ain't I been trying for the last five minutes to make the durned cusses tell me," answered Dyke. He stopped his team and got off the wagon. "I just can't make it out. There's too many of 'em to be called to the bedside of a rich, dying relative; they ain't dressed right and they're in too big a hurry to be going to a picnic, and they're too mournful to be going to a circus. I'm going to make some of them talk if I have to do it with a gun."

The light brigade wasn't all passed us when we caught sight of the main army. It was heavy wagons this time —wagons of all kinds and sizes with all kinds of wagon boxes—single sideboards, double sideboards, hay racks, barges, and some with no boxes at all, the people riding on the running gears. They weren't in bunches but were scattered all over the prairie. The men was wild-eyed and white faces and most of them was bareheaded; they spent most of the time whipping their teams, but they would look back over their shoulders occasionally. The horses were galloping and the dust was flying and the wagons was jolting and some of the women was crying and some looking kind a startled, and the kids were squalling and clinging to their mothers. Taking them altogether, they were about the plum scardest bunch you ever saw.

They were for giving us the road all right; they'd begin to pull out when they were two hundred yards away. Dyke and me yelled at 'em and made signs, but they wouldn't stop. Some of them tried to say something as they passed, but the noise made by the wagons was so loud that we couldn't make no sense out of what they said. We pulled up to the top of a long sand hill and stopped to let our teams blow. Dyke come back to our wagon."

"Did my ears deceive me, or did them durned cusses say something about Indians?"

"That was the one word I heard out of all they said," I answered.

"But there can't be any Indians here," said Dyke. "I'll bet there ain't a real bonny fide Indian within two hunderd miles of there."

"Maybe there ain't; but I'll bet you there's a whole raft of people around here who believes there is."

This seemed to stump Dyke. He

turned away from my wagon, then he yelled: "Great Scott! Lookee there acoming."

Well, sir, I pretty nigh fainted. I looked but my impulse was to jump and run. My mind being on Indians, I naturally expected Indians was what Dyke saw. However, instead of seeing Indians, I saw an old mule and cow pulling a sled—a drag they call it. The whole family was on the sled; the woman was sitting with her arms full of babies and there was five or six other children scattered around her. She wasn't crying but she was mighty pale and peeked and she sure was clinging tight to the babies. The old man was standing on the front end of the sled driving the mule and cow. Every few seconds he would jump off and run along side the cow and belt her with his whip. And that whip was some whip, too. A broom stick for a whip stock and a piece of barbed wire for a lash. Every time he hit the cow he'd make it a sort of raking blow by pulling the whip backwards and the barbs in the wire would do the rest; every time the cow was hit she'd flinch her rump away from the whip and go sideways a few steps.

The man tried to pull out around us but the point of his sled runner caught in a tuft of sod at the road's edge and he stuck. He yelled to us to let him pass and all the time he was working on the cow with the barbed wire.

"Now lookee here, my bold cow puncher," said Dyke, "you don't get past this outfit until you tell us what's up. You're about the thirteenth hundredth man we've seen this morning and you all act alike. What's wrong anyway?"

"Great Godelmity! ain't you heard the news?" demanded the old man.

"I sure ain't," said Dyke.

"They say the Injuns are on the warpath. They've burnt Sun City, and Pratt, and Saratoga and they're a comin' this way—Gaddap, Julip!"

He fetched the cow a powerful, raking blow. The cow and mule both lunged forward at the same time. The tuft of sod gave way and the sled started with a jerk that upset the whole family. The last we saw of them the old man was still working on the cow with the barbed wire.

That was a nice package to hand us. The Indians were to the west of us. We were a good twenty-seven miles from our wives and our homes which were between us and the Indians—unless the Indians were already there—and we had heavy wagons and heavy loads of lumber. Dyke looked me straight in the eye for a minute, then he took out his plug and cut himself a chew of tobacco. When he had cleaned the knife carefully and put it and the plug away, he turned again to me.

"Well, what do you say?" he asked.

"What was the amount you wanted to bet that there ain't a real bonny fide Indian within two hundred miles of us?" I couldn't help but ask. As Dyke looked away he said something that I didn't exactly understand, but it it was something relating to or concerning a dam fool. I'm afraid I snickered.

"The question is," said Dyke, very patient like, "whether we pull this lumber home or whether we leave it, or whether we leave the wagons and go horseback."

You will notice that any one of the answers to Dyke's questions meant that we were going towards the Indians. Now, Dyke was a billigerent cuss. He wasn't a physical coward by any means. I sometimes think that he was not adverse to taking on a little scrap. On the other hand, I am not a fighting man. I am, in fact, rather inclined to be timid, and the prospect of running into a scalping party was not at all enticing to me. Still, a man just naturally can't cut loose and desert his wife when she is in danger. It was not bravery that caused me to say to Dyke; "We'd better get there as quick as we can and I suppose the quickest way is by horseback."

"I hate all fired bad to give up this lumber," said Dyke, "I sure broke a good many miles of sod to get it and I feel sure if we leave it some whelp will steal the whole batch before we get back.

"Yes, but what use will we have for lumber if ten millions Indians are after us?" I asked.

"They aint' got us yet; and I don't propose to run no chances of coming

back and not finding my lumber and wagon," declared Dyke. "I tell you, we'll pull into some farm and leave it there."

We drove down the road about a mile and came to a farm house. We pulled in the stable yard and I went to the house to ask permission to leave our wagons. There wasn't a soul in or about the house. The dinner was on the stove cooking, but chairs were overturned, drawers pulled out, things scattered about the floor, and doors were thrown open. No question but that these people had heard the news; that they had gone and that they hadn't stood upon the order of their going.

On the way back to the barn I passed a calf which was tied to a fence post. I'll always feel mean and ashamed because I didn't turn that critter lose so that it could get to water. But I wasn't actuated by any such humane idees. I hurried on and when I reached the barn I found that Dyke had the teams unhitched.

Dyke's team was a pair of big horses; mine was a span of half wild four-year-old mules. Neither one of them mules had ever been rode.

Ordinarily, you couldn't have hired me me to get on the back of either one of them. However I tied up the lines good and tight on the mare mule and turned her loose. Dyke gave her a cut with his big whip and that mare mule started for home like a streak. I led the hoss mule up beside the wagon and climbed on the wheel.

"Are you ready?" says Dyke.

"Let her go!" says I.

I gave a jump and landed on that hoss mule's back and at the same time Dyke give him an awful cut with the whip. Say, that mule started so quick he purty nigh unjointed my neck. He took out after that mare mule as hard as he could go. I never knowed a fool mule could run so fast. He went so fast he couldn't follow the meanderings of the wagon path—he cut straight across. When we'd reach the top of one sand knoll we'd be just in time to see the mare mule disappearing over the next.

For a while I could hear Dyke's heavy horses pounding along behind and then we passed out of hearing. We made the best time ever made on the Sun City trail before the days of automobiles.

I didn't have much time to think about the Indians as I rode west that day. I didn't figger out what I'd do if I met 'em and what plan of escape I would make; my time was too much taken up with riding that cussed mule, and I sure rode him from the hames of his collar to the root of his tail. However, I did take time to figger out a lie to tell my wife and Miss Dyke to keep 'em from getting scared.

When I reached home I found that mare mule had jumped the corn gate and was up in the pasture. The horse mule stopped at the gate and began to pitch. I tried my best to stick on, but off I went and over the gate he went.

Of course, it was my luck to have my wife and Miss Dyke see it all. When I recovered so that I could set up and take notice what do you suppose them wimmen was doing? They was laughing. Gad! but it made me mad. My wife came up and asked me if I was hurt and then she snickered. She wanted to know what brought me home so early; then she giggled; she said not to mind her laughing; that she was sorry but couldn't help it; then she set down and wrapped her face in her apron and rocked herself to and for and giggled and snickered and sputtered until the tears come. And ole Miss Dyke wasn't a bit better. I suppose I didn't cut a very dignified figger when I sailed off that mule's back and lit on my ear. But to have my wife laugh at me made so cussed mad that the next time she asked what brought me home so early I cut out the lie I had figgered on telling her and told her the truth.

I draw the line at telling you what happened for the next few minutes. I suppose it was a mean way of getting even, but it stopped the laughing.

Living so far off the road they hadn't heard a word about the Indian's. It was curious the way the news struck them. That is, when they'd got over their first scare and calmed down a bit. My wife seemed to think it was durned foolhardy in me to leave Dyke and come on in the face of danger alone. On the other hand, Miss Dyke kinder figgered that I had acted the part of a coward

and that I had no business to leave Dyke and that if I'd had any nerve I wouldn't a done it. I tried to tell 'em it was all on account of that fool mule but they wouldn't see it.

Nearly an hour later Dyke come pounding in, his big horses in a bad way from their long run. We held a council of war. We all wanted to go to Kingman, but didn't have no vehicle of any sort to go in. When the women mentioned horseback, Dyke and me, for reasons of our own, told 'em nix on the horseback. Walking was out of the question. We finally concluded to stay right where we was.

It wasn't likely the Indians would get so far off the main road, and if they did we thought maybe we could hide in the tall blue stem grass. It was agreed that we'd light no fire and that we'd sleep out that night.

About four o'clock in the afternoon I began to get restless. I concluded I'd reconnoiter a bit, as the feller says in the story book. I started south from my place. After going some considerable distance, I come on a man breaking sod with a span of oxen. He was a new settler and I didn't know his name.

Ain't it curious how a man delights in telling bad news? I wouldn't have missed the opportunity of telling that feller about the Indians for any money.

"Say, mister, ain't you heard the news," I begun. "They say the Indains are on the warpath; and they've burnt Pratt and Saratoga and they're acoming this way aburning and ascalping as they come."

The man didn't say a word; he didn't ask a question; he didn't even unyoke his oxen. He just turned and lit out down the furrow and he made the dirt fly.

They tell many stories about what people done on that day. They say the Perkins boys had a saddle pony picketed out close to their house. When ole man Barnes, him we called ole Tickle-dad, was told the news, he run and jumped on the pony. He lashed it into a run and made three complete circles before he remembered to pull up the picket pin. Then Perkins got his rifle and was going to shoot the ole cuss for trying to steal the pony. They say ole Matthews run all over his place looking for a neck-yoke and all the time was carrying it in his hand. Frank Clemmons, the school teacher, walked out of the country and never did come back. Ole Switzer drove into Bross, a little town about ten miles east, and swore he'd seen the Indians kill and scalp his wife; about four hours later ole Miss Switzer followed in afoot and said that Switzer was a dirty lying pup. They say that Miss Carrehan threw a feather bed in the wagon and drove off and left her nursing baby. Ole Sheldon tried to hide by climbing down his well and when they fished him out he was nearly froze. Miss Boulden walked barefooted six miles and carried her baby and Dale run off and left his old mother alone on the farm; the ole lady rode a horse to Kingman abare back and a straddle. Tom Airs shot his best horse, mistakin' it for an Indian.

Speaking of Tom Airs reminds me. Tom had been a hunter and a frontiersman. He was supposed to have had experience in Indian fighting. Some fifteen or twenty families pulled into his place thinking, no doubt, that Tom could protect them. This didn't suit Tom at all. He evidently thought that so many would attract the attention of any passing Indians and besides, if the gang stayed all night they would eat up his store of grub. Tom concluded to get rid of 'em. They say he climbed his windmill tower with a pair of field glasses. He levelled his glasses.

"I gad, here they come," he bawled, "and they ain't very durned fur off, either."

They say fifteen or twenty wagons left Tom's place so close together that the wagon wheels locked in each other. And much to Tom's disgust, his wife went in one of the wagons.

When I got back home the folks were mighty uneasy about my long absence. Miss Dyke shot it at me that I was trying to quit them, same as I had quit Dyke earlier in the day. My wife didn't like this and relations was somewhat strained during the cold supper that followed. After supper we got our blankets and took to the tall blue stem.

Well, sir, I want to say to you that

that was the longest night I ever put in, and the most horrible one, too, I heard thousands of horses galloping across the prairie. In my imaginations I saw thousands of Indians and I was burned at the stake at least twenty times. Every time a coyote yelped I had a nervous chill.

I waited hours and hours. Then I began to count to know what time it was. I knew it must be nearly daylight, altho' I couldn't see any signs of breaking day. At last, I couldn't stand it any longer. I crawled back to the house and looked at the clock. It was half past eleven. I sneaked back and told my wife that the blamed clock had stopped. I spent hours cussing the fool government for not protecting us settlers by standing soldiers up and down the Kansas line, and keeping the Indians on their reservations. I pictured myself at the head of a company of soldiers and we wiped out whole tribes of Indians, root and branch. Just then a coyote yelped and I had another chill.

I got to considering what a blooming fool I was for trying to live in such a cussed country. When I got to thinking about my wife, and how I had brought her away from her father's comfortable home to be massacred by a lot of dirty whelps, I got so mad I whipped a tribe of Indians by myself.

But after a while the sick feeling got back to the pit of my stomach again. I couldn't understand why day didn't come. I chewed blue stem grass in my nervousness. I didn't even try to sleep. The desire to know the exact time got the best of me again and I crawled back to the house. I struck a match. The clock showed a quarter past one. I got mad again and had a notion to bust the clock.

I tell you the rustle of the blue stem grass was mighty lonesome that night. Away off to the southwest there was a red blur on the horizon. I afterwards found out it was a prairie fire but that night I was sure it was a burning farm house, and in my mind's eye I could see dead women and children lying about, and a lot of greasy devils dancing around them. I ain't ashamed to tell you what I prayed that night. My prayer might have been a little bit selfish. It related chiefly to my wife and me getting out of the country with a whole hide; but considering it from the standpoint of downright earnest feeling it was a powerful prayer.

Don't you know that after such a night as that I can understand why some of them old pagan fellers what lived around in caves worshipped the sun. My experience that night taught me to appreciate the blessings of sunlight.

When the sun rose that morning I looked around and was surprised to find that the country looked very much the same as when I had last seen it. There was my dugout, and there was Dyke's windmill still standing. Off there was the barnyard of the Perkins boys. The meadow larks were singing and the prairie dogs were barking just the same as though nothing had happened.

I had fretted and worried to the extent that I was about all in, Without waiting to cook breakfast, we hitched up and started for Kingman—now don't get excited—I know I said we didn't have no vehicle but the cold and clammy fact remains that we went to Kingman. We went on a drag sir,—the same kind of a thing the ole feller had the cow hitched to.

What about the Indians! Pshaw? There warn't no Indians. More than a hundred miles west of us—at Comanche Pool—the cattlemen and cowboys started the scare to check the influx of settlers; and sir, as I said before, they come mighty nigh depopulating the western half of Kansas.

THE GHOST THAT GOT MARRIED

GEORGE FREDERICK STRATTON

IT was back in the days when a traveling agent drumming Denver, Cheyenne, or Boise, would esteem it a rich stroke of luck if he got onto conversational terms with a cowboy. In such a case, with the usual good comradeship of his guild, he would notify other traveling men and divide on the find.

So it was that Lariat Sim, a stock rider, with a reputation that Wyoming wasn't large enough for, and three sample-punchers, (the boys always spoke of them so) sat at a table in the Sagebrush Oasis. Its proprietor, Burlap, asserted in picturesque language that the name was emblematical of its proven ineradicability; but the old fly-specked bullet-perforated sign, "No Chasers" pointed as conclusively to the days when sagebrush was the only touch of green on the landscape, and water had to be hauled fifteen miles, with a consequent large importance as an asset.

"Did you ever run across a married cowboy?" inquired the hardware man.

"There ain't none!" drawled Lariat Sim. "When the marriage idee gets to playin' hoss with a cow-puncher, he gets out of cattle, an' goes into sheep or farmin,' or some such benighted an' frivolous occipation."

"So, you've never been to a cowboy's wedding, I suppose?" remarked the clothing man.

"Only once, an' that was a week after it happened."

"Somewhat slow in getting there!" laughed the hardware man.

Lariat fired a bullet through the smoky roof timbers to call the bartender's attention to the empty glasses; rolled a cigarette and started.

"It was out on the Crazy Y ranch, east of the Socorro range. One of our punchers was Has Terryberry, as good a roper as ever swung an arm, an' the peacefullest man that ever saddled a hoss. Al the same, he warn't the mule to let no gent braid his tail—not excessive.

"It was after the '96 roundup that we began to surmise suspicions about Has. He was plumb wishful to ride into Boise as he'd always been; but instead of coming back with half his whisky inside of him, an' the other half on his hips, he'd bring it all on his hips, which was plumb unique, an' a sure sign of matrimony.

"Nachully, the boys got some conversational about weddin's an' the proper way of handlin' them. Each one had his particular project, includin' divers sorts of weddin' presents, an' the most approved styles of weddin' tours. Dan Trimpy an' Kansas Jim got real peevish discussin' whether both the parties should be branded alike, an' whether the brand oughter be registered or whether each should carry its own brand.

"Has got plumb nervous over it, 'specially when Sternitt, the Boss, advised him to break the record, an' have the weddin' at the ranch house. He showed Has that his name would go down through the silvery filiments of posterity, an' the emblazoned pages of hist'ry as the first cowboy that ever got married in the great an' Golden West.

"All of which kept Has as uneasy as a green broncho with a Mexican spur pirootin' among its ribs, an' we sure looked for a stampede. We'd found out what his spell-bindin' attraction at Boise was; an' it was sure a cinch. It was the widow of Charlie Ellworth, who'd got mixed up in a freight wreck

three years before, an' was buried where they found him—what there was left.

"An' the little widow was sure enticin'. Twenty-five years risin' six, an' as plump an' as pretty an' tasty in her trimmin's as any picture you'd see in the shows down here at the Orpheum. Has sure was in luck, but he got quieter an' mournfuller lookin' every day, altho' we acted cheerful in tellin' him how much we'd do for him when the obsequies come off.

"Sometime or somehow I've heard that the trail to hell is paved with good intentions. We had the good intentions an' likewise an' also we got hell, good an' plenty. One mornin' Has's pony come into the corral, saddled an' sure dusty an' sweaty. Has had been over to the Big Hill Gulch the day before lookin' for strays, and of course something had gone wrong. Three of us went after him, an' two miles up the gulch we got the signs. He'd gone over the edge of the Little Cottonwood Canyon, an' after a two hours'scramble to the bottom, we came to the remnants. They wasn't much. There were rags of his chaps an' other clothes, an' plenty of signs of what had happened, an' that was all. Timber wolves were plenty in those days in the Big Hill Gulch.

"We gathered up the scraps of clothes an' rode back to the ranch-house as cheerful as a bunch of steers on three feet of snow and no hay. Course, things like that happen on ranges an' you can see a difference in the ridin' next day. Even the bronchos seem to go heavy; but this was worse than we'd bucked up against before, because Has was liked better than we thought we liked him. Moreover an' nevertheless there was the widow. We discussed, plumb deliberate, how to let her know, an' finally played a few poker hands to decide who should do it; an' DanTrimpy an' I were the losers.

"We'd sooner have started alone to head off a stampede on a night when lightning flashes were as plenty as steers; but we had to do it. We found the widow at home, lookin' some expectant, an' after consuming a half hour or so in statin' that the weather was fine, an' promisin' some more of the same, we told her about poor Has.

"I'd never had much experience with women, so you'd notice it, an' didn't know how they take troubles. The widow hid her head in her little white apron, an' sobbed, an' her voice trembled an' quivered like a cottonwood twig in a blizzard, as she thanked us for our trouble in ridin' in to tell her. After she'd sorter calmed a little, we told her we'd considered, after considerable deliberation, that we'd thought we'd have some sort of obsequies over the remnants at the ranch-house, an' told her if she'd come over we'd send an easy team for her.

"But at that she broke down again, serious; went into high-strikes I guess; laughed an' cried an' laughed again, an' buried her face in her dainty apron, an' shook an' shook; while Dan an' I felt like the Fifth of July, only more so, a heap sight. Presently the widow corralled her feelin's again, an' said that she didn't feel able to come out to the obsequies; that the nervous shock was about as much as she could bear. So, feelin' that we'd done the best we could, we went over to the Cowboys Dream, and had a few drinks of old Peters' Misfortune Eradicator.

"It was after dark as we rode back, an' about as we reached the Big Hill Gulch my horse bucked promiscuous, an' I thought a rattler was in the trail; but a yell from Dan made me look up, an' I saw the spook! It stood by a clump of greasewood, groanin' awful, with its arms wavin' an' its white robes floppin' in the wind. There was a half moon, an' the speck stood in the light an' it was Has Terryberry's, with a face as white as the rest of it, an' a mouth grinnin' fiendish an' unmeanin'.

"We' didn't appoint any investigation committee, not so you'd notice it. That three miles from the Gulch to the ranch-house slipped past us quicker than a trail ever slipped under a pony's hoofs, before or since, I'm surmisin'. An' when we got there we told what we seen.

Kansas Jim made some observations about Misfortune Eradicator, but he didn't attract any attention; not so you'd notice it. The boys got plumb solemn, an' Baldy said that the spook

would continue to spook until we'd had the obsequies, an' buried the remnants. He said they was plumb consistent in such matters.

"We spent a couple of hours arranging the programme for the followin' evening when all the riders could be in, an' we turned in, feelin' that we'd done what we could, plenteous an' conscientious.

"The next night we gathered in the ranch-house solemn an' quiet. We packed up the remnants in a new hoss blanket, although we felt some disappointment at that, beacuse we'd planned something more appropriate. Sternitt had a new white night-shirt that he'd been buncoed into buyin' over at Cheyenne, an' we'd figured on using that as a shroud, but when he looked for it, he found it had been stolen, which was plumb curious and elusive. So we used the hoss blanket, an' it sure looked more cheerful.

"Each man was expected to say a few words about the late lamented and did his durndest; but my part was sure the worst. It had been thought that there ought to be a prayer to finish up, before we opened the bottle of McBrayer to drink to the future of poor old Has. We settled who was to do that by cutting the deck an' my doggone luck went back on me and I got the job.

"My turn came. I felt that all the boys were staring at me, but I couldn't see nothing. The sweat was pouring into my eyes, an' down my face an' my teeth chattered like the little widow did when we told her of her misfortune. But I bucked into it, an' stuttered out—'Now I lay me down ter sleep—' when a howl from Kansas Jim brought me up sudden. He was glaring at the open window, an' his arm was stretched out with a finger pointing like them signs in the Orpheum—'This way out,' while the other hand clutched Greaser Pete by the neck. All the boys were glaring at the window, an' I turned an' glared likewise, tho' I knowed what I'd see; an' I seen it. Has's spook again! out there in the black night—its white robe gleaming from the light of our lamp; an' its mouth grinnin' as unmeanin' an' hidgeos as it did at the Gulch. Every one of us was sure paralized, an' as we glared it raised its arm slowly, closed its hand round the bottle of McBrayer, which stood on the window sill, an' then it disappeared.

"It might have been two minutes before any of us moved or spoke, or it might have been ten! Damfino! Then I think it was Sternitt who grunted—

" 'Let's get out an' see what it means!'

"We meandered out into the night, bunchin' together like millin' steers, but didn't see nothin'. We shulked about an' came near a clump of small cottonwoods; an' then Sternitt stopped an' pointed. In among those trees was a sort of square of faint light, an' on it were two figures. One was poor Has, just as we'd always seen him, an' the other was the widow. They were leanin' towards each other, clinkin' glasses, an' then they put 'em to their mouths just as nachural as livin'.

"It was bad enough to see Has, so familiar; but seein' the widow made my knees wobble promiscuous; for I knew then that her grief for Has had made her pass in her checks an' join him in the happy hereafter. It was plumb portentous, an' we stood there as petrified as the rocks on the Socorro range. Suddenly Has's spook disappeared, an' the next moment there was a rustle among the brush an' we saw his figure step out. Then his voice rang out—

" 'Hello, you prairie dogs! You red-headed, bacon-faced, bandy-legged ole cow-punchers! Howdy!'

"It was Has's voice all right; likewise his language, friendly an' invitin'; an' it sure seemed like home, sweet home, to hear him that way once more. But it likewise seemed ghostly an' peevish to hear him a spook—an' a new one at that—so free an' promiscuous. Sternitt gasped out—

" 'Is that you, Has? Is there anything we can do for you, old fellow?'

" 'There sure is; said the spook. 'You can bring the bunch up here to my outfit an' drink to the health of Mrs. Terryberry, late Mrs. Ellworth. Likewise an' also you can bring me the two months wages due me, fer it'll come in sure handy an' satisfyin' where I'm goin'.'

"It all sounded lucid an' reasonable

except the wages. None of us had ever heard of a ghost hollerin' fer wages.

"Sternitt spoke out again. 'See here, Has! Are you really a—scuse me—a spook, or is it—er— does it—er—'

"But Has didn't wait. He laughed sure impulsive, an' the widow chuckled in with him, real musical.

" 'Spook nothin'!' he yelled. 'Come over an' finish that McBrayer, an' get your night-shirt, Sternitt, I'm through playin' spook. I'm ole Has Terryberry—married an' livin' happy ever after.'

"So we went over and negotiated the McBrayer, an' welcomed him an' his wife back to ranch-life, real jubilant.

Lariat looked at his watch as he concluded, and got on his feet. "It's sure time for the home trail," he said, but his arms were grasped by two of the drummers.

"No you don't, Larry!" protested the hardware man. "Not much! There's some ragged edges on that yarn that want trimming off first."

"Meanin' Has comin' back to life, I'm sposin'," grinned Lariat, "which the same he never left. When he went up in the Gulch he took a week-old calf, changed his clothes, an' rolled that calf down the canyon; the wolves did the rest. Then he meandered over to Boise an' married the widow the same day. He was hidin' in the kitchen when Dan an' me went there, an' slobbed all those tears an' condolments along with the widow.

"On his last appearance as a spook, he an' his wife were on their way to the Shawneen Valley to go farmin', an' thought they'd give us a farewell call, which they did, effective. They were in a canvas topped sheep outfit. That's where we saw their shadows in that square of light, sampling the McBrayer. Which the same all shows that no cowboy ever gets married whilst he's a cowboy, even if he has to turn spook ter dodge the run of the cards."

REAL TROUBLE

Will Bryan run for President
In that bright and happy land?
Will Teddy hunt for lions
With Gideon's royal band?

Will we know our next door neighbor?
And will Uncle Joe keep warm?
Will poor old Jimmie Jefferies
Come back from his Alfalfa farm?

Will the Court of Copenhagen
Let Old Doctor Cook come in?
Will we play upon our harps
And think of things that might have been?

But why chase all the troubles,
That are so far away?
We have plenty of trouble at home,
Swatting flies to-day!

John P. Martin.

OUR DILEMMA

ANISE BAUERSFIELD

HERE is a Western Kansas story that has its amusing as well as its pathetic side.

We were living in Seward county and the year must have been about 1889. At that time crops were a failure and work was very scarce. When we got one batch of provisions, we wouldn't have any idea where the next was to come from. But some how we worried along, always hoping that the next year would bring prosperity. We always expected a repetition of that year, the reports of which had caused us to leave our home in the East against the advice and entreaties of our friends and relations, and cast our lot in Western Kansas. We would not for a moment entertain the idea of ever going back until we had made the fortune we had dreamed of. Then we would go back and flaunt our riches in their faces. Those dreams were indulged in mostly by we children. I see now, as I look back, tho the old people would smile and appear very enthusiastic as they entered into our plans. I myself always had it pictured out how we would return to our old home when we had made the fortune, and how we would go to our little country church the first Sunday and how the people who had told us that we would starve to death, would open their eyes, as we drove up in our elegant attire with our fine equippage. We would be proud as the very rich always were in my girlish imagination, but we would be gracious and condescending. We would shake hands with and speak to them all, but all the time maintaining a certain dignified, well-bred air. Such are the fancies of youth, and I am thankful for the hope and pride and dreams that carried us through to mature manhood and womanhood and to better days in Western Kansas.

But the story I started out to tell was in the early day after we had spent our little all and it was causing much planning to keep the wolf from the door. Just at this time we had about emptied our larder when Father got a job of breaking some sod over about Liberal. It was only a few acres and would take him three or four days to complete it. He would batch over there and camp out and when he got through and got his pay he would bring home with him some flour and such things as we had to have. In those days it was surprising how much we could get along without. We thought that what we had on hand would last until Father got home if he were not delayed in any way, but on the day that we expected him in the evening we ate the last scrap for dinner. So there wasn't a thing in the house to eat except a little coffee.

At about sundown we saw a team coming in over the trail, but when it got closer we soon discovered it was not Father.

It proved to be a neighbor from over in Morton county some where near the Colorado line. He expected to stay all night as was the custom then. We had a well and as there were not many of them the freighter had to gauge his days travel by the wells. Thus they would stop for dinner at Brown's Well and make it to Jones's Well to stay all night. In those days most all the people were hospitable if they were poor, and whoever stopped was always invited to a place at the table. Generally they would open up their grub boxes and bring out something.

But this time our hearts sank within us at the sight of company for over night and nothing to offer them. Of course it wasn't so bad where it is just home folks, to be without anything to eat, but to have company it kindly dis-

tresses one, as it were. We began at once to ask each other what should we do. After a few moments' hard thinking we decided that as it was late enough we would pretend we had had our supper and sometime in the night Father would surely drive in and then he could eat breakfast with us. So we put on a happy unconcerned air and spent the evening until bedtime laughing and chatting as gayly as tho we had never a care in the world. But before we went to bed we held a consultation as to what we would do for breakfast if Father should not come. The thoughts of this possibility almost paralyzed us, until we finally thought of a plan. We knew our company would get up early in order to get a good start on his journey so we could pretend we overslept. Father did not come, I had the rest instructed to lie still in bed until I called them.

I heard the company get up and go out to take care of his horses. He stayed out quite awhile, but still we slept (?). Finally he came in and I heard him drag out his grub-box and I knew he was getting ready to eat his breakfast. Now it was time for me to begin operations. I bustled out and apologized for having overslept. "We depended so much on Father calling us of mornings, that when he is away we are not apt to wake up until late." I said, "It is too bad for you to eat a cold breakfast, I will make you some coffee in a jiffy." So I brought out the coffee and made him a cup. Then I called the rest who had long been aching to get up and told the boys to hurry out and do their chores before breakfast. I spread the cloth on the table, placed the knives and forks and made preparations like we would have breakfast ourselves as soon as I could get it and I was bustling around considreably tho I carefully timed my maneuvers with his eating so as not to get too much done.

Finally with a sigh of relief I saw him shut up the grub box, and load it on the wagon, hitch up his horses and with kindly good-byes take the trail again.

One of the boys coming in just then looked around with a quizzical smile and asked "What you got the table set for?"

We children are all now approaching middle age and tho prosperity did finally come, we have lost our desire to go back East and flaunt our wealth.

LET US RIDE

The moon is bright to-night, so let us ride,
Ride as in the old days, o'er the hills,
Down yonder trail we'll gallop side by side,
The moon is bright to-night, so let us ride,
Against the scented breeze in pastures wide,
While heart with clinking spur and memory thrills,
The moon is bright to-night, so let us ride,
Ride as in the old days, o'er the hills.

Wm. DeRyce.



UNDER THE HACKBERRY

MRS. S. M. HARTOUGH

"I ain't comin' ter school no more, Mr. Oswald, so g o o d - b y e." The young man thus addressed looked up and before him stood a tow-headed freckled-faced girl, a member of the small school over which he presided. "I'm sorry to hear that, Lizzie," he said in a surprised tone. "What is the matter?"

"I dunno, Mam says she needs me at home, an' I can't cum no more," and the girl began to cry softly.

"Don't cry, Lizzie," said the schoolmaster, "Don't cry." He felt almost helpless before the tears of this young girl who still persisted in crying. "I'll come and talk it over with your folks, I think I can make it all right."

The girl picked up the corner of her apron and began to wipe her face, sobbing meanwhile, but she managed to say very earnestly; "No yer mustn't; Mr. Oswald, it won't do no good, an' they'll be hard on ye. Dad might listen, but Mam wouldn't; don't yer cum. Good-bye," and tucking her few books under her arm she shot out of the door leaving the young man gazing after her with an expression of surprise on his features.

He stood in the door-way watching the retreating form fleeing as if pursued over the dusty road. It was soon lost to sight, but the young man stood still, sending his glance over the familiar landscape. It was not a magnificent view that met his eye. A few farms with their log cabins, and hay ricks, a winding stream with a fringe of trees, a stretch of prairie with a lone hackberry tree rising tall and straggling as if standing guard over the landscape, to the left was a strip of woods about a quarter of a mile in width. These made up the view.

"The people are as barren of thought as their country is of beauty," was the school-master's verdict as he locked the door and walked away wondering if these same minds would be the same under different surroundings. This thought carried him to Italy where beauty and beggary sit side by side, to Switzerland where grandeur of view and the most stolid indifference go hand in hand—and so on, ad-infinitum—cause and effect.

In the midst of all this mental wandering he found himself almost upon the log cabin of Timothy Cass. He had not meant to make the visit so soon. But now he was here he would make their acquaintance. It was a typical Southern cabin with its hay rick and tobacco patch, and the full compliment of dogs, the latter eyeing the stranger with suspicion and even venturing a protesting growl. Outside the cabin door, on a rude bench, was a wash tub half filled with soiled clothing. Just inside the door sat a woman, lank and lean, smoking a cob-pipe. Two little children clung round her knees, and on the opposite side of the door sat the girl Liz. holding in her arms a kicking, squirming baby.

The young man approached nearer the door, the dogs meanwhile protesting vigorously, lifting his hat he politely asked to see Mrs. Cass.

"Come in and see her, I'm her," said the woman, without in any way changing her position only by pointing to a seat. The young man seated himself on the backless chair and in a few words made known his errand, making an eloquent appeal for Liz's presence in the school room. When he had ceased, Mrs. Cass removed the cob-pipe from her lips and said; "So that's yer arrant here, eh? Want Liz ter cum ter yer skule, eh? The triflin' thing! She ain't fit'n fer nothin' ez I've ever found out. But if she won't work she

shan't go ter skule, and that's the long an' short of it. So Mr. What's-yer-name, if you an' Liz has been a makin' up a plan ter whip me 'round the stump, yer fooled."

Mrs. Cass having thus ventilated herself, took a fresh whiff at her pipe and turned her attention to the wash tub without so much as a glance at her visitor.

That wash tub was a never failing solace to Mrs. Cass. It always stood there half full of soiled clothing, as if inviting her to spend her surplus energy thereupon. Inside the cabin upon the dilapidated cook stove always the coffee pot, black without and black within, and between it and the wash tub outside, Mrs. Cass, when not meditating with the aid of her cob pipe, vibrated.

There was no uncertain meaning in Mrs. Cass's words. The visitor thus repulsed turned away, thinking discretion the better part of valor. He was met by the man of the house who had been lounging against a tumble down shed near by, and had heard the conversation between his wife and the school-master.

"Ye see it aint no use, mister," said he apologetically. "It's kind in ye to take an intrust in Liz, but I reckon Liz's got 'nuff book larnin' to do her. She kin read a little, an' she kin write a little, an' she knows two an' two is four. They's many a woman don't know that much," he added with satisfaction.

"Perhaps so," replied the school master, "but more education would be a still greater advantage, she might be able to do something to aid you in the future. Besides," he continued, seeing that his hearer was interested. "Lizzie is ambitious to go to school and is getting along so well."

"I haint a bit o' doubt o' that," spoke up the woman in a sharp tone from the door of the cabin, "Not a bit o' doubt, Its a heap easier to set on them air benches an' cut up shines all day than ter hoe tobacker and mine the young uns. If Liz can get a book in her han' an' a bit o' red ribbon on her hair she's sot fur all time."

"But," interposed the school-master. "Ther aint no 'buts' ner ther aint no 'ifs,' " continued the woman, "Liz aint er goin' ter school nary another day, so 'taint no use, Mister, for you uns ter put her up ter think she is er goin' an' that's the long an' short of the hull bizness," and Mrs, Cass thus relieved turned her attention to the black coffee pot.

There was no mistaking the ring in the woman's voice. The school-master turned and walked away.

"Ye see how 'tis," said Mr. Cass, following him down the path, "she don't take much stock in Liz. I'd like the gal ter go ter school, but 'tain't fur me to say. Liz don't b'long to neither of us, ye know."

Yes, the school-master knew all about that, for no one ever came into the neighborhood of Smokey Creek without hearing Liz's story told by some one of the inhabitants thereof. How she was found one night by the neighbors lying upon the breast of her mother who was almost dead. How Cass had taken them to his cabin and nursed the woman back to life. How after a time he had married her and taken Liz for his own. All this happened sixteen years before, but stories never wear out in certain vicinities and this one seemed as fresh as ever.

When Liz was ten years old, her mother died without ever having disclosed her secret to any one, a thing which was never forgiven her by her neighbors, who wreaked their disappointment in a universal distrust of poor Liz.

Mr. Cass was always kind to them in a poor, rough way, but shortly after his wife's death, he married the present incumbent, between whom and Liz the most inharmonious relations existed.

The subject of the conversation between the school-master and the heads of the Cass family, was a mute, but most intensely interested listener to every word. She sat crouched in the corner of the cabin, her clay-colored hair falling over her shoulders and her gray eyes flashing out their fury ominously.

Her heart seemed ready to burst with anger and mortification, as she listened to her step-mother's words and heard the epithets applied to herself before the school-master, whom she respected

more than any one else she knew. Her pent-up passion must have a vent, so she pinched the fat baby. The result of this proceeding was a piercing shriek from the poor child, which caused Mrs. Cass to drop the cob-pipe from her teeth and turn her glance in the direction of Liz.

"Yer a hurtin' that young un," she exclaimed fiercely glaring at Liz. "Fetch him hyar!" Liz obeyed sullenly.

Placing the screaming child in his mother's arms, and skillfully dodging a blow, she fled, followed by a shout from Mrs. Cass, bidding her "Watch out er you'll ketch it yit." A threat which must have been fully understood, for the girl's feet fairly flew over the prairie until out of sight and sound of the enraged woman; then throwing herself on the ground under the lone hackberry she burst into a torrent of tears, writhing with anger, indignation, and despair.

The school-master returning from his fruitless mission found her there. He witnessed for a moment silently this mighty outburst, then approaching nearer spoke her name.

The girl never raised her face, but sobbed out vehemently, "I wish I was dead."

"Oh, don't say that, Lizzie," he said compassionately laying his hand on her head. "It's wicked."

She raised her head and turning her wet face towards him, said passionately, "Wicked to wish to be outen this world where nothin' goes right, an' I never kin be anybody? Why sir, I'd ruther a died than hed you spoke to like she spoke to yer," and then she sobbed afresh.

"Oh, you mustn't mind that, Lizzie, he replied. "I shouldn't have minded twice as much if I could have accomplished my errand. But you must not be down-hearted, Lizzie, you can make the most of what you already learned and may be able to read and write tolerably well in time. I have some books that I will give you."

Liz dried her eyes with her apron and said, "Thank you."

The next moment she broke out again. "Oh, Mr. Oswald! you don't know how things goes at home. Nobody cares fur me. Daddy would if he dared but he dassen't say nothin.' 'Tain't no use, Mr. Oswald. I know 'tain't." The school-master passed his hand over his hair in a caressing manner, as if by that movement he might quiet the excited girl.

Then he said, soothingly. "Don't cry any more, Lizzie. Don't think about it any more, only to make up your mind to struggle along and never give up. Time will change things for you. Get ready for the change by living and doing the best you can. None of us can do any more, Good-bye." and he held out his hand.

Liz laid hers all limp and nerveless in his palm, and the next moment he was out of sight.

For a long time the girl sat perfectly motionless looking straight in the direction he had gone. The sun drew nearer and nearer to the misty line encircling the earth; not a cloud disputing his right of wooing him to a more splendid exit. All day the land had shimmered and quivered and blistered beneath the scorching beams, and now it quietly waited his departure. Liz watched him sink behind the dark level of the prairie, not even noticing the dark green of the trees in the timber, nor the sharp outlines of the fences and hay stacks in the distance. Her soul was dead to the quiet beauty around her. But nature had a far more potent way of restoring the mental and physical equilibrium than through an appeal to the artistic senses. Liz became conscious that she was still in the flesh through alimentary channels. She was hungry. After her cyclonic exhibition of wrath, the hours had passed in utter inactivity of mind or body. With no well formed resolutions, nor any promises to herself regarding her future behavior, without any apparent change whatever, only realizing perhaps the one fact stated above. She started to her feet and turning her face toward home slowly left the shelter of the hackberry.

The Cass cabin stood just upon the edge of the narrow strip of wood. Liz toiled slowly up the little rise that concealed the house and coming directly

upon it saw at a glance that somethimg unusual was going on.

A few men stood about the door, women were bustling about within and the twin boys stood awe stricken in the the doorway. With a quick bound Liz was among them questioning with her eyes rather than her lips.

"Here's Liz," said one of the boys, "Mammy, here's Liz," repeated the other.

Mrs. Cass for once said nothing. She was sitting smoking with her eyes on the cabin floor.

"What's happened, mammy?" asked Liz kindly.

The woman removed the cob-pipe and with a jerking motion of her humb pointed over her shoulder to the bed room beyond, as she said: " 'Nough's happened, Dad's had er stroke." Liz understood the term, and brushing past her stepmother, and pushing her way through the attending neighbor women, was soon at the bedside.

Kneeling down beside the unconacious form of "Dad," she cried out passionately "Daddy! Daddy! Speak to me! It's me—Liz!" But no response came from the lips or eyes of the living dead man.

"He kaynt hyar ye, honey," said one of the women kindly taking Liz's hand. "He was jess that a way when my man foun' him, jest at the aidge of the timber. He won't never know nothin' no more, dear. That's my 'pinion. I've been hyarin' the owls screech an' the dogs a moanin' fur three nights pas,' an' I knowed somethin' ud come uv it."

"Poor daddy!" sobbed the girl, "He's all the friend I got."

"Humph!" sneered Mrs. Cass. "Ef 't hadn't been fur you 'twouldn't a happened."

The girl turned blazing eyes upon her.

"Twas all on 'count uv thet upstart skule-master a' comin' a' a talkin' th' way he did. It worked mightily on dad, an' he went off after him an' we never seed him no more till they fetched him hum. Its part yer doin's."

"Don't be too hard on the girl," spoke up one of the men in attendance. "I reckon she were innocent enough."

Liz was grateful for the word of defense but spoke not as she resumed her watch at the bedside.

The night wore away in almost silence within the cabin. The crimson broke over the wide expanse of land. The shafts of light entering the cabin fell across the dead face of Timothy Cass.

The summer sped away. The prairie —wind-swept and sun-blistered—lay brown and crisp under the merciless sky. The fringe of trees that marked the course of the almost dry creek was assuming a pale yellow hue, and the gaudy sun-flower showed scantier leaves.

The afternoon sun came shining through the open windows of the schoolhouse. The noisy, restless, barefooted children were gone, and the school master sat at his desk busy with books and papers. A shadow darkened the doorway and fell upon the rude, unpainted desk. He raised his eyes and saw Liz standing on the threshold. He had never spoken to her since that day, had not seen her only on the day of her father's funeral, two months before.

But somehow at the first glance he saw that something indefinable and different had come over her face since then Rising he said, kindly.

"Lizzie, I am glad to see you." The girl did not advance as she answered.

"I'm goin' away, Mr. Oswald, an' as you was so kind to me onct, I wanter let ye know I ain't forgot what you said.

"Where are you going, Lizzie," He had come to where she stood in the doorway.

"I don't know yet." Not venturing to look into his face though he stood so near her. "Off on the train some place."

"Why do you go away alone and without knowing where?

"Because I must work, Mr. Oswald, and no body here will hire me, besides," and the old defiant flash shot from her eyes which now looked directly into his, "I want to break away from the hull tribe."

"Does your—does Mrs. Cass know you are going?"

"Oh! yes, she knows," replied the girl, a touch of irony in her tone.

The young man was silent a moment; he was waiting to hear more, but Liz was mute. Presently he said.

"It looks hard, Lizzie, to see a girl of your age going out in the world without some special object in view. But perhaps you have your plans. I hope you may succeed. I want to ask a favor of you, Lizzie." The girl raised her eyes to his in inquiry.

His Northern instinct had told him she had no means. His benevolent nature inspired the words, "Accept this," thrusting a bank note into her hand. She was but a child. She clasped her fingers gratefully over the treasure, said "Thank you," with shining eyes and "good-bye," with quivering lips and darted out of the doorway.

The rumor soon spread that Liz Cass had run away. This was followed by another rumor that Mrs. Cass had turned her out bidding her hunt her living and never let her set eyes on her again.

Poor Liz! Out under God's wide canopy without a home or friend! No wonder the young heart grew faint as she trudged along the dusty highway toward the little station, wondering where she could go even if she should get on the train. She had two dollars, beside the banknote. These she had earned helping the neighbors during harvest time. This she had kept from the grasping step-mother by more than one well framed lie. How glad she was that she had so much now, that she was turned out to hunt for herself like a cat. But beneath this surface of turmoil, and doubt, and questioning there was an honest purpose. The words of the school-master under the hackberry that day which seemed now so far in the past, were like a beacon light to the tempest tossed mariner.

As she neared the station a doubt arose in her mind as to what direction she should take. Whither should she go? She gazed up and down the far stretching lines of track feeling all the loneliness they suggested. How unfriendly they were.

Not a bird, or beast, or man could be heard or seen. Nothing but a few trees, the earth and the long unsympathetic stretches of steel that mutely told of distances beyond, but offered no council.

As she stood there scarcely thinking even, a faint stir was felt about the lonely station. It was nearing train time and the man in charge was opening up the place. Liz never moved or looked away from her point of vision—the track. The question came again. Which way? She was ignorant as to points of travel. One way was as good as another. The low rumbling of the approaching train sounded nearer and nearer. She decided to take it no matter where it should land her.

The train bore her eastward and by morning she found herself in that great city situated on the border lines of two great States and beside the mighty Missouri river.

Liz's disappearance formed the theme of neighborhood gossip for a long time. It was a great event in the lives of these uneventful inhabitants.

Prophecies were plentiful but none cheering. No good could come to such as Liz, of course. Poor Liz! They never could forgive the mystery of her appearance among them, and now her diasppearance was equally unpardonable.

The years went by until six had passed, and with them had passed the school-master, and many of the little urchins whom he alternately taught and flogged. These had graduated from school to the ill kept farms, or poor village stores, and had been succeeded by the babies of six years ago.

In all this time Liz had not been heard from, and the girl was almost forgotten except when some newcomer entered the neighborhood when her history was told with all the old time vigor. But this stagnant condition of things was doomed to be disturbed.

One of the neighbor's sons had been to Kansas City and while there met Liz upon the street. Returning home he told the story of his discovery. "I seed a woman comin' an' sez I, thet looks mighty like some un I've seed before. An' I looked hard at her and doggoned ef it wasn't Liz Cass. An' mabbe she wan't togged out fine? With a shiny gown jess a danglin' in beads, an' she'd ear-rings, an' bracelets, an' a hat with

feathers an' birds an' streamers! My lan' she looked like the Governor's wife, an' she'd got that purty as you'd never a' knowed her. As we met I sez, sez I, 'Howdy Liz,' She stopped right short an' looked at me an' sed, 'Joe Pullan!' kinder surprised like. Then we talked a minnit, an' she axed about Casses boys, an' that Oswald thet kept skule here one summer, but didn't say nothin' 'bout nobody else, an' then she sed good-bye an' flaunted off. She looked purty gay I tell ye."

Again Liz was the talk of the rural neighborhood. All the old prophesies concerning her came to the surface once more. "I tole you all how she would end." "We knowed no good could ever come to such a piece." "How do you reckon she got her finery?" These and many more such, but not one dissenting voice in this jury of Smoky Creek gossips.

The little incident had roused the girl's dormant affections. The sight of her old neighbor had somehow stirred her heart with an intense desire to see once more the old neighborhood, the school-house and "Dad's" grave under the old hackberry.

Things had turned out well for Liz since she left all these. A year or two of hard times she had known, but she had a good position now, and was earning money for herself. Why not go back and do something for "Dad's" boys. He had been kind to her always. It was only right that she should do something for them, even though their mother has used her hardly. So with this generous impulse moving her heart she decided to carry it into effect at once.

Liz had a passionate love for finery, beads, jet and cheap jewelry glittered and sparkled about her outfits. She had lost the stoop of her shoulders, and walked upright and her tall, slender form bedecked in her favorite style was always noticeable. She had rather a fine face too, now that the freckles had faded and the yellow hair had become more manageable, and as she took her seat in the cars that bright summer morning, more than one looked with admiration on the fresh young face turned towards the car window. She had on her best this day—a blue silk, that sparkled with jet and hung heavy with fringes. It was no garb for the tobacco stained railroad cars, but Liz's taste was not very refined and her main thought had been to make an impression on her old home folks. She wanted them to contrast her with the beggar girl who had been sent away years before and who was returning now dressed like a queen. Poor Liz.

She reached the little station at last and took up her weary three-mile walk to the old cabin. She had not minded the distance once, but now she found herself growing very weary before two-thirds of the way had been made.

She reached the school-house, pausing a moment to look at its closed windows and dirty front door with the names she knew carved upon the weather-stained panels.

And the play houses outlined with stones looked just as when she last had seen them, and she remembered with a pang, how often she had been forbidden to play or step into them and how the girls had shunned her and the boys teased her for—what? She could not tell. Then she thought of the school-master and the day which had been the turning point in her whole life and which had never been out of her mind one day since. Then wiping her wet eyes with her handkerchief she went slowly on her way. She was getting into her old haunts now. She looked long and lovlingly over the green prairie beyond the winding creek with its fringe of trees to the hackberry beneath which was "Dad's" grave, a place always sacred to her heart. She met several old neighbors too, but to her nod of recognition they returned only a cold stare, or a disdainful survey of her whole person.

"They don't recognize me in my good clothes," she solilloquized with a little thrill of satisfaction. "They always expected something bad to come to me. I'll show 'em!" and she tossed her head and quickened her steps.

It was nearly dark when she reached the steep pitch at the edge of the timber which hid the old house that had once been her home. She stopped a moment to listen to the half forgotten

notes of a whip-poor-will, then passing on she heard the wail of a hungry calf and the answering call of its mother. How all these things familiarized themselves to her half forgotten senses. She felt the careless freedom of her old life as she had not felt it since she had cast herself in the turmoil of the city.

Liz approached the house cautiously. The wash-tub was doing duty still but there was no one in sight. She rapped lightly on the door, there was a slight stir within, then the door was opened by Mrs. Cass.

The two women gazed at each other for a moment. The girl with a smile breaking over her face, the woman with a look of scrutiny that changed fast into indignation which in turn was followed by contempt as the young girl said:

"Don't you know me, Mammy?" To which the woman answered:

"Yes, I know ye," and without another word the door was closed and locked and between them!

Poor Liz! Her imagination had never pictured such a reception as this. She had expected the look of scrutiny, and was even prepared for some questioning by her step-mother. But not this, not this. She recalled the cold looks she had received from those she had met on the way and the cause flashed itself into her mind, indistinctly to be sure, still distinctly enough to leave its impression. Slowly she turned away from the closed door, bruised, wounded, hurt by the unexpected blow, for with it had gone the full understanding that no door in the neighborhood was open to her. Half dazed she wandered around aimlessly for a short time then turned her footsteps towards the lone hackberry that stood like a sentinel outlined against the dark sky. She gained the spot at last and threw her tired form across "Dad's" grave, too exhausted for tears, too hopeless for prayers. And there she lay.

The moon shone down upon her for a few hours then sank in darkness. Then the stars and the planets watched over this daughter of the Philistines lying there so lonly and desolate. Ever and anon she would press her lips close to the green grass that covered the grave and whisper: "Poor Dad! Dear Dad! If you can hear, listen to poor Liz. Often she's been cold and hungry but never dishonest! Never! You'll believe me, I know, dear Daddy!"

Her thoughts wandered from the present to the past, she thought of her lonely childhood, of the school-master and that day years before under the same old tree, and lastly of her mother.

Not with any great degree of feeling perhaps, still she thought of her, and wondered where was the wide unknown where things were to be finally adjusted and released from their mystery? She wondered if God knew she was so lonely and yet so innocent of all guilt. For Liz had gone to church while in the city and heard things as new to her as to the heathen of India. It was all so strange that God loved her and yet calmly looked upon her sufferings tonight. Poor Liz! You are not the first to mistrust the divine God when the storms of life hide the light of the world for a season.

The cool night wind swept sobbing by, touching with its dewy fingers the girl's pale cheeks, and lifting the matted hair from her brow that its sweet breath might cool and comfort her. Then as if weary with its own ministrations it died away and an almost unsupportable heat arose that seemed to threaten her with suffocation. Clouds gathered over the sky shutting out the friendly stars and turning all the beauty of the night into oblivion. A muttering of thunder came to the ears of the lonely watcher, the wind rose again, not in gentle zephyr with cooling touch, but in mighty gusts that bent the tall hackberry almost to her face.

Liz was no stranger to the quick, violent prairire storm. She knew that it would soon be upon her in all its fury, but she had no fear. It seemed sweet to watch it and meet it out there under the black sky with her face pressed close to the grave of the only friend she ever had.

Down came the merciless storm. Liz bent her head closer to the mound and whispered again the very same words, nestling closer and closer as flash after flash blinded her closed eyes,

and the hackberry trembled from root to top under the awful fury.

"It was the old hackberry that got struck las' night, mammy."

This was what one of the Cass twins said next day as he entered the cabin thereby disturbing the recital Mrs. Cass was making to a neighbor concerning her visitor of the previous evening. She apparently heeded him not but kept on, "The onery piece! To think of her comin' hyar decked out in silk goods! But she didn't git in. So the hackberry's struck? Les z' over 'n see if the grave's teched."

"I've heered," remarked the neighbor as they walked across the fields, "that if a tree is struck by lightning clus to a grave thet the sperrit's walkin'."

"Cass's aint, rejoined the widow, "else his sperrit's got more ambition then ever's body hed."

"I wonder," continued the neighbor cautiously, "what become o' that pore creetur las' night?"

The question was answered at the next step. Before them lay the "pore creetur" The cruel (?) lightning had run down the old tree, touched the life pulses in the young suffering heart, and ploughed through the grave as though to give her burial with him she loved so well.

YO' NEBBAH KIN TELL!

Yo' nebbah kin tell yo' when cou't a gal—
De sweetes' ebbah seen—
Ef she'll wash de clo'es, an' bake de pone,
An' keep de kitchen clean;
De gal may smile an' call yo' "Hun,"
An' say she lubs yo' well,
An' boss de cabin when de weddin's done—
Yo' nebbah kin tell.

Yo' nebbah kin tell ef de pig am yo's
Dat yo' ketch in de black-da'k night;
Fo' de feel am de same, an' de squeal am de same
Ef de pig am black or white.
An' ef yo' 'bleeged tuh go by night
An' fin' a pig tuh sell;
Ef de pig am yo's er Massa Joe's
Yo' nebbah kin tell.

Yo' nebbah kin tell when yo' sleep at night,
Ef yo'll lib tuh see de day.
De "Angel ob de Lawd" may come
An' bear yo' soul away.
An' when dat Angel come fo' me,
I'd lak it mighty well
Ef he would take me up to Hebben;
But—Yo' nebbah kin tell!

Mary B. Yates.

HERE AND THERE

THOSE VETOES If you wish to know what people, and particularly Republican voters, think of the President's three vetoes—Arizona Statehood, the Farmer's Free List and the Wool Bill—start out systematically and ask every man you talk to. You will get a different opinion from every Republican you meet. One man tells me that these vetoes mark Taft as the greatest Republican since Lincoln. The next thinks the Arizona Statehood veto was great and the others entirely wrong and so it goes. As yet, public opinion has not at all crystallized and it is too early to measure the effect of them on Taft's political fortunes. Generally speaking, the vetoes have made him stronger in the East, especially in New York and the New England States, and have weakened him in the Middle West. In California they have made little change.

In my own opinion, the Arizona Statehood veto was the rankest use of the executive prerogative that has ever been made of it by any President. Under the Constitution the President's only right, only duty, was to see that the Constitution under which the new State is admitted guarantees to its people a republican form of government. Beyond that, he has no right to go. He has no right to say to the people of the new State what their institutions shall be, provided they are republican in form.

He has no right to dictate to them how they shall elect their judges, or when, or for how long, or what they shall do with them after they are elected. The veto message is a strong argument against the judicial recall.

I endorse every word of it. But the fact that the judicial recall may lead to unfortunate results does not give the President the right to say to the people of Arizona that they may not put in into their Constitution.

The folly of the veto is shown by the fact that the people out there will veto it out to secure statehood, and next year put it back.

THE REASON The real reason for the veto has never been hinted at in the East, but is well known in Arizona. When the new Constitution was being considered in Arizona, the President sent Hitchcock down there (I say the President sent him, he came according to his own statement on behalf of the President) who assured the Republican leaders that the President would never sign a statehood resolution if the Constitution contained either the initiative, referendum or recall. He urged the Republicans to fight these provisions with the assurance that they would be supported by a Presidential vote. On that promise the Republicans of Arizona fought these three provisions and were beaten.

It may be recalled that when the Oklahoma Constitution was being considered in that State, Roosevelt sent Taft down there to beat the same provisions in that. He failed and Roosevelt signed the resolution.

Taft, to save his face with his Republican friends in Arizona, used the judicial recall as an excuse for a veto. I don't believe that as a lawyer he was assured of his Constitutional right to do it, but he knew it would work for this session, and it did.

THE WOOL BILL Sober second thought will show that the President can keep up his end of the argument on the Wool Bill veto. The Democrats say that his excuse for the veto, that it was formulated without sufficient consideration, is untenable because he signed the Payne-

Aldrich tariff bill which was prepared in the same way. But when the President signed the Payne-Aldrich bill he had not yet gotten his tariff board. There was no immediate prospect of better information than was then obtainable, and the country was clamoring for Revision.

The President can retort that when the Payne-Aldrich bill was up, the Democrats and Insurgents were demanding that there be no tariff revision until a tariff board had been established and given time to report. "Scientific revision" was their cry then, and yet, with a tariff board report only four months off, they were unwilling to wait for its findings. It does look as though they were playing politics, trying to put the President in the hole. But perish the thought. La-Follette and Bristow would not do such things as that. Never!

Well, Taft is not dead yet, though he is badly crippled. The old factional split in the Democratic party still remains. Their choice must be between a Conservative like Harmon, or a Progressive like Wilson or Champ Clark, and the old fight will be on. What the Insurgents will do when Taft is nominated, as he will be, no one can say. Should the Democrats nominate Harmon they would likely stay with Taft. If Clark or Wilson, great numbers of Insurgent Republicans would desert Taft for the Democrat.

On the other hand in that case, Taft would likely get as many Democrat votes as McKinley did in 1896, and no one can anticipate what the result will be.

Generally speaking, the signs are unfavorable at this time for Republican success next year. But much water will run under the bridge before the next election. There is a whole session of Congress with all its chances and changes. It's anybody's fight yet.

A WORD TO CONTRIBUTERS

Do not send us manuscripts unless they are typewritten. We cannot take time to read manuscripts written with a pen, and your contribution could not, anyway, get as fair treatment as it will receive if it is easily legible.

About one-half the manuscript we receive, that is the bulkier ones, come postage due. Hereafter we must decline to accept any manuscripts that come that way. The Postmaster will notify you and you will have to send the extra postage. Remember, too, that when we have to buy a manuscript out of the postoffice before we can read it, we do not feel so friendly toward that particular contribution. It is a small item in each case but it totals up considerably every month.

Don't expect your manuscript to be published the next month after it is accepted, though it may be. We try to have a certain balance in the Magazine, a certain combination of fiction, sketches, descriptive articles, prose and poetry. Your contribution may fit in this month, or it may not for three or four months. It will be published in the order of its acceptance as soon as it fits.

Always enclose a self-addressed envelope, then if there is any mistake in the return address it will be yours.

BOOK REVIEWS

"*Kansas in the Sixties*" by Samuel J. Crawford is a valuable contribution to Kansas history. Gov. Crawford in the sixties was perhaps the most conspicuous figure in Kansas next to Jim Lane. As Captain in the Second Kansas Infantry, later in the Second Kansas Cavalry, and Colonel of the Second Kansas Colored Infantry, he participated in nearly every battle on the border till he resigned in 1864 to become Governor.

After nearly four years service as Governor, he resigned to organize and command the Nineteenth Kansas, and led in that famous winter march that resulted in the complete subjection of the warlike Indian tribes and gave peace to the frontier. It goes without saying that the man who would resign the office of Governor with the U. S. Senatorship in sight to participate in a bitter winter campaign against hostile Indians, is a fighter. And that Gov. Crawford always was. Not a bully or trouble hunter, but he loved battle and combat.

A good fight for a righteous cause was dearer to him than life and it may fairly be said that throughout his long and useful career always fought for the cause he thought was right, and he generally was right.

The Legislature of 1871 was elected with a fair majority pledged to select Gov. Crawford as Senator. Certain influences were hostile to him, and Alexander Caldwell of Leavenworth was put forward to beat him. The methods used may be conjectured from the fact that Caldwell resigned rather than stand a contest, leaving a vacancy. Gov. Crawford never entered politics again.

Becoming State Agent of Kansas in the settlement of our War claims against the Government, in which he was entirely successful, and afterwards in private practice as attorney for various Indian tribes and private claimants before Congress, he retreived his broken fortunes, amassed a competency, and is now enjoying a serene old age on a magnificent farm in Cherokee county.

One of the conspicuous and lofty figures of the glorious Sixties, he tells his story much as he used to charge a battery in the old days when he led his Colored Regiment into battle, sabre out, and neither giving nor asking quarter.

He flays many of his contemporaries, punctures more than one reputation, never hesitates to say exactly what he thinks. The picturesque character of the old Indian fighter crops out on every page. No compromise, no surrender, fight till you're whipped or the other fellow is. It is a vivid picture of his times, and every Kansan should read it.

"*Kansas in the Sixties.*" McClurg and Co. Chicago.

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NEW FEATURES—Farm Accounting, McCaskey Register, Wireless Telegraphy. Write for Catalog and Free Tuition Prize Offer. No agents out to get you to sign up. Address,
T. W. ROACH, President, 201 S. Santa Fe, Salina, Kansas

Hotel Imperial

Broadway at 31st and 32nd Sts., New York City
Absolutely Fireproof

Only One Block From The New Pennsylvania Station

Just across the street from the 33rd Street Station of the Elevated and the 32nd Street Terminal of the Hudson Tubes. This latter system connecting with the following Trans-Atlantic steamship lines and railroads within twenty minutes:

RAILROADS	STEAMSHIP LINES
Erie	Hamburg-American
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western	North German Lloyd
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At the center of the new shopping district, within easy distance of all theatres, the Metropolitan opera house, and other places of amusement.

Theatre and opera seats may be secured in advance through the ticket office in the hotel lobby by applying to us

800 Rooms, 600 of which have private baths
Rates $2.00 per day and upward

Booklet of hotel, complete schedule of tariff and map of the city forwarded free of charge on application to

COPELAND TOWNSEND, Manager

"Quiet Dignity Bespeaks the Gentleman"

Years ago we began building cigars. We experimented and investigated, studied, thought and labored long.

"HAVANA IMPERIALES"

A CHOICE Havana Cigar is the result. Quality alone made it win. It made a City Factory of a *Country Buckeye*. ¶ We pack it 100 in a stout wood box. Sold by the box only and we boast an exclusive and select patronage. ¶ The object of this notice is to secure just a few more appreciative customers. All gentlemen of dignity desire an exclusive brand. If you smoke 10-cent cigars we will gladly place your name on our list, and supply your wants. Your check for $5.75 will bring a box to you fully prepaid.

We ship to far-off Alaska, why not to you?

THE WESTERN CIGAR & TOBACCO COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
COLUMBUS, KANSAS

BOOST FOR KANSAS

¶ You have a friend or relative who wants to know more about the West. You can't tell it all in a letter. Let us help you. Send 25 cents ane your friend or relative's name and address and we will forward three recent numbers of **The Kansas Magazine** containing a fund of valuable information concerning Kansas. Fill out the coupon.

Name_____ **Address**_____

Sent by_____

Electrical Appliances

It's a real pleasure to cook with Electric Appliances. They are quick, reliable and always ready. A dainty breakfast can be quickly prepared with the Electric Coffee Percolator and Electric Toaster. When unexpected company comes, the Electric Chafing Dish eliminates embarrassing delays and accidents with the impromptu luncheon.

Our new display room contains everything electrical and we invite you to call and see our appliances demonstrated.

Ready When You Turn the Switch

Kansas Gas & Electric Co.

239 So. Main



Established 1884

Edward Vail & Co.
110-112 North Main St.
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Leading Jewelers

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry
Silverware, Cut Glass

References: All Wichita Banks

Superfluous Hair Permanently Removed by Electricity

MRS. KEITH

Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors

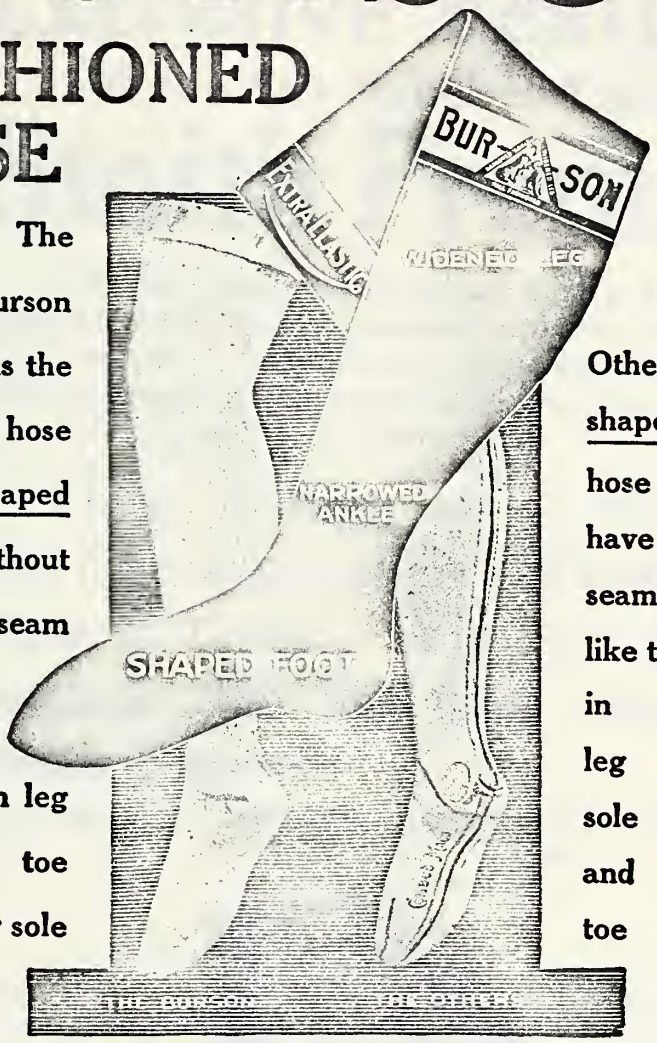
Hair Goods of Every Description

Phone 2824 157 N. Main St. WICHITA, KANSAS

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

The Burson is the only hose shaped without a seam in leg toe or sole



Other shaped hose have seams like this in leg sole and toe

Above we show the BURSON and the "others"—turned inside out. Note the difference.

The Burson stocking is knit to shape in leg, ankle, heel, foot and toe without seam, corner or uneven thread anywhere. It keeps its shape.

Burson stockings can be had in *Cotton, Lisle and Mercerized*—and in all weights—a complete line of Women's Hose in all sizes and qualities. Made in Rib tops and out sizes also. Prices range from 25c up to 50c a pair.

COX-BLODGETT DRY GOODS CO., Wholesale Distributers, Wichita



Exclusive Features

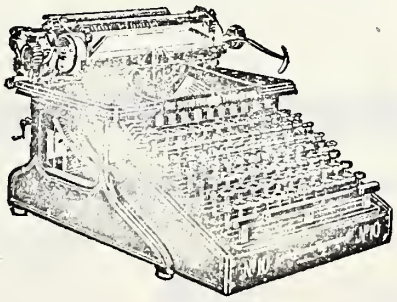
of the New Model 10 Visible

Smith Premier

The only front stroke machine having a complete, straight-line keyboard, a removable platen, interchangeable carriages, a gear-driven carriage and easy erasing facilities, every operation controlled from the keyboard, a decimal tabulator and column finder.

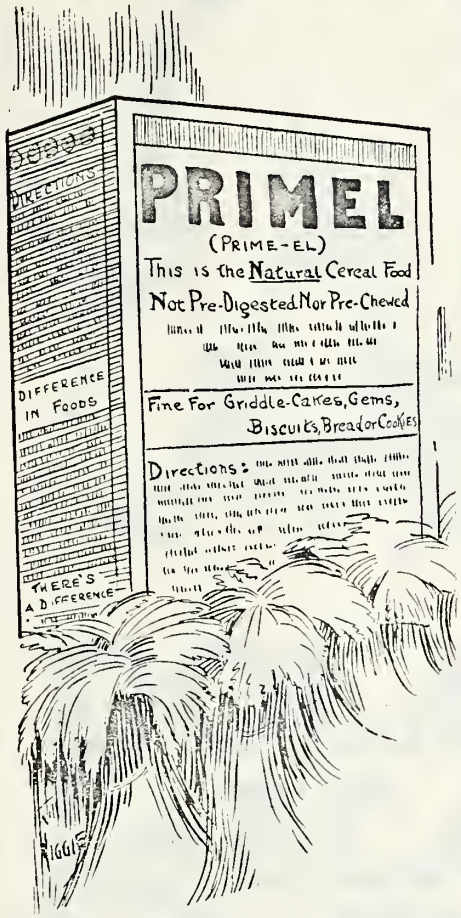
These features are so necessary that other typewriters will eventually come to them. Why not get the machine that has them *now*—the Smith Premier?

Write for information. THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Inc.
714 Deleware St., Kansas City, Mo.



You will Feed Your Family PRIMEL Every Day

—When you know how Pure, Helpful and Nourishing it is



It has a pleasant tasty flavor that makes a hit with the youngsters and the grown folks. Made of the pure, natural grain and nothing else. Made in Kansas, of Kansas grain for Kansas people and others.

Many cereal foods are made from hulls, useless as a food, without nourishment or flavor and expense. Primel being made of the whole grain, retains all the life and strength-giving qualities which the human body must have to make up for the daily wear and waste in grown-ups and to fill out the growing boys and girls.

There is more muscle and brain in an ounce of Primel than any other cereal, therefore, it is the cheapest.

Sold in ten, fifteen and twenty-five cent packages at your grocer. If he will not supply you, we sell direct from the factory at wholesale prices.

New Girard Manufacturing Co.

Ft. Scott, Kansas

There is an 8-ounce SAMPLE PACKAGE waiting for You

Enough for a good taste all around, ("five dishes.") That is the best way for you to judge Primel, then you will know its goodness, its pleasing and appetizing taste and its wholesomeness. Send 10 cents, which is to cover the postage only, your name and address on the coupon and your grocer's name.



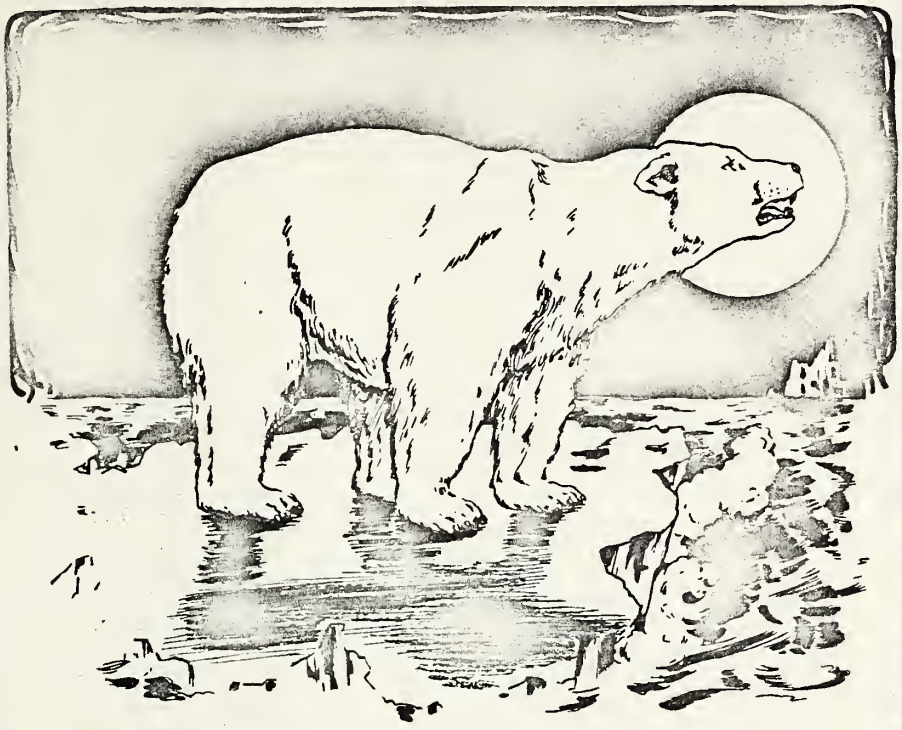
COUPON

For the enclosed 10 cents, please send me the trial package of Primel, "enough for five dishes."

Name.....

Address.....

Grocer's Name.....



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The New Era Milling Company

ARKANSAS CITY KANSAS

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